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The American MERCURY

July 1927

FORESTS AND FLOODS

BY WILLIS LUTHER MOORE

Do you believe that the turning of forest areas into cultivated fields, pasture lands, vineyards and orchards, and the subjugation of the wilderness to the needs of civilization have intensified floods, prolonged droughts, or otherwise harmfully affected the climate? I do not, and I have spent a half century in the study of these problems, daily watching changes in the weather, the fall of precipitation upon various catchment basins, the gathering of waters into tributary streams and their culmination as floods in main-stream arteries; and I have also studied these conditions as shown by the official records of foreign countries.

For years an extensive propaganda has been carried on in the United States for the purpose of inducing large public appropriations not only to protect the real forests of the nation, which every right-thinking person wishes to have protected and wisely conserved, but also millions of acres of bush lots and scrub timber that can never grow anything of value. The reason given by forest enthusiasts for such expenditures is that this otherwise worthless vegetation protects the water supply of great centers of population. But I know of no scientific reason to justify their claims. One needs only to consult the vegetable physiologists, who have measured the quantity of water taken up by trees and plants and

exhaled to the air, to learn that the effect of a forest is not to protect and conserve the water supply, but actually to rob the soil of its moisture. Thus the current American policy of building thousands of miles of mountain roads, erecting numerous cabins, and patrolling vast areas of bush lots with mounted men, may be likened unto that of the insane banker who hires armed guards to see that no harm comes to those engaged in stealing his treasures.

If the growing of vegetation on a watershed actually conserves the moisture in the soil and protects it from loss, then every orchardist, instead of cultivating the spaces between the rows of his trees, should allow these spaces to grow up and be covered with bushes, weeds and grass. But the man who is growing fruit listens to the voice of science instead of paying heed to the hysterical screams of interested office-holders. These office-holders wish only to retain their jobs of protecting worthless vegetation. They hope so to alarm honest people with forebodings of impending disaster that large grants of public money will be forthcoming to increase their personal emoluments and hire additional defenders. Many Americans, deceived by this propaganda, believe that unless vast areas are returned to forest conditions that part of the North Ameri-

can continent occupied by the United States will suffer floods and droughts of increasing intensity. But those who have spent their lives in the study of the science of the atmosphere do not believe this.

It has been argued that forests control the flow of streams, both in their high-water and in their low-water stages, and that the climate is so materially affected by cutting them away that the well-being of future generations is menaced. The public conscience has been aroused. Large appropriations of public money have been made for the purchase of water-sheds and reforestation, and plans have been laid that may lead to the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars more. But in our righteous indignation at the private monopolization, in the past, of much of the nation's wealth of land, of forests, of mine, and of water-power, and in our anxiety to formulate remedial plans and laws for the future, we have only too often accepted as truth the unsupported statements of honest but mistaken enthusiasts. The proving of our ground as we go along does not mean that we shall not progress; it means that we shall move in the right direction, instead of wasting time and money in following a policy based upon fallacious reasoning. The records contain much that will help us in reaching sound conclusions. Let us examine them.

There appears to be plenty of evidence that there were times in the remote past when the salt seas, both of Asia and of America, had surfaces of greater area than they have today. Likewise, it is likely that in certain regions trees once grew more abundantly than is now the case. But this must not be taken as proof that there has been a decrease in rainfall due to the destruction of forests. It is true that the forests have diminished—in some cases disappeared—and it is also true that the evidence strongly supports the assumption of a decrease in rainfall, and therefore, of course, of a greater or less change in climate, but this decrease in rainfall may better be regarded as the cause rather

than as the result of the barren condition of these soils. There is no evidence that the forests have ever been more extensive in Alaska and other high-latitude countries than they now are. Nevertheless, in these countries too, just as in the arid regions of the great continents, there is evidence of the same slow, long-period climatic change. Thus it cannot be due to deforestation. The evidence of it consists of the slow, irregular retreat and diminution of the glaciers, which phenomena is universal, regardless of latitude, of longitude, or of elevation, and appears to have been in more or less steady progress since the culmination of the great Ice Age. In fact, we may reasonably say that we are still in the Ice Age, a vanishing one, to be sure, but one not wholly gone.

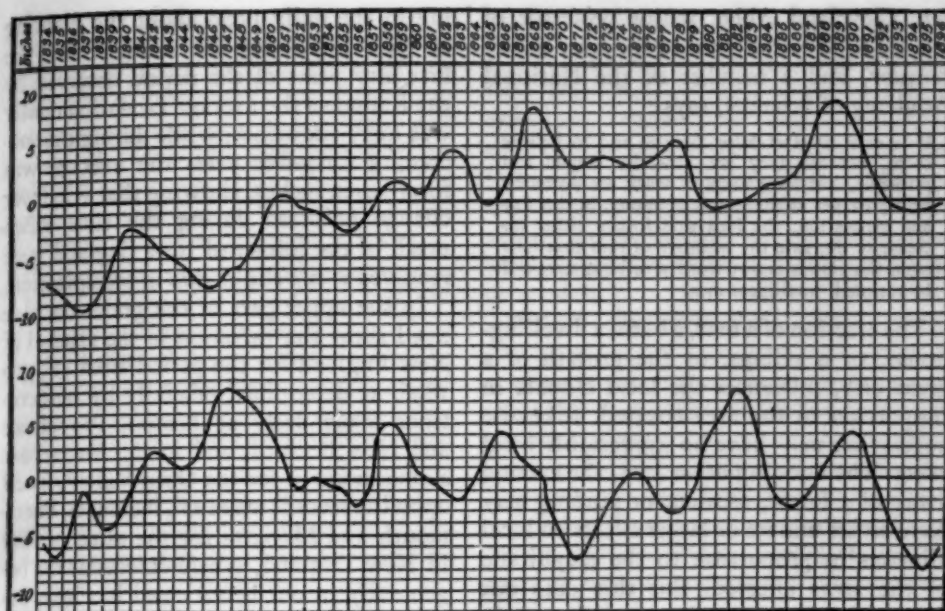
II

Professor W. J. Humphries, of the Johns Hopkins University, and for many years professor of meteorological physics in the United States Weather Bureau, says:

These universal, slow climatic changes, that for thousands of years have been modifying the glaciers and changing the inland seas, might very well have led to extensive forest destruction; but that it itself was the effect, and the destruction of the trees the cause, seems most unlikely.

Dr. Elsworth Huntington, of the Department of Geography at Yale, who was awarded the Gill Memorial by the Royal Geographic Society of London for his explorations and researches, has explored the Lop Basin in Chinese Turkestan. Its length is 1400 miles and its width from north to south is about 400 miles. Most of the basin is a desert. In an article in the *Monthly Weather Review* for November, 1908, Dr. Huntington said of it:

Poplar forests that once extended for scores of miles now form wastes of branchless, dead trunks, like gaunt, gray skeletons; and beds of dead reeds cover hundreds of square miles. It has often been asserted that the destruction of forests has been the cause of the diminution of rainfall. In the Lop Basin the opposite appears to have been the case; the supply of water has diminished and therefore the forests have died. The rainfall unquestionably controls forestation, but neither in the



FLUCTUATIONS IN RAINFALL, 1834-1896

The upper curve shows the fluctuations in New England, as determined by observations at Boston, Providence and New Bedford; the lower shows the fluctuations in the Ohio Valley, as determined by observations at Cincinnati, Portsmouth and Marietta.

Lop Basin nor in other parts of central and western Asia is there any good evidence that the forests have any appreciable effect on rainfall.

Another proof that forests are the effect and not the cause of rainfall was found by Huntington in the relation of the rivers of the Lop Basin to the desert of Taklamakan. On the sound side of the Basin he examined seventeen streams which were worthy of notice because of their size, or because they supported oases. With regard to four of these streams he said:

At the lower end old channels are found lined with dead forests, which prove that the stream once extended from eight to twenty-five miles farther than is now the case before being finally swallowed up in the sand.

To confirm the conclusions of Huntington in China one need only refer to the fact that unmistakable evidence is found of the existence of extensive forests in Arizona and New Mexico, where only the trunks of petrified trees now remain. Certainly it cannot be said that man removed

these trees and brought on the drought. The fact that such dead forests stand long after the streams have receded clearly proves that they are the last to disappear rather than the first, and therefore that their removal did not precede the drought, but that the forest ceased to exist when the rainfall became deficient. Great cities and teeming populations once covered the valley of the Jordan in the Holy Land, which is now barren. But the date palm, the vine and the fig tree would grow there just as luxuriantly today as in the old Biblical days if artificial watering were practiced as it was then.

Many have been deceived by the fact that rain gauges exposed just above the trees in forest areas catch more rain than similar gauges exposed at the same height over unforested areas in the same region; but this is due to the fact that trees restrict the flow of the wind, and gauges always catch more water with a given rainfall where the wind velocity is retarded. The

late Cleveland Abbe, senior professor of the U. S. Weather Bureau for over a half century, and a member of the National Academy of Sciences, says:

It is easy to start false theories and to believe them, because they are generally simple and plausible, but long years of work are necessary before we get at the secrets of nature. In this day and generation, the idea that forests either increase or decrease the quantity of rain that falls from the clouds is not worthy to be entertained by rational, intelligent men.

The erection of a tent, a barn, a dwelling-house, or a village, or the growth of a great city, influences the local climate in proportion to the area covered. Likewise vegetation may have an appreciable local effect. The flooding of an area, the cutting away of a forest, erosion, or sanding may have either minute or larger effects on local climates in proportion to the magnitude of the areas affected. But this does not mean that there is any great difference in the climatic effect of a forest covering and one of bushes, or grass, or growing crops; and it does not signify that there can be sufficient change in the thermal conditions, due to the activities of man, to effect any appreciable difference in the temperature at an altitude of one or two hundred feet, or to affect the general climatic conditions, or to cause storms to be more frequent than formerly or of greater intensity, or to increase the amount of precipitation, most of which takes place several thousand feet above the earth. The air, even during the fall of rain, is almost never saturated near the ground, and so forests cannot exercise any appreciable influence in the stratum of air in which condensation actually takes place.

If the cutting of the forests has intensified droughts surely the effect will be apparent in the records of rainfall. One of the best, and the longest of these in the United States, is that of Samuel Rodman and his son, of New Bedford, Mass., covering the period from 1814 to nearly the present time. In no way does it bear out the contention of the foresters, or sustain the reckless statements now frequently appear-

ing in the daily press about the planting of trees increasing the rainfall. For the first fifty years of the period observed by the Rodmans the average rainfall annually was forty-six inches, while during the succeeding forty-five years the average was forty-seven inches, showing that whatever change occurred during the time when much of the forests of New England were removed was a slight *gain* in precipitation.

In the upper part of the graph on page 259 I show the variation in the rainfall of New England for the period from 1834 to 1896, as determined officially by observations made daily at Boston, Providence and New Bedford; and in the lower part a similar curve for the Ohio Valley, based upon the records made at Cincinnati, Portsmouth and Marietta for the same period. In New England, where deforestation began early in our history and has been excessive, the mean in the fluctuations of the rain curve shows a steady rise since 1836 to a few years ago; and in the Ohio Valley, where the forest area has been greatly diminished, no decrease of rainfall is shown by the average of the fluctuations of the curve.

Only the size of the continents and the height and trend of their mountain ranges affect rainfall, not forests or other surface covering. So long as this continent remains at its present elevation and the oceans wash its shores, the rainfall will remain practically as it is now, with the exception of the slow mutation to which reference has been made. Well-meaning enthusiasts, subsidized scientists, and politicians catering to a mistaken public opinion may talk themselves hoarse, but Nature will continue to pursue the even tenor of her mighty ways.

Erosion is undoubtedly more rapid from cultivated and neglected fields than from forests, but this fact cannot be accepted as a justification for failing to clear wooded areas and grow food for a rapidly increasing population. Erosion, in fact, may be reduced by proper methods of cultivation, and by keeping the soil well supplied with

humus through a rational system of crop rotation. Professor D. W. Mead, of the University of Wisconsin, one of the leading hydraulic engineers of the West, and in fact of the world, has published an elaborate report on the rainfall and the run-off of the rivers of Wisconsin, where the lumber men have cut over large areas. He finds no increase in flood intensity.

Many believe that there has been an enormous increase in the floods of the Ohio Valley. I shall therefore ask the reader to follow me in an examination of actual conditions in that valley, and I shall draw upon no data that he himself cannot verify from the official records of the United States Weather Bureau. Cincinnati is a point well suited for the beginning of the investigation. Here is a table prepared by Professor H. C. Frankenfield under my direction when I was chief of the Weather Service at Washington, giving the actual mean monthly stage of the Ohio river at Cincinnati for every month of the period from 1871 to 1908. The average of these monthly means for the first half of the period is 17.3, as computed from the daily stages, and for the second half, 17.6—but .3 of a foot greater than for the first half. There was then computed the average rainfall for the period under investigation, as determined by four selected stations in the water-shed. It showed a gain of .3 of an inch for the last half of the period, which nicely agrees with the slightly greater run-off. It is apparent, then, that changing forest areas into cultivated fields had no appreciable effect on the flow of the Ohio river during a period of thirty-eight years.

I had Professor Frankenfield compile the high and low water data for the rivers of the Ohio catchment basin, the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Ohio, for the 38-year period under discussion, and establish the average high water for the four wet months, January to April, and the average low water for the four dry months, July to October. It was clearly shown that the average high water was no higher and the

average low water was no lower for the last half of the period than for the first half. The differences were slight, and what there was showed an improvement in stream flow as the forests were cut; the low waters were slightly higher and the high waters slightly lower. There were variations in the flow of the rivers that bore a proper relation to these variations in rainfall.

Thus it appears that the climate of the continent has not been injuriously affected as the cry of wild animals has been succeeded by the song of the husbandman, and the dreary wastes of prairie and tangled forest have thrilled with the hum of human industry, and been beautified with towns and cities. Everyone, indeed, but the ignorant victims of the falsehoods propagated by personally interested office-holders knows that the climate of this continent is actually determined by its size, the height and trend of its mountain systems, the prevailing direction of the winds, and the proximity of the oceans, and not by any puny efforts of man in scratching the surface of old Mother Earth.

III

Our next line of inquiry will be for the purpose of determining whether or not there has been an increase in the number of days that these rivers were at or above the flood stage. As the records of floods was not complete for the first ten years of the period we had selected, Professor Frankenfield took a period ten years less, beginning in 1879. We found that in the first fourteen years there were 2073 days that the Cumberland river at Nashville, the Ohio at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and Cairo, and the Tennessee at Chattanooga, Florence and Johnsonville, were at flood stages—that is, when they were bank full or overflowing. During the last fourteen years the number of such days was 1370, showing an excess in the first period of 703. We should not make the mistake of assuming that the

decrease in flood frequency here shown will be permanent. On the other hand, it is certain that no *increase* occurred, and that the dire forebodings of forest enthusiasts are not justified by the facts of history. The forests have largely decreased in the Ohio valley, but the floods have not increased.

When the Seine inundated Paris several years ago the American press almost unanimously ascribed the disaster to the deforestation of the valley of the river. But M. Belgrade and other French engineers, who had made the hydrology of this valley their special study, showed that quite the contrary was the case. From the published works of Belgrade we learn that accurate observations go back to 1615. This places at our disposal five half-century periods, and I have before me a table in which is given a figure for each period, obtained by adding together the readings of the highest water each year, as recorded at the bridge of La Tournelle, and dividing the sum by fifty. The figures are as follows: first period, 27.3 feet; second, 26.3; third, 25.3; fourth, 22.4; fifth, 21.2. M. Belgrade says:

The continued decrease of the floods for each half-century is remarkable, and yet the trees have steadily and unceasingly been cut down, and the forest transformed into cultivated farms. What would we gain, then, in rewooding our fields?

Ernest Lauder, chief of the Hydrographic Bureau of the Austrian government, recently made an exhaustive study of and report on the history of the floods of the Danube, the great river of Central Europe, for 800 years, taking into account 125 different floods. His conclusions are that progressive deforestation of the country has had no effect in increasing the frequency of floods, or in augmenting their heights. He showed that the flood of 1899, which was a Summer flood, was severest where it came from the heavily wooded districts.

At the Tenth International Congress of Irrigation, held at Milan in 1905, papers were presented by representatives from

France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Russia, in which the writers heartily favored the protection and cultivation of the forests. But these writers were unanimously of the opinion that forests exercise little influence on either the high water or the low water of rivers.

Brigadier-General H. M. Chittenden, of the Corps of Engineers of the Army (retired), for many years in charge of government works in the Yellowstone National Park, and on the Missouri, Ohio and other rivers, and of reservoir surveys in arid regions, and a member of the Engineer Commission on the control of the floods of the Sacramento river, has shown that in the Yellowstone National Park and similar regions the forests protect the snow from drifting, while in the open there is much drifting and in consequence an early Spring clearing up of the places well exposed to wind and sunshine. When warm rains come on, the melting of the snow in the forests, because of its even distribution and the greater surface exposed to the warm air, is far more rapid than it is in the open where it has drifted, and these conditions lead to higher freshets and a less enduring runoff from the mountain woodland.

Many honest investigators are deceived by the fact that when rainfall is light, dead leaves, moss and tangles of undergrowth in the forest may modify and restrict the flow and absorption of that which is precipitated, and rush to the conclusion that the forests restrain and minimize floods. But the fact is that when the rainfall is heavy and continuous, as it must be to cause noteworthy floods, there is practically no difference in the flow of water in the forest and in the open, for it can be shown that the runoff from a smooth surface and a rough one covered with debris is equal after the rough surface becomes well wetted. As it is only after all surfaces are saturated that flood conditions occur, the rain that falls before saturation has little or no influence on freshets.

The greater part of cleared land is broken at least once each year and cultivated several times, or else is occupied by vegetation that utilizes rainfall in much the same way that the forest does. Forests should be protected by the state and so used by this generation that they may produce for the generation that is to follow; but they should be protected for themselves alone, and not because of any supposed beneficial influence on climate or floods.

A flood in a stream is caused by the rain or snow that falls upon the watershed drained by that stream, or by waters led into the stream from some tributary that drains another watershed, but the area drained at the source of the stream and its tributaries is infinitesimal in comparison with the total areas that catch the flood waters. Bulletin E, 1897, of the Weather Bureau, published under my direction, gives the facts with regard to this important problem. The data are so presented in charted lithographs as to be quickly comprehended. Therefore, how absurd to plant trees at the headwaters of streams to restrain floods, when the waters that combine to make the floods almost entirely come from other parts of the catchment basin or basins!

Dr. B. F. Fernow, the real father of American forestry, and his associates performed a valuable service in organizing and developing a National Forest Service, and one must be an enemy to progress who would wish to see our forests pass back to private exploitation, but the time is passed when one may be anathematized and classed as an enemy to the state for raising one's voice in favor of a rational policy for the control of forests and floods, and for saving public money that would

otherwise be wastefully expended. Forests should be conserved for the value of the timber that they may produce in the future, or not at all.

Instead of wasting public money in protecting bush-lots, let us expend it in the impounding of flood waters. The United States has shown its ability to do big things in a big way. It constructed the Panama Canal for the use of the world. It has done much for the American home-builder in the reclamation of arid lands, and now it should create a commission of the ablest engineers of the nation to work out a comprehensive plan for the control of the rivers and floods of this continent. There is no doubt that by the joint use of levees and impounding reservoirs the surplus waters that constitute devastating floods can be controlled, and our rivers utilized to do a vast amount of the work of the nation.

Water power would in that case be protected from monopolization and its energy given to the people at reasonable rates. In magnitude and expense it would be a work analogous to the Canal. The loss by floods in the United States in one decade would more than build two Panama Canals. Turn the skill and energy of another Goethals upon the problem of the floods, and in less time than it took to construct the Canal it will cease to be a problem, and the nation will be richer by hundreds of dollars for every one that is expended. Let us use the government money in the doing of something useful, instead of wasting it in the dredging out of rivers that never will be navigated, and in the protection of bush-lots whose only mission is to rob the mountain sides of their moisture and diminish the supply for the valleys below.

SALOON DAYS

BY JAMES STEVENS

At the bar, at the bar,
Where I smoked my first cigar.—*American folk song.*

IN THE late nineties of the last century all the evangelists in practice in the United States were picturing Hell as a place much like the American saloon. At the revivals in the small and very dry Iowa town where I had been born and brought up to the age of seven, I saw Hell many times as a room where the lost souls stood before a bar instead of a griddle and consumed rum instead of brimstone. Often I would catch myself longing to be in the scene the revivalist described, hearing the lost souls singing their sinful songs and telling their carnal tales until they stabbed one another or dropped dead of heart disease before they had a chance to get out of the saloon and repent; seeing angel-faced little girls pleading with their drunken fathers to come home with them now, and getting struck down by the bottles the lost souls were always throwing at one another. At the time of my conversion, at seven, I worried a great deal because it seemed likely I could never sympathize properly with these angel-faced little girls. I had never been able to like them, and so, no matter how hard I prayed, I couldn't pump up the right sentiments when one of them was hit with a bottle in the revivalist's pictures of the Saloon Hell. And I was always and forever catching myself in the wish that I could see one of these Saloon Hells myself.

This wish became powerful and bold after my backsliding at the age of nine. Up to that time I hadn't seen even the outside of a Saloon Hell, but now I was consorting with boys who had seen and

entered the saloons in the coal-mining towns of a neighboring county. It appeared from their tales, however, that these saloons were not the real articles; a miner would just walk into one, drink a glass of beer or two, and then come out and go home. There was nothing to that; it was just like boys going into a drug-store with their nickels and gassing back and forth over bottles of pop. What I was looking for was a real Saloon Hell, such as the evangelists described. I had backslid now and was a lost soul anyway; I had been solemnly warned that if I kept on playing hookey and chewing tobacco I'd certainly come to a bad end; and that certainly meant being stabbed or dropping dead of heart disease in front of a bar, if the clergy knew anything about it. I didn't doubt them a particle, so I wished and yearned for the time when I might go into a Saloon Hell that was the real thing and be a real lost soul, not just an amateur piddling along with common similes like hookey-playing and tobacco-chewing.

I didn't know it, but my days in a temperance town were then near an end. Though I had been much dissatisfied, privately, with the poor quality of my wickedness, it was enough to get me sent as a tough and unruly young one to a bachelor uncle, an Idaho rancher. At first the news seemed too good to be true. I was going to the Wild West!—and there, as I had learned from dime novels and the *Diamond Dick Weekly*, the inhabitants were all lost souls, and continually shooting and stabbing one another. Out there Saloon Hells, the real ones, were thicker than churches in Iowa. Moreover, judging by the home

talk I'd heard about him, my uncle was a lost soul himself when he started for Idaho, and I knew that he couldn't have improved any in that wild country. So it looked like nothing but fine times ahead for me. Living in such a country and with such an uncle, I'd certainly get to be a train-robber in a very few years; in the end, constant practice in all the varieties of wickedness might even get me where I could hope to be a bartender. But that last hope, of course, seemed a shade too extravagant. To actually live and work in a Saloon Hell, to stand and pass out the liquor that would set the lost souls to shooting and stabbing—that seemed too much to think of just yet. I felt like I'd be doing as well as I could expect if, by the time I was twenty-one, I had achieved the station of a first-rate train-robber or cattle-rustler.

It was tremendously discouraging to find that the little Idaho valley where my uncle lived was inhabited from end to end by Methodists, Baptists, Adventists, and Campbellites. There was an Adventist church, and the other denominations held services in the valley school-houses. The lost souls of the neighborhood were silent, save when they journeyed to the town down on the railroad. That town was full of Saloon Hells, but I never got more than a glimpse of them until I had been three months in Idaho. I had to go to school again, and I couldn't play hookey, for there was no place to play it in in the Winter. I had to attend church and Sunday-school also: the church people saw to that. They pestered my uncle half to death. I found that he had been a lost soul when I came, but that the church women had determined that he should conduct himself so as to be a fit guardian for a poor innocent of a boy. He growled around that he was as bad off as a man with thirty-seven mothers-in-law; but he was afraid of the church women, and so he was strict. The only boy I could run with was Ern Saling, whose mother would whip him every time he used a "by" word. I had to

do chores after I came home from school, I had to wash the dishes after supper, and I had to say the Lord's Prayer before I went to bed.

This life certainly ground me down, it was so different from what I'd expected. When the strangeness of the country began to wear off I got actively rebellious. I swiped some Star and Bull Durham from Mr. Saling's cattle-feeders, and I taught Ern to smoke and chew. He was fearfully sick, and Mrs. Saling ripped my uncle up one side and down the other. He took it humbly and meekly and never even offered to give me a licking. Instead, he let it out that he had sneaked a bottle home on his last trip from town; he thought I'd found it out and had only followed his bad example. He promised to set me a better one after that, but he promised in such a half-hearted way that I knew he was wishing to be a lost soul as bad as I was. Then I showed him my sympathy, and we got confidential. The upshot of our confab was that we agreed that he should keep a jug in his shack just as he used to do, and that I could keep a plug there and chew when no one else was around. But neither of us would practice our wickedness out in the open, where Mrs. Saling and the other church women would be sure to find us out.

After that my uncle and I got along finely until the time when he took me into one of the Saloon Hells of the ranch town.

II

It was a cold Saturday in February, and we were both shivering and sniffing after the twelve-mile drive to town. My uncle had to see his banker first, and he looked for him in vain until we passed a side window of the Old Judge Saloon. My uncle peered in.

"There's old Hard Cash at the bar," he said. Then he frowned down at me. "Reckon you can set in there by the stove, young 'un, while I talk about my note, and not go blabbin' it to the church folks?"

My heart gave a jump and thumped so

hard that I forgot my shivers and running nose. At last I was to see the inside of a Saloon Hell! At last I was to take the first real step down what the revivalists had always called the bright and flowery road of sin! I was speechless with joy.

"Well," said my uncle, "come on, young 'un. Mind you don't blab, now!"

As we stepped inside, my imagination was ablaze with all the Dantesque pictures of saloons that had been painted for me by the Iowa revivalists. The day was heavily clouded and the light in the bar-room was dim. Yet the great mirror shone gloriously, and at its base the glasses sparkled between the colored labels of stacked bottles. Never before had I seen such an array of glasses, or such vivid colors, or such a vast mirror, or such huge carved and polished pillars and beams, or such enormous vessels of brass as the spittoons. The bartender was sleek and shaven, he wore a snowy jacket and his black mustache was superbly curled, for the Old Judge was the high-toned saloon of the town. The banker and two other prosperous-looking citizens were talking quietly over mugs that steamed as if they held coffee. I felt my uncle's hand steering me toward a chair behind the stove.

"You set there and behave yourself till I get through talking with the banker," he said, and left me alone.

The Hell pictures had vanished, and I was feeling very small as I sat down. The heat from the big stove soon warmed me all over. The bar-room was strange and wonderful to look at, and even the smells were curious and pleasant to breathe. So for a good while I forgot to look for the shooting and stabbing to begin, and I forgot, too, the angel-faced little girl who was to come in and plead for her father to come home with her now. When I did come to think of these things, I found that I couldn't call to mind a single revival picture of a saloon in the daytime. I decided that that was the trouble. I had come at the wrong time. The events I was looking for always occurred at night.

A warm drowsiness got heavier on my mind, until it seemed like too much bother to think about anything at all. By and by I just slouched down deep in the chair and gazed through my eyelashes. That made it seem as if I was seeing the big bar-room in a dream, and I felt that this was the pleasantest way to enjoy myself—just to slouch down, feel drowsy and comfortable, and kind of dream about the bar-room of the Old Judge. Pretty soon the mirror seemed to widen away out, the pillars grew tall as trees, and the bartender and the men appeared no bigger than grasshoppers. Then everything dimmed away except the shine of the mirror; then it faded, too; and the next thing I knew my uncle was shaking me.

"Come along, young 'un. Can't leave you in this place. And I got to go trade."

I stumbled along to the door and didn't really wake up until the frosty wind nipped my face. Then the Old Judge just seemed like a big old comfortable place, and I kept wishing we were back there as we drove around to the hardware and feed stores and the grocery. That was the way I kept remembering and wishing as we drove home under the low gray clouds. I simply couldn't imagine a handsomer or more comfortable place than the Old Judge. The two rooms of the homestead shack looked mean and ugly by comparison, and so did the school-house and the Adventist church, though they had been handsome enough for me before.

I forgot to think what a wicked experience I'd gone through until I was talking with Ern Saling down at his place. Ern had lived in Idaho a year longer than I had, and he was always superior, with his deep knowledge of horses and cattle. My greater wickedness was the only advantage I had over him. I had won some leadership in the Star and Bull Durham business, and now I couldn't help bragging to him about my visit to a Saloon Hell. Ern, however, was contemptuous.

"Why, I'd just as soon ride a plow-horse to town as to drink in the Old

Judge," he declared. "Golly, even Elder Greenbury Barton, the Hardshell preacher, has been seen to take a drink there. They don't never have any fun in the Old Judge. I wouldn't drink in that saloon if they was to give it to me free. If you'd been in Idaho long as I have you'd know better'n to brag about that. Why, it's like braggin' you can milk. Why, it's almost as bad as braggin' you can herd sheep. Almost as bad. You betcha Bud Winkle and Russ Hicks don't never drink only in the Copper King, and I won't, neither. There's where they have fun. You go to the Copper King, and you'll be somebody. But drinkin' in the Old Judge—golly, that ain't nothin', no more'n milkin' a cow!"

I had a wretched feeling that Ern's scorn was justified, but I was too stubborn to admit that I hadn't been wicked. We got into a fast and furious argument on the subject. Ern's mother overheard us, and her horror proved Ern wrong. The victory was a bitter one, however, for my harried uncle was convinced that I had deliberately blabbed, and he deprived me of my plug for two weeks.

From then on my dreams of the future flowered around the Copper King. My great hope was to enter it, just as I had entered the Old Judge, that contemptible place where even Elder Greenbury Barton would take a drink. The Copper King was the one disreputable dive among the town's eleven saloons. Its outside appearance was that of a saloon in a *Diamond Dick Weekly*. There was a hitching rack before it, and usually cow horses were standing there, their cinches loosed, and chaps hanging from their saddle horns. The once yellow paint of the square front was faded and scaled. Over the dark door and windows were the square, black letters, THE COPPER KING. The terrific smells that poured from the bar-room had a rare aroma of mystery for me; passing by, I would breathe deeply and think of drying blood and dead men's bones. I hadn't heard of anyone being killed there for a long time, but I wasn't to be fooled. I had a good idea of the wick-

edness that went on behind those black windows. After sheep-shearing, the harvest and the roundup, the Copper King was always jammed; at such times whoops of hellish laughter sounded from it at night, and sometimes there were yells of awful wrath. That was more like the revival pictures than anything the Old Judge could offer. Beside, the two out-and-out wicked men of our valley, Bud Winkle and Russ Hicks, always drank in the Copper King. I began to cherish a bright hope that some day soon I'd get a start in real wickedness there with Bud and Russ.

They were two young independent ranchers and they could ride and gad about as they pleased, while their hands harvested their hay and tended their beef. The average hired cowboy of that region was often away from town for three months at a stretch, and sometimes he would get to the saloons only twice a year. But Russ and Bud rode to town nearly every Saturday. They rode magnificent horses, with hand-carved saddles and silver-mounted bridles. They galloped into town with whoops and yells, they bought drinks for everybody when they entered the Copper King, they took a mob along when they proceeded to Big Mag's place on the Island, and they shot up the scenery when they rode home to their ranches at dawn. They had never robbed and killed anybody, but they were the best heroes at hand, and I managed to get along with them very well for a long time. Ern Saling and I had some grand times pretending we were Russ and Bud riding to town to get drunk at the Copper King and performing so as to make all of the Baptists, Methodists and Adventists talk. Once Mrs. Saling caught us staggering all over the calf corral and cursing like sixty. We got a hearty sagebrushing for pretending to such a sinful state, and my uncle was warned that Ern wouldn't be allowed to run with me any more if I wasn't kept better in the way I should go.

My uncle and I had become quite sympathetic with each other by this time. He

had got so he would pour out a cupful of whisky after the evening chores were done and the supper dishes were washed, and then sit in a rocking chair and sup it and saw away on an old fiddle, or sing some blistery cowboy song the whole evening. I would sit and chew and listen and dream about the bright times ahead. My uncle still made me go to church and Sunday-school, for he declared it was easier to do so than to figure up excuses when the church women got after him. But we both looked forward to the time when I could go out on my own and, as he said, make something of myself or go to the dogs, whichever I pleased. He declared it didn't make a particle of difference to him which I did. I certainly liked him when he said that; he seemed the finest relative I had ever known.

The year I was thirteen a blizzard took most of his calves. The following Summer was so dry that the hay crop failed, and in the Fall the bank got his stock. My uncle had to go out and take a job, and he said I'd have to rustle for one myself, or else go to a boarding-school near the ranch town, where I could work my way. The Ladies' Aid of the valley decided that I should go to the school, as it was very pious, and would provide the religious training which my wicked uncle had failed to give me.

Well, it certainly was a religious school. We even had to pray before breakfast. The use of "by" words was against the rules, and any boy who was caught either swearing or chewing three times was expelled. The strict training double-cinched my determination to lead the life I had been planning for myself ever since my backsliding at the age of nine. It made me decide to go the full limit and become an actual bartender. I couldn't imagine anything less satisfying me after the training in piety that I was experiencing now.

It wasn't so long, of course, before I had been caught swearing and chewing often enough to be expelled. I knew better than to go back to the valley, for I realized that

the Methodists, Baptists and Adventists would head me straight for the reform school. I knew that it would be a fairly wicked place, but somehow I didn't hanker for it. So I struck out and away from the town, to look for a job and begin my life of free wickedness.

III

But hunting jobs and holding them when I found them quickly became such a serious business that my memories of the Copper King and my fine plans to become a bartender, if possible, and a highway robber at the very least, were almost forgotten in the months that followed. At last, however, I ended three straight months as a flunky in a Snake River reclamation camp, and headed for the town of Shoshone, Idaho, with eighty-five dollars in my pocket. My purpose was to start my career of wickedness by performing in some Shoshone saloon as Bud Winkle and Russ Hicks used to do in the Copper King. I felt that would be the reasonable way to start; I realized that I couldn't expect to become a highway robber or a bartender all in a minute.

Shoshone was full of team-hands who had been working or were going to work on the reclamation project. A gang of them in the Horseshoe Saloon welcomed me as if I was an old friend, one of their kind. I was pleased with this start. The bartenders wouldn't allow me to drink anything but a few small beers myself, but they didn't object to me spending my money in the style of Russ and Bud as I set up the drinks for the team-hands. At the end of the second day I had a dollar left. I sat on a beer-keg—alone. The team-hands seemed to have forgotten their old friend. They were drinking with new live ones at the bar. I kept hoping they would call me up to have another small beer. But no one made any motion to do it for a long time, and so I sat on the beer-keg, feeling bluer every minute because my money was gone and all I'd got for it was

the discovery that beer stayed with one better than soda pop.

The August night was coming on and the light in the Horseshoe turned gray. I got to thinking dismaler thoughts every minute as I listened to the men along the bar, and, whenever the doors swung open, looked out over the splintery sidewalk and dusty street. The team-hands were talking loudly about all the big reclamation and railroad jobs they had ever worked on, and I began to wonder about that, for out at camp they talked about their great drunks and their performances with wicked women. This was my first big disappointment in my career in saloons: the talk was always so infernally educational. Cowboys, it appeared, would tell bawdy stories and sing ribald songs only when they were in camp. In the saloons they talked about horses and beef, and told how to handle them and bragged about how good they were at it. It was the same with team-hands, railroaders and loggers. I was learning the truth of the old Western saying that men did their best work in the saloons and their best drinking and women-chasing when they were out on the job. But I couldn't believe it yet. I sat on that beer-keg and hoped that some one would call me to the bar and give me some kind of a start in real wickedness.

The lamps had been lit and they shone brighter over the bar as the dark got thicker outside. The soft light over the slivered floor and the black old bar gave both a finer look. The whisky glowed in the bottles and glasses. The foamy mugs of beer appeared like blooms along the bar. The cracked mirror had a handsome shine. The ceiling wasn't so smeary now when I gazed up through the thin, curling drifts of pipe and cigarette smoke. The bartender, a chubby, bald-headed, red-faced man with a straggly mustache, set up the liquor and swabbed the bar with lazy motions. The old mirror was always a bright frame for him. The talk along the bar was a roaring hum, except when it was broken by laughs or bawls.

I must have dozed a little, for I didn't see Poker Tom Davis come in. The first I knew about it was when I heard yells from two team-hand walking bosses, Red Grabby and Burly Hughes. Then I saw Poker Tom's lean, tall figure looming between them and the other team-hands crowding around the three.

My heart gave a big thump and I came to life at once, for Poker Tom Davis was already a big hero to me. Out at the reclamation camp he had been the star figure in the Saturday night and Sunday poker games. And that wasn't all. Poker Tom had a mighty mysterious past. Anybody could tell, by the language he used and the way he shaved every night and took a bath so often, that he was an educated man. The team-hands were careful in their gossip about him, for he always packed a gun. For some mysterious reason he had turned from his educated life and become a Mississippi river gambler. For another mysterious reason, he had turned from that life and drifted West with the team-hands. I had thought about Poker Tom a lot when I was washing dishes in the camp, and imagined him proficient at the best kinds of wickedness. It had seemed wonderful to think that I was working in the same camp with such a famous man as Poker Tom Davis, and almost one of his friends.

Poker Tom always bore himself in a tremendously dignified and solemn style, and nobody but a walking boss dared to be familiar with him. I never did, certainly, though I was sure I would be as good and wicked as he was some day, if I could only get the chance. He had his solemn and dignified look now, as he stood very straight at the bar and gazed down on the team-hands. I was surprised when he suddenly began to talk a stream, as he had been a very quiet man in camp. How the words rolled out! I had never heard anybody, not even Senator Borah, talk so grandly before. Just as if he was making a political speech, Poker Tom told the gang how he had gone to Boise, stayed sober, played in a big solo game for a solid week, and come

out five hundred dollars to the good. Then, he said, he had discovered the most venerable and benignant Bourbon he had tasted since leaving the Mississippi river. The words he rolled out about that Bourbon! He called it a lot of high-sounding foreign names, and said more fine things about it than I'd ever heard Elder Greenbury Barton say about resting in Abraham's bosom. He declared that he was adumbrating about that Bourbon, and I agreed with him, for anybody could tell that it was a grand speech.

After that, Poker Tom spread out his hands and quoted some Scripture about being a Prodigal who must feed on husks, and said that now he must be satisfied to drink in the same style. Then he called the bartender a foreign name and ordered him to give everybody a drink. As the bartender set 'em up, Poker Tom turned and looked about the room. He stared at me with his most solemn and dignified stare. I couldn't help thinking that he appeared more like a minister than a gambler with a mysterious wicked past, and I expected every second for him to rebuke me and cast me out. So I just about fell off the beer-keg, I was so tickled, when he beckoned me with one long, slim finger, and said to the bartender:

"This lad is from Grant's camp. Let him have a small one."

Then he actually went to talking to me! I was all up in the air, my head jammed with a wild scramble of thoughts, as I saw myself being taken up by the famous and wicked Poker Tom and started off as a gambler, maybe this very night! I couldn't imagine anything more wonderful. I wasn't feeling quite up to becoming a highway robber for yet a while, and I knew that my chances for bartending were a long way off, but it seemed that I might become a gambler right away, once I had got a good start. And here was Poker Tom Davis, ignoring the other team-hands and talking straight to me! I was so excited I couldn't understand his talk; it was a lot of grand words about "the circumference

and profundity of your capacity for the juice of the barley," and the like of that. The main thing was that Poker Tom Davis was certainly seeing a great future as a gambler for me, or else he wouldn't be talking straight to me in his grandest style.

When the drinks were set up Poker Tom seemed to feel that he shouldn't neglect the team-hands too much, so he went to talking to the gang generally. I calmed down then, and as I sipped my small beer I wished that Ern Saling could be there. I could imagine Ern trying to sneer that Poker Tom Davis looked like Elder Greenbury Barton; and it tickled me all through as I imagined Ern's eyes growing wider and wider as I told him how wicked a gambler Poker Tom really was, how his looks would fool the Old Nick himself; and I could see Ern looking just sick with envy as I left him and went back to Poker Tom Davis, who was going to make me his partner.

IV

The second small beer made my imaginings brighter and more enjoyable than ever, and I scarcely heard the talk that was going on. I imagined Ern Saling leaving the Horseshoe, going back to our valley, and getting home just as the Ladies' Aid was meeting. I could hear him telling the church women about how wicked I'd become, how I was absolutely a lost soul, being a gambler, and the partner of a man who was so brazenly wicked that he went by the name of Poker Tom Davis. I could see the whole Ladies' Aid thrown into a wild commotion by Ern's story and I could hear every old church woman there telling how she'd always known I'd come to a bad end. I had never imagined anything more charming in my life.

By and by the tickling fancy sort of petered out and I noticed it had been a long time since the last glass of beer. So I edged up until I was right against Poker Tom, where he couldn't help noticing me

when he ordered another round. But Poker Tom wasn't ordering now; he was orating away at full steam, his back turned to the bar. He was holding a full glass of whisky in his hand and he seemed to have forgotten the team-hands and everything around, for his eyes shone in a misty glow under half-shut lids, and they were gazing far over everybody, far out and away. He rolled his words out deep and slow, as if he was talking to somebody outside the saloon; and every so often there was a husky catch in his voice that made me agree with Red Grabby when he spoke low to Burly Hughes:

"Poker Tom's steamed up high as I ever saw him. He don't know where the Hell he is or ever was. Just listen now. This'll be a show."

I listened hard. And it certainly was a show as Poker Tom went on. I was puzzled for a while, but then I got on to the fact that he was telling in his grand style about a great war that seemed to have happened back in Bible times, a war between the country of Greece and the city of Troy. It was hard to understand him at first; but when I began to realize that the story was a wicked one I listened with eager interest. It seemed to be just the kind of story I'd always been warned against, and I was so anxious to hear it I forgot all about the beer, and how I was starting out now to be a gambler.

The way Poker Tom told it, the story was about how Paris, a son of the King of Troy, had stolen Helen, the wife of one of the main men of Greece, and carried her off over the sea. Then how the Greeks got together under a King, took to their ships, and sailed over the sea after Helen. The people of Troy were wicked and wouldn't give Helen back to her husband, so a war started. It dragged on for a good nine years before anything big happened; then the Greek King and his champion fell into a quarrel because the King stole one of the champion's women. So the champion quit fighting and declared he would lay up in his tent until the war was over, and the

Trojans could kill and scalp the last Greek, for all he cared.

Well, the Trojans had a champion fighter, too, a regular bull of a man called Hector. Poker Tom went on at considerable length to tell how Hector and the Trojans battled the Greeks to their ships; and I got all on edge and could hardly stand it until I knew how the Greek champion was coaxed back into the war and made the Trojans bite the dust until their whole army was chased home to Troy. I knew that would happen somehow; it would have spoiled the whole story if the champion had just stayed on in his tent as he'd declared he would.

Sure enough, after a long spell of grand orating, Poker Tom came to where the champion began to edge around and inquire into how things were going with the Greeks. Then the champion gave in far enough to let his best friend go into the battle, and when the friend was killed, he roared out himself, licked the whole Trojan army, and killed Hector, just as I'd known all along it would happen.

What made the story more exciting and interesting than just a common battle story was the fact that all the heathen gods and goddesses were mixed up in it. I'd always been curious whenever I'd heard them mentioned at Sunday-school, but I'd never learned anything about them till now. They turned out to be nothing like the sober and serious beings I'd expected; they were more like actual humans than I could possibly have imagined, eating and drinking at regular times, taking sides in the war, quarreling and fighting among themselves, with Jupiter taking the Trojans' part and his wife taking the other side, as a human wife naturally would, and the two of them fussing and arguing about the war like any common married couple; and at the end of every argument Jupiter telling his wife to shut up, for she didn't have any sense, just as a regular husband would say it to his wife.

I grew mortally interested in the whole affair. When Poker Tom came to the end

and got Hector killed, I heaved a big sigh and wished I dared ask him a lot of questions. But Poker Tom was paying me no mind just then. He ordered another round of drinks, lifted his own glass, and said in a solemn voice:

"Gentlemen! Let us drink to Homer, the bard of heroes!"

The team-hands winked back and forth, but every man lifted his glass and drank as solemnly as Poker Tom did. I had another small beer and it gave me the courage to ask Poker Tom a question.

"Is that a story you just made up yourself, Poker Tom?"

He tucked his chin down, squinted his left eye shut, and looked me over with a wide one-eyed stare. Finally he started talking again, and this time it was straight down to me. It wasn't a story this time, but he told me actual facts about what the old-time country of Greece was like, how little the folks there knew about what the world actually was, but how well they got along, anyway. Poker Tom told about them building a wonderful city called Athens, in which there were the finest kinds of theatres and temples, beside the houses and stores. He told about the fine teachers there were in Athens, and said they held school in the groves and taught a lot of noble ideas. He told a lot about these ideas, too, but they have somehow slipped my mind. Then he told about the grand plays that were written for the theatres and how much pleasure the people of Athens got out of seeing them.

Poker Tom wouldn't allow me to drink any beer while he was talking, but every so often he would swallow another glass of whisky himself. I could see he was getting drunker all the time, though he showed amazing control. But at last he got to stopping, trying to remember what he had just been saying; and finally he realized he was about gone, and gave up. He shoved away the bottle, and then he made himself stand very solemn and straight. Only the slow blink of his eyelids showed how far gone he was as he

turned very slowly, took the most deliberate step, and another one, and then stalked on a dead line through the door. You could tell that he wanted to go alone, and nobody dared to follow him. The bar-room was quiet for a good minute after the doors had swung shut behind Poker Tom. Then there was a mighty clink of glasses, and the team-hands hollered and laughed over his grand story.

It was just another story to them, something like the ones they had lived through themselves, with all of its drinking and carousing, fighting and woman-stealing, rambling away from home, and so on. But I felt mightily shaken. It had stirred me all up inside. I felt as if I could listen to Poker Tom tell about the Greeks all night.

I left the saloon to see if Poker Tom was getting to his room all right. Up the street and in the light that came from the windows of the hotel I saw him easing along, keeping himself on his feet by propping his arm against the wall as he stepped. He turned in to the door. And then I remembered that I hadn't said a word to him about getting a start as a gambler. Well, I thought half-heartedly, the morning will do. I'll ask him about it then.

But in the morning Poker Tom was sober and sick. When I spoke to him he looked at me with his cold gambler's stare. When I asked him some more about the old Greeks he said, "Go to the books, young man. Read Homer." And that was all.

V

Then it was work again. A struggle to live until the Winter days. In my labor and in the team-hands' bunkhouse tales about their great drunks and performances with the women Poker Tom's mighty story grew dim in my mind. I remembered him mainly as a famous gambler, and that old dream came back. Finally, I sat in at a poker game and beginner's luck made me a big winner. But I was baffled in my attempt to be a professional gambler. It ap-

peared that I would never get over being attended to and looked after, for an overbearing team-hand took me to Boise and made me invest my winnings in room rent and meal tickets for the Winter.

The law was strong in Boise in those days, and I was still too young to be allowed to hang around the city's saloons. It soon became mighty tiresome, just tramping the streets, eating and sleeping, with not another blessed thing to do. I'd have gone to work again if I could have found a job. I was even tempted to go to Sunday-school and prayer-meeting, just to kill time, but I knew the church folks would inquire about me and end up by sending me to the reform school. I'd peek through the side windows of the saloons and I'd ache all over to be in the midst of the wicked scene, standing at the handsome shiny bar and talking about gambling to other lost souls as we drank our beer, meeting the real wicked characters of the town, and maybe hearing another grand story like Poker Tom's.

Several times I did slip into a crowded saloon and managed to stay for a while before I was ordered out. But it was always the wrong time. The crowd was always talking about mining, or logging, or cow-punching, or mule-skinning when I slipped in, and I missed the real wickedness. I gave the saloons up finally and tried every place I could think of to find amusement. And at last I got down to the library.

I had never been much of a hand for reading anything except the forbidden dime novels and nickel weeklies, and I didn't have much hope that any of the books in the library would interest me. But it was a blizzard day, and the library was warm, so I kept looking around the shelves, and finally my heart jumped clear to my throat when I saw "Homer" on the back of a book. Right away Poker Tom's grand story flamed up in my mind and I could hear him rolling it out at the Horseshoe's bar. But I couldn't believe that this was the same Homer as I took the book down and opened it; certainly, I said to myself,

they wouldn't allow such a wicked book in any library.

I opened it and started to read. And sure enough, by thunder, there it was, starting out about the Greek King stealing the champion's woman away from him, just as Poker Tom had told it! I was so pleased I didn't even sit down, but just stood and read for all I was worth. Some of the words were beyond me, but then I hadn't been able to understand all of Poker Tom's, either. But that wonderful wicked story was there, as plain as day.

All of a sudden I noticed that one of the library women had come up and was standing beside me, looking at me and Homer. I dropped the book on a table as if it was a hot poker, for I was certain that here was a church woman again, and I thought I was sure to get the Old Nick for reading a sinful story about women-stealing, bloody killings and heathen gods. I hauled my wits together and started to ask her how such a wicked book had got into the library, but before I could do so she had patted me on the arm and said it was wonderful to see a boy like me taking such an interest in the classics. It showed I had a clean soul and a fine mind, she said. I knew right away that someone had been lying scandalously to her about Homer, and that she'd never had the time, probably, to read the book herself. But I just scraped my shoe on the floor, looked down at it and grinned modestly, as I used to do in Sunday-school; and she went on to say she'd fix me a card and I could take Homer home and read him.

I didn't have any home, of course, but I took Homer to the rooming-house; and I did have a grand time sitting and reading; for I could smoke and chew there and imagine Poker Tom telling the story in the Horseshoe Saloon; and I could hardly have done it reading Homer in the library.

Well, when I got through with Homer, the innocent library woman let me take a history and a lot of the plays Poker Tom had spoken about; and in the end I had a mighty interesting Winter of it, reading

all about the wickedness of the old Greeks. It got tiresome, of course, when Spring came on, and I was glad to go to the reclamation camps again. By this time I felt I was old enough to go further in being like Poker Tom. It was no use, though. I got so I could tell the Greek stories pretty good, and I didn't have to be drunk to do it, either. But about a year of trying convinced me that I didn't have anywhere near Tom's knack for cards. So I had to give up the idea of being a gambler and set my mind on some other branch of wickedness.

But it was no use. It seemed that it was bound to be the same old story with everything I tried, and finally I got sick and discouraged. The Saloon Hells simply wouldn't pan out for me, as the Iowa revivalists had promised that they would.

VI

There was an old-time yegg, Farmer Fagan, who took quite a fancy to me when we met in the bar of the Umatilla House, an old hotel at the Dalles, Oregon. I thought for a while I would get to be a robber with him, but it wasn't to be. When he was drunk he wouldn't think or talk of robbery; he would get to telling of the time he was shot up in a Chicago gang fight and how he spent two years in the hospitals. He had learned all about science there, when he had had nothing to do but talk to the doctors and read. Farmer Fagan stood at the bar and orated about Evolution, and about Darwin and Huxley, who had proved through their science that Genesis was all wrong. When he was sober Farmer Fagan was a real yegg and would have nothing to do with a young team-hand. But when he was drunk there in the Umatilla House he talked so bright and friendly about science that he filled me with curiosity to read exactly how Genesis had been blasted into pieces, as he said. In Portland I bought the Darwin and Huxley books he bragged about, and packed

them along in my bundle. So there it was again.

In the Thalia Dance Hall on San Francisco's Barbary Coast a boozy giant of a sailor sagged down into a chair at a table where I was drinking and announced that he was the original Wolf Larsen. I asked him curiously who Wolf Larsen was; and he swore at my ignorance; and then he lectured me about all the great sea writers and about all the other great writers of modern times, too. My curiosity was stirred again, and the next day I began to look up the books he had mentioned. They hauled me away from my ambitions for the third time.

The final blow to my weakened hopes was given by a bartender. He was a German, the head bartender of the night shift at the Harbor Bar, a teamsters' hangout in Los Angeles. He took quite a shine to me right from the first, and his friendliness stirred my old ambitions again. I was nearly twenty-one at that time, and all of my reading had pretty much discouraged me about a career of wickedness. I had come to suspect, and then to believe, that the old revivalists had never known what they were talking about. Reading science, my common sense had told me that they had let themselves be fooled by Genesis; and my experiences told me that they had let themselves be fooled about the Saloon Hells, too. A man who was a regular wicked rogue when he was sober would try to appear witty and wise, generous and kind, when he was drinking at the bar of a handsome, softly lighted, fine-smelling saloon, and talking to a sympathetic crowd. I had learned about books in the saloon. I had learned in the saloon, too, what was really going on in the world and how men did their work. It was out in the camps that I gambled, and from sober men that I got wicked ideas and heard dirty stories and sinful songs.

But the idea of the Saloon Hell had been pounded deep into my mind when I was a boy, and I couldn't get over a sneaking hope that maybe it was true and that I

might yet shine as the wicked hero of my fading dreams. My last hope was to become a bartender. That trade still glittered and smoked for me with the flames of Hell. So I made myself as agreeable to the head bartender of the Harbor as I knew how. At last we got very confidential—and then what did he do but begin to deliver beery lectures on Bach and Händel, Beethoven and Wagner! One night he laid off and took me to a concert! The band played the grand piece called the Eroica. After the concert the head bartender cried into his beer as he told me how he had always wanted to play the flute in an orchestra, and here he was, just a hired man in a cheap saloon. He went to moaning and swearing in German; and I listened to him and felt sick as I began to realize that, actually, bartending was just a common job, too, just as common as dirt. Certainly

a man wasn't wicked who cried because he couldn't play the flute. . . .

The last hope was gone.

So I gave up at last and took the saloon for what it actually was: a handsome, comfortable, fine-smelling place, where a man could drink liquors that would inspire him to show his fellows how wise and noble and eloquent he was, and where the best in him would be brought forth and paraded for the inspiration and instruction of his fellowmen.

Instead of proving to be a Hell, the saloon was a fine school for me. But I wasn't wanting an education, and it makes me feel sad now sometimes to think how I got it in spite of myself. It is nothing like so grand and thrilling as the dreams I had when I was staggering with Ern Saling around his father's calf corral.

FOOD FADS AND NUTRITION NONSENSE

BY ARTHUR J. CRAMP

If the deductions of many food faddists accepted as facts, were really operative, it would be difficult to explain how the human race has survived.
—U. S. Department of Agriculture Bulletin.

THE growth of therapeutic nihilism among the masses is, probably, a revolt from the Victorian concept that anything could be cured by a nauseous draught from a bottle or the swallowing of gargantuan pills. The present popularity of systems of so-called drugless healing is a swing of the pendulum of popular belief from our grandparents' unreasoning belief in the magic efficacy of drugs. The prevailing fashion in the medical field has brought with it similar excess in the field of nutrition. The differences are only those of *métier*. Competing with such medical mountebanks as the chiropractors and the naturopaths are the charlatans and magicians who would have you believe that corns are caused by—or may be cured by—eating corn-flakes, and that syphilis can be cured by fasting, followed by a milk diet.

To a public that is profoundly ignorant of the most elementary facts of the science of nutrition, the food enthusiast with a theory and the food quack with a scheme make a not unprofitable appeal. While most of the advocates of freak dietary systems are obvious shysters, there is a sprinkling of fanatics who impress one as believing in their own wizardry. To those whose knowledge of the chemistry of food is limited to the elementary superficialities of the teachings of the secondary schools, the food faddist can talk glibly of carbohydrates, proteins, fats, mineral salts and, most wonderful of all, vitamins, and his pronouncements, however preposterous, are eagerly swallowed. As a result, there

is a veritable plague of "diet experts," who, at best, dispense vast quantities of platitudes and piffle on the subject of nutrition, and, at the worst, give information that may be as mischievous as it is misleading.

II

Who that makes a study of the advertising to be found in the magazines for morons but has seen the pronouncements of Eugene Christian, F.S.D.? Mr. Christian has been a man of multitudinous interests. He has at various times been in the hotel business, a maker of fad foods, a salesman for oil-well stock and for a new automobile engine, and the titular head of a mail-order temple of learning. To the uninitiated, it should be said that the mystic letters following Mr. Christian's name indicate that he holds the degree of Doctor of Food Science. This academic honor appears to have been a gift bestowed exclusively by the Eugene Christian School of Applied Food Chemistry. What shall it profit a man who operates an academic institution if he cannot confer on himself a degree *honoris causa* or even *cum laude*?

Mr. Christian advertised that his degree, F.S.D., gave its recipient "the right to practice the Science of Curative Feeding," which sounded important and meant nothing. Not the least of the many advantages of Mr. Christian's seminary was that to drink deep of its Pierian spring did not call for personal attendance. It was as close as one's post-office. The cost of tuition varied; there was a sliding scale of fees ranging from \$100 to those who nibbled at the first bait, to \$10 to those who

showed greater hesitancy. Matriculation in the School of Applied Food Chemistry required neither a knowledge of chemistry nor any outstanding education. To master the course, said Mr. Christian, "requires only common sense." Only!

At a later period, Mr. Christian was selling a Course in Scientific Eating, which would give persons who were totally ignorant of the human body or its processes instruction in the treatment of disease by a dietetic "system." The course contained many things that were more interesting than accurate. The pupil learned, for instance, that "autointoxication is so called because the decomposing foods generate alcohol"—obviously violating the most sacrosanct of all constitutional amendments. One learned, too, that calcium phosphate is "the principal element of starch" and that acidulous fruits, if taken at any time except in the hottest weather, "results in crystallization of the starch atom," producing, among other things, rheumatism, arteriosclerosis and premature old age! That there is no calcium phosphate in starch, that no starch atom exists, and that it is no more possible to crystallize starch than it is to make Haig and Haig out of radiator anti-freeze, mattered not at all to those whose ignorance was so profound as to lead them to adopt Mr. Christian as a mentor.

Some other gems of dietetic wisdom put forth in his lessons were:

The pancreas . . . secretes a fluid called pancreatic juice which, like the gastric juice, is slightly acidulous.

Acetanilide, . . . of all the alkaloid group, is one of the most remarkable in its physiologic effects.

The active principle in all these beverages [liquor, wine, beer] is chemically known as alkaloid.

A certain amount of hydrochloric acid is necessary to digestion. Its principal purpose is to dissolve or digest carbohydrates.

It seems almost unkind to point out that the pancreatic juice, instead of being acid, is alkaline; that acetanilide is a coal-tar product and not an alkaloid; that if there is any active principle in liquor, wine and beer other than alcohol, it is not an alka-

loid, and that the alkaline secretions of the mouth and intestines are the ones that act on the carbohydrates instead of the hydrochloric acid of the gastric juice.

It is of incidental interest to record that those who purchased Mr. Christian's Course in Scientific Eating, and were thus enrolled on his sucker list, were given an opportunity a year or two later to get in on the ground floor in the Griswold Oil Company of Wichita Falls, Texas—the checks to be made out to the company but sent to Mr. Christian. Still later, the same noble army of potential easy-marks were solicited to purchase Vita-Pep, which was sherry wine (alcohol: 16%) with certain innocuous additions to lend color to the fiction that the stuff was a medicament and not a drink. One was urged to buy Vita-Pep by the case (twelve pints) and special discounts were offered to those who would buy a half-dozen cases.

Still later—in August, 1926, to be exact—Mr. Christian appealed to his clientele once more for capital. This time it was to develop a new type of automobile engine, that will run from 6,000 to 8,000 revolutions a minute, develop about 250 horsepower and weigh about 100 pounds! The Automotive Royalties Corporation was being organized under the laws of Delaware, with a capitalization of 50,000 common shares without par value. A check for \$100 was requested, which would be payment in full for four of the common shares. All of which indicates the wide ramifications of the science of nutrition.

III

Next to Mr. Christian, the most prominent figure in the history of contemporary diet quackery is G. H. Brinkler, who, for years, has modestly described himself as a food expert and food specialist. Mr. Brinkler, while not a physician, a pharmacist or a chemist, has not hesitated to express opinions on medicine, pharmacy and chemistry. In the Brinkler system of pathology, there seems to be but one factor—catarrh.

Consumption (according to Brinkler) is chronic catarrh of the lungs; pyorrhea is catarrh of the gums; appendicitis is catarrh of the appendix; pneumonia is acute catarrh of the lungs! The catarrh, we learn further, is due to haphazard eating, which produces a glue, or, as Mr. Brinkler puts it:

In the interstitial spaces of the body of a haphazard eater, there is stored mucus or "glue."
This condition is known as catarrh.

The cause of this glue, in the Brinkler theory, is the wrong selection, proportion, combination or sequence of foods, *ergo*:

The means of restoring health is by correcting the selection, combination and proportion of foods to suit the individual's varying needs, according to rules of the natural system of eating, namely, the Brinkler System.

The Brinkler System is generally referred to in the advertising matter as the New Brainy Diet System. Just what a brainy diet is, a rather careful study of Mr. Brinkler's literature does not disclose. Disease, in the Brinklerian philosophy, is the result of malassimilation of foods. Through his extensive studies, Mr. Brinkler has learned "which foods chiefly affect the liver—the stomach—the brain and nerves, etc." He has, by experiment, produced in himself "the symptoms of all the common disorders—rheumatism, catarrh, sore throat, tonsillitis, constipation, double chin, swollen glands, dandruff," etc. All of these, it appears, are caused by eating wrong combinations and quantities of foods, and he was able to cure himself in a short time by changing to a proper diet. According to Mr. Brinkler:

Gallstones are dissolved and expelled by correct foods without an operation.

Sexual Disorders are cured by a proper diet of digestible nerve-nourishing, non-irritating foods.

Appendicitis . . . is permanently cured by proper foods, without an operation.

Coughing, Expectoration, Catarrh and Tuberculosis . . . are cured by eliminating from the dietary those foods which produce mucus.

Cancer . . . is dissolved, dispersed and expelled downwards through the excretory organs by curative foods.

In 1914, a fraud order was issued against G. H. Brinkler, and his course in the brainy

diet system was debarred from the United States mails. At that time, he was doing business from Washington, D. C. In the latter part of 1916, the government prosecuted him on the charge of the criminal use of the mails, but the jury, after being out twenty hours, returned a verdict of not guilty. The fraud order, however, continued to stand. Today, from New York City, Mr. Brinkler uses the United States mails to sell a Course of Personal Instruction and Guidance in his peculiar system of nutrition. "The charge is \$50, prepaid."

Mr. Brinkler refrains from calling himself a doctor and insists that the persons he treats are "pupils," not patients. In spite of this, the Court of Special Sessions in New York City recently held that his avoidance of the words patient, prescription, diagnosis and cure did not absolve him from the charge of violating the State medical practice act so long as he held himself out as being able to cure disease. As a result of this decision, Mr. Brinkler was recently fined \$500, which he paid. Of course, he has appealed.

IV

One of the most picturesque of the modern Merlins in the field of dietetics is Milo Erskine Yergin, A.M., M.D., D.O., N.D., D.I.N., Ph.C., Ph.N. The meaning of some of these degrees seems as obscure as their source. Possibly, the M.D. does not stand for Doctor of Medicine, but, as is claimed by one ingenious quack who uses it, for Master Diagnostician. Certain it is that the official records of the American Medical Association fail to show that Mr. Yergin was ever graduated by a reputable medical school or was ever licensed to practice medicine in any State in the Union. But we have it on no less authority than his own statement that he has spent fully fourteen years in postgraduate work in medicine—six of these years he claims to have devoted to the "allopathic or regular schools," and several years, variously, in homoeopathic, eclectic, physio-medical and

chiropractic schools. He has further broadened his vision in his chosen field by having been a vegetarian chef, a teacher of telegraphy and typewriting in a business college, and a faculty member and part owner of a school of chiropractic. Also: "Dr. Yergin is well versed in hydrotherapy" and "has a practical knowledge of osteopathy and spondylotherapy."

With such a groundwork, one is not surprised to learn that Mr. Yergin founded the National Health League Sanitarium, with such subsidiaries as the National Health League Institute and the National Health League Food Plant. Later he organized an Institute of Reactive Therapeutics, whose chief function seems to have been to distribute the Yergin Home Study Course of Structural Dietetics. This same course also was advertised for a while from a little village in Missouri known as Kinder—suggestive name!

Coming down to more recent times, Mr. Yergin was president of a common law concern known as the Coöperative Food Company, which sold such intriguingly interesting products as Earth Food Table Salt, Food Iodine, Cinnamon Food Oil, Memory Salts, Cold Food, and Sea Food Baths. Then there was an accessory known as Dr. Yergin's Pus and Pain Chart, which enabled one, "with the simple foods of nature," to control and completely obliterate, in from fifteen minutes to fifteen hours, any kind of pain and all pus conditions. It sold for the ridiculously small sum of \$10. The Coöperative Food Company later had its name changed to the National Health School Food Plant.

Next came Mr. Yergin's Natural Health School, which was an alluring combination of religious fanaticism and dieto-mysticism. The school had an official organ, the *Natural Health School Journal*. The issue published in the Autumn of 1922 was devoted mainly to the startling thesis that the world would come to an end within the next two years. Mr. Yergin gave a most glowing description of the world to come and, to lend an air of verisimilitude

to an otherwise bald and unconvincing tale, published a picture portraying the wall around the New Jerusalem, said to be "of pure jasper." An inset of the Equitable Life Building gave ocular demonstration of the fact that the wall is as high as the New York skyscraper! So convinced was Mr. Yergin of the impending dissipation of the cosmos that he declared that he would take no subscriptions to his journal after September 1, 1922. Yet, in the same issue of the *Natural Health School Journal*, he urged his followers to buy stock in the Natural Health School. The stock was a non-interest-bearing affair, which, as Mr. Yergin frankly admitted, "pays no dividends after the manner of this world." For each share of stock Mr. Yergin wanted \$100 cash—after the manner of this world!

Some of the Yerginian dieto-therapeutic principles are:

Lemon juice prevents smallpox if exposed; quickly cures it if already developed; prevents pitting; and perfectly immunizes against it.

Lemon juice is a perfect preventive of measles and chickenpox and a quick, safe cure in developed cases.

Food iodine is the natural hair-grower. All bald persons are short of iodine; and the food usage of iodine causes the hair to grow in without any special attention to the hair or scalp.

By taking in with the food the Memory Salts, lost memory becomes quickly restored.

To get rid of cancer once and forever, it is only necessary to get the impurities out of the system.

This school instructs how to obliterate tuberculosis in twenty-four to forty-eight hours and restore sound health.

But by far the greatest achievement made by Mr. Yergin in his excursions into the art of curative dietetics is his True Musical Therapy. He has discovered that, with the aid of a piano, it is possible to produce vibration rates corresponding to the chemical elements; thus:

Take, for instance, mercury and chlorine and strike the keys on a well-tuned piano, corresponding to these chemicals on the Key Chart—D in octavo two, and B in octavo seven as marked—and after a few seconds, a sensitive person will respond with a noticeable flow of saliva in the mouth. Keep the keys sounding for a few moments and it will start a bowel action.

Recognizing that but few of us can become virtuosos, Yergin comes to our aid:

It is the plan of the writer, as soon as he is at liberty to do so—free from other duties sufficiently—to write out true therapeutical music, and have it perforated on rolls, so that those who wish to have musical healing and health restoring effects accomplished upon themselves, can do so by placing these rolls in a good player-piano.

So far, Mr. Yergin does not seem to have gone into the mechanical piano-player business, nor has he attempted to give concerts by radio. For such sensitive souls as respond to the Yergin Musical Therapy, this is just as well.

V

Another prophet, who would—for a consideration—lead the people from the wilderness of dietetic ignorance into the promised land of nutritional knowledge, is "Dr." Charles B. McFerrin, whose advertising posters describe him as a Food Scientist, Diet Specialist, Humorist. Mr. McFerrin's doctorate was not conferred by a medical college; he says frankly: "I am an N.D. (Nutritional Doctor)." He also admits that he is a Naturopath and a Specialist in Rehabilitation and Corrective Dietetic Science. He scatters his pearls of dietetic wisdom via the lecture platform and the *McFerrin Health Bulletin*. He dispenses such accessories as a Corrective Dietary List at \$5 and Special Diet for the Unborn for \$10, not to mention Dr. McFerrin's Kitchen and Dining Room Chart, which, as it comes in two colors, cannot be called expensive at \$2.50. Then there is the Atonement Dietary Service with its two-page questionnaire, which prospective patients fill out and send with \$5. The diets suggested are said to range in price from \$5 to \$500. As Mr. McFerrin says, logically enough: "Even the highest price is cheaper than a single operation or a funeral."

One *opus minor* is "Nature's Herbs and Roots; An Explanation of Their Healing Properties," a forty-eight page booklet that divides one's interest about equally

between the vast amount of misinformation it contains and its slovenly typography. As a specimen of printing, it is reminiscent of the Deadwood Gulch school of journalism. Mr. McFerrin "affectionately dedicates" this "absorbing little volume" to "all those who have about given up all hope of ever feeling real well again," and who are willing to pay sixty cents for a hodge-podge of cacography and fallacy. Some of the McFerrinese postulates are:

The combining of stewed tomatoes and creamed or mashed potatoes has a strong tendency to tear up the mucus lining of the stomach and intestines.

Starches do not digest in the presence of caffeine. [From an editorial recommending a caffeine-free coffee.]

Certain foods form mucus and pus in the tonsils, kidneys and teeth.

Sickness generally means too much carbon in the body.

Epsom salts water applied externally as a sponge bath has a wonderful affinity for carbon, fairly pulling it out of the body.

While Mr. McFerrin has various means of reaching his clientele, his chief method is that of giving lectures on Food Science before women's organizations. The first one or two lectures are free, and the local women's clubs that avail themselves of this opportunity for educational enlightenment naturally furnish Mr. McFerrin with good audiences. The follow-up is an invitation to each woman in the audience to pay \$15 as tuition for a "grand course in Rational Health Building." To stimulate contributions, McFerrin uses the old scare stuff trick of the medical quack. "Is it worth," he asks, "three five-dollar bills to know what foods tend toward cancer formation?" Should you be a little short of cash, "that will be all right, my dear," says McFerrin chummily. "Just hand me your check dated in the future, when it will be convenient to you. . . . Don't let me get out of town without helping you." One of the free talks is described as "his celebrated lecture 'What's the Matter with Everybody?'" but equally renowned is his lecture on what would seem to be a painful subject: "Foods That Explode in the Intestines, to Women Only." As a contri-

bution to the science of explosives, this should have interesting possibilities. Mr. McFerrin reduces pathology to a simple formula:

Instead of there being six hundred diseases as we are told, there is only one, and that is MAL-NUTRITION.

Like many men who ride pseudo-medical hobbies, Mr. McFerrin holds that micro-organisms have no causal relationship to disease. In his world, the tubercle bacillus does not cause tuberculosis, nor the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus diphtheria, nor the *Bacillus typhosus* typhoid. All these diseases are due to errors in diet! As it would be hard to deny the evidence of the senses, Mr. McFerrin admits that there are such things as germs, but insists that when found in

certain pathologic states they are merely scavengers. As he puts it:

When an animal dies in the open, buzzards gather about. Did the buzzards cause the death of the animal? Quite the reverse. The dead animal caused the gathering of the buzzards. In the human body the germs are the buzzards and they gather to dispose of the carrion—they don't cause the carrion.

When people in the Twentieth Century can be persuaded to pay for information of this sort, is it any wonder that the Christians, Brinklers, Yergins and McFerrins find easy picking? The beauty and strength of pseudo-science is its simplicity. Its exponents are successful to the extent in which they are able to reduce the complex factors that exist in fact to a simple common denominator of their own creation.

AND GUINEVERE . . .

BY JOAN DARETH PROSPER

ASILENCE fell . . . and lifted . . . and he said,
"Strange! I thought that Guinevere was dead,
Until just now her throat gleamed when you turned,
And underneath your lashes her eyes burned."

. . . Guinevere, Guinevere—and those others,
Iseult . . . Heloise . . . Dierdre . . .
Dead?

Then, of this satin body, O my lover,
That sings its hymn of joy along your own,
Have you not wondered ever what strange atoms,
What lips forgotten, what warm breasts unknown
Once slipped away to dust, that it might blossom
This hour before its petals, too, have blown?

O you who have been silence of my singing,
Night of my stars, flame of my ecstasy,—
O you whose hands lift up my fallen dreaming—
Who know the tears, the faith, the breath of me,
If *you* discern me not, then am I lonely
Beyond all thought—forsaken utterly.

Even as I am one, I am all women;
Their depths I bring you and their burning heights,
And what I never knew, yet I remember,
Of Almesbury—slow vigils—holy rites,
And all the wistful wisdom love has gathered
Throughout unending lovers' days and nights.

. . . Mad thoughts crying to be free . . .
Mad words I must not utter . . .
Guinevere?

I curved my lips that he might think they smiled,
And spoke as calmly as a little child:
"These are strange fancies playing in your head,
So many, many years she has been dead!"

A BANKRUPTCY FIRE-SALE

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

THE European debt question is still with us and promises to be with us for many a day. The very mention of it rings bells around the world and stirs emotions as deep as the Paleozoic Age. Bold, indeed, is the person who can say that he has solved Archimedes' problem and found an immovable fulcrum for his lever. Hence a little humor and some dubiety ought to mark all discussions of this thorny issue. Did not the stern logician, John Marshall, once warn mankind that "the judgment is so influenced by the wishes, affections, and the general theories that a contrariety of opinion . . . ought to excite no surprise?" What wishes, what affections, what general theories are involved in any decision with respect to Europe's obligations to America? Still more pertinent, whose wishes, whose affections, whose general theories? Unless Marshall was wrong, a little analysis of emotional sources ought to help clarify this vexatious problem in international finance. First of all, who have substantial reasons for wishing to curtail or cancel these mountainous debts?

At the head of the list are the American banking houses engaged in floating the bonds of European governments, cities, corporations and other enterprises, and selling them to the citizens of the United States. This is a legitimate and honorable business—and highly profitable. Whether these new loans are really useful to the countries that borrow is a debatable question. Whether they do not sow the seeds of new bitterness and wars is equally open to debate. But the business is legitimate and honorable—and highly profitable. If

American bankers could secure a gentleman's repudiation of the total amount owed to the government and people of the United States by the Associated and Allied Powers, then it would be easier for them to garner more commissions on new loans made to the debtor countries and their nationals. There is no mystery about that—except to the yokelry among the sophisticates that knows not what its right hand is doing.

In the same class with the bankers are the manufacturers of goods heavily protected against European competition by high tariffs. Since the aforesaid debts and all new debts must be paid sooner or later—if ever paid at all—in commodities, it is inevitable that a clamor will arise for a reduction of the tariff to allow these commodities to flow more freely into the United States. Now, that is just what the beneficiaries of Republican paternal benevolence do not want. Hence if they can make the people of America pay what the debtor countries owe and then keep the tariff up, yielding more and better profits, they will count themselves fortunate in purse and generous in patriotism. No obscurity hangs over this scene in the drama.

And it will hardly be denied that the influence of these two classes in American politics is somewhat out of proportion to their numerical strength. Doubtless, the cry-baby terms granted by the Coolidge administration to France, Italy, and certain other countries are largely due to the favorable intercession of these two respectable parties in interest.

After cash comes blood. Nothing could be more natural than the support given to

cancellation by the British, Canadians, Italians, French, and other races and nationalities represented in the polyglot population of the United States. Though as residents of this great commonwealth their taxes might be increased slightly by a remission of the debts, their love of their kind overcomes their pecuniary passions. For, following the law of the chromosomes, they are not to be condemned—or praised. Who sings hymns to the embattled righteousness of the tides?

Aligned with these heroic spokesmen of the former Allied and Associated powers are the German-Americans, though it must be confessed that they are at present confused in their councils. Soft voices are heard among them urging a cancellation of the debts—on the secret wish that some of the Reich's stupendous "reparations" bill may be forgiven if its former enemies escape scot-free. Since Germany never produced a Voltaire, a Shaw, or a Swift, but is given to Hegels and Spenglers, the humorous view of the issue as seen beyond the Rhine is not known, but it may be surmised that Fritz and Heinie, laughing up their sleeves, would regard it as the best *Scherz* in the wide world if the whole bill for the War for Democracy were shifted to the stalwart yeomanry in President Wilson's legions of holiness. And in a way, it would be a *Spass* if not a *Scherz*. But perhaps the aforesaid yeomanry may not be as simple as Fritz and Heinie imagine.

In a group apart are the Pilgrims—those ubiquitous, globe-trotting Americans who are always currying favor abroad at the expense of their countrymen at home. They are pained to read and hear the terrible things which the Very Best People attached unto and belonging to the former Associated and Allied Powers emit about American crassness, ignorance, selfishness—this in spite of the table manners shown by certain Holy Men in Versailles when they swept in the stakes of the game—ships, oil, colonies, and cash—in sacred trust for mankind. If the debts were forgiven, the Pilgrims could travel with more

comfort to Stratford or along the Riviera. But even they may be mistaken, for it is doubtful whether Publius Babbittianus, civis Romanus, would be more loved in the rôle of a largess-dispenser than in that of a bill-collector. Still, the Pilgrims must be reckoned with in the making of Public Opinion. He and she are Persons of Importance in New York, Emporia, Little Rock, Back Bay, Seattle, and El Paso.

II

More praiseworthy in the defence of forgiveness are the Poignant Intellectuals, who are never happy except when doing good, especially at little cost to themselves. This party of the sixth part carries little weight in the State Department, but it is facile with the pen and can raise a big dust storm on ten minutes' notice. It is not to be ignored in the calculation of probabilities. Unrelenting Purity has great power—when backed by such substantial parties as those of the first and second part in this schedule.

Akin in spirit to the Poignant Intellectuals are the lovers of international peace, among whom must be reckoned the writer of this bull against the comet. They seem to suppose that the relations of the United States to the European Powers in the matter of oil, trade, open doors and the other desiderata of imperialism would be more pleasant in case these debts were forgiven with a magnanimous gesture—even now, after every effort has been made to squeeze them out of the beneficiaries. By just what process of logic and lucubration they arrive at the conclusion that nations now feverishly arming for the next war with all the energies they can command will grow soft at the mention of cancellation and oblivion does not appear in the bond. In any event, it seems just as reasonable to assume that, freed from the necessity of paying these honest bills, they will spend the garnered pelf in guns, airplanes, submarines, and poison gas; whereas if they have to get down to work and pay

what they owe, they may be less bellicose for a decade or two. Judging from the flight of birds and other auspices, one chance is as good as another.

Lower in batting average, but not without vocal organs, are those who crave affection. They cling to the hope that America would become the Beloved Cressus if the whole account were gloriously sponged. They are pained when they hear that French hotel-keepers raise their prices on Pilgrims and that dry goods clerks make wry faces and say nasty things behind the back of Madam Babbittianus when she goes to Worth's or Jenny's to buy a gown wherewith to make the eyes start out of the sockets of the sartorial bezonians and gaberlunzies of the hinterland at home. A cloud of uncertainty also rests on this aspiration. There is an old French proverb to the effect that there is no enemy like a forgiven debtor; and it is difficult to think of any French mottos of long standing that are altogether false and fleeting.

Touched by no anguishes above enumerated but clear of eye and hard of heart are the apostles of cancellation who base their emotions and logical patterns on the firm belief that the cash is gone and will never be recovered, no matter what turns and twists are made by the Hon. Andrew Mellon. With a kind of Celtic humor, Mr. J. N. Rosenberg, a prominent New York lawyer, of long experience in winding up bankrupt corporations, a man who can sing to a harp all the threnodous wails of debtors caught *in flagrante delicto*, proposes that the debts should not be forgiven or cancelled. His suggestion, derived of deep experience, is that President Coolidge should simply say, with the bland smile of which he is master and in his soft New England voice: "I appreciate the difficulties under which you labor and the high sense of honor which always actuates you in pecuniary matters; hence I will make no demands upon you for cash now or at any definite date, but will wait your pleasure and convenience." When the

paint is rubbed off this diplomatic language, it means that the cake may be both kept and eaten. The sacred honor of the debtors will be preserved intact but they will not have to pay. It seems reasonable to assume that more affection may be gathered in by this gesture than by any other; that is, on the hypothesis that zero added to nothing equals triumph.

Finally there are the defenders of grace, remission, absolution, and oblivion, at home and abroad, who rest their case on the mythology of the Red, Green, Orange, Yellow, and other rainbow books issued by the Entente belligerents, containing as we know now falsified and garbled dispatches, for the purpose of gulling gudgeons. According to this argument, which may spring from abstract ethics or the emotions above catalogued, the Germans were solely responsible for starting the war and the Entente Allies were really defending the United States from the beginning. Mr. Wilson's government, instead of springing heroically to the defence of American rights in August, 1914, delayed nearly three years, causing great damage, suffering, and distress to the defendants in this debt case; and therefore, Q. E. D., any part of the bill paid by the United States would fall far short of justice. In other words, runs this plea, the debts should be cancelled in full and with a contrite heart.

If the major premiss of this contention be granted, the conclusion is inexorable; but the major premiss is now shot so full of holes by horny-handed historical scholarship that it looks more like a scarecrow than a Greek statue. Can anyone read the writings of Gooch, Fay, Fabre-Luce, and a host of American, French, and English scholars, to say nothing of Mr. Barnes' powerful book (in spite of its argumentative tone), and then stand up in court and declare on oath that the Entente war mythology deserves the credence of intelligent men and women? The advocate of debt cancellation, foreign and domestic, might as well learn once for all that the American people are not all boobs in mat-

ters of European history; that in magazines, newspapers, scholastic journals, class-rooms, shops, railway trains, and fields the question of war responsibility is being debated with understanding and zeal; that while some lean one way and some another, no one can revive the stinking corpse of War Propaganda; that nobody who has read the new diplomatic materials believes that England, France, and Russia were innocent in the long preparations which led up to this war or in the negotiations which precipitated it; that the names of the parties who grabbed the spoils at the council table at Versailles are well known; that to ask the United States to pay one penny more on the score of sacrificial obligation is nothing short of laughable.

Now, this is no argument against the entrance of the United States into the war. It may be argued, and the present writer is of this opinion, that irrespective of the origins of the war, the perils inherent in the possible triumph of a single imperial bloc under German dominion, after the fire started, were so great that President Wilson had no other choice. Yet it must be admitted that this is a conjecture, well-founded, let us say, but still a conjecture. On the other side it has been contended that the wise policy for the United States to follow would have been to join Germany early in the war, smash the British Empire, abandon the provincial status, and win the deep respect of the Mother Country through the vigorous use of the instrument by which she commands it in India, China, and Africa. The present writer does not subscribe to this view, but the French, English, Italians, etc., who are wailing about the outcome of the war and the payment of bills, would do well to reflect upon it.

The truth is that all the powers of Europe had been cooking up the great brew of 1914 for many years. They had all been engaged in land-grabbing and trade-chasing operations with the feverish zeal of a lunatic. They had all been piling

up armaments as fast as they could and in quantities only limited by their capacity to borrow and tax. They had all been engrossed in secret negotiations contemplating war. France and Russia were certainly as guilty of the business as Germany and Austria, and English statesmen on their own confession backed up France and Russia without knowing what was going on and with a full understanding that their coöperation in a war on the Central Powers was as certain as fate. The German governing class and the rulers of Austria were working at the same game. Italy was watching for the most favorable opportunity to get what she could get. None of them ever had any American interests at heart and the only possible interest America could have in the matter was to prevent any one combination of militarists from ruling the earth. And America has paid well for the benefits, if any, received.

III

Now that the War for Democracy is over, the situation is not essentially changed. More money is spent for munitions in Europe today than in 1914. For every one of the old hatreds another has appeared. Gentlemen of the same old mental and moral outlook govern the powers of the Old World. Another storm is brewing—and without respectful reference to the sensibilities of American Pilgrims and Poignants. Nobody pretends that the United States will benefit from the next calamity any more than it did from the last, and it is highly probable that, given the same dangers to the balance of power, America will be drawn into the new bloody shambles as into the latest adventure in madness.

Such being the circumstances for the consideration of the indebtedness of our late Associates, why should the people of this country pay one penny more on a war which they did not start, and from which they took no imperial loot? Why should they pay the German reparations? Why

should they transfer money from their pockets to the treasuries of European governments for disbursement in the next excursion in lunacy? If it is true that the debts cannot be paid, then let the nations which default stand honorably confessed of decent repudiation. If Italy can borrow money through Morgan's house, pay 7% on it, and spend cash for imperial undertakings headed in the direction of another war, then why under Heaven should Italy appear at the back door of the United States as a beggar asking for and receiving from the pliant administration in Washington a reduction of what she owes from \$2,150,150,000 to \$528,192,000? Just why the taxpayers of America should relieve the cheering Black Shirts of the New Rome passes the understanding of denizens of the fresh water districts.

In this relation it ought to be said that the government of Great Britain, without any whimpering and childish nonsense, has honorably faced the tune called by the wise men who steered that country into the World War, hoping no doubt that, with poetic justice, a handsome differential may sometime be gathered in the form of a surprofit on oil and rubber. Indeed, Great Britain has every reason for cherishing some grudges on account of the favoritism shown to France and Italy. Moreover, it

is a matter for regret that during the negotiations over the debt settlement, the British commissioner did not publicly suggest that in the adjustment of accounts the debts owed to British subjects, long ago repudiated by certain States in this glorious Union, with compound interest, should be deducted from the bill of self-determination damages.

Undoubtedly things are in a mess. After backing and filling, in a fashion that would do credit to the commander-in-chief of a bankruptcy fire-sale, the administration in Washington has granted one kind of terms to one debtor and another kind to another until neither rhyme, reason, nor justice appears anywhere in the bond. Hence any sort of straightforward policy is today impossible. But one thing is certain: a European conference on "adjustment," no matter under what auspices or with what tears opened, could have only one end, namely, relieving Uncle Sam of his vest and suspenders as well as his coat. If the outcome is to be humorous, as it promises to be, then by all means let the Allied and Associated debtors take their place with the Bolsheviki in the chamber for impenitent confiscators or in the charity ward. On no reckoning do they deserve a place in the upper rooms with the paying guests.

EDITORIAL

THAT the life of man is a struggle and an agony was remarked by the Brisbanes and Dr. Frank Cranes of remote antiquity. The earliest philosophers busied themselves with the fact, and so did the earliest poets. It runs like a *Leitmotif* through the literature of the Greeks and the Jews alike. "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "vanity of vanities; all is vanity." "O ye deathward-going tribes of men," chants Sophocles, "what do your lives mean except that they go to nothingness?" But not placidly, not unresistingly, not without horrible groans and gurgles. Man is never honestly the fatalist, nor even the stoic. He fights his fate, often desperately. He is forever entering bold exceptions to the rulings of the bench of gods. This fighting makes for beauty, for man tries to escape from a hopeless and intolerable world by creating a more lovely one of his own. Poetry, as everyone knows, is a means to that end—facile, and hence popular. The aim of poetry is to give a high and voluptuous plausibility to what is palpably not true. I offer the Twenty-third Psalm as an example: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." It is immensely esteemed by the inmates of almshouses, and gentlemen waiting to be hanged. I have to limit my own reading of it, avoiding soft and yielding moods, for I too, in my way, am a gentleman waiting to be hanged, as you are. If the air were impregnated with poetry, as it is with alcohol in Hoboken and incense in Boston, the world would be a more comfortable and caressing place, but the service of the truth would be neglected. The truth is served by prose. The aim of prose is not to conceal the facts, but to display them. It is thus apt to be harsh and painful. All that the philosophers and metaphysicians

of the world have accomplished, grinding away in their damp cells since man became cryptococcygeal, is to prove that *Homo sapiens* and *Equus asinus* are brothers under their skins. As for the more imaginative *prosateurs*, they have pretty well confined themselves, since the earliest beginnings of their craft, to the lugubrious chronicle of man's struggle and defeat. I know of no first-rate novel that hasn't this theme. In all of them, from "Don Quixote" to "The Brothers Karamazov," we are made privy to the agonies of a man resisting his destiny, and getting badly beaten.

The struggle is always the same, but in its details it differs in different ages. There was a time, I believe, when it was mainly a combat between the natural instincts of the individual and his yearning to get into Heaven. That was an unhealthy time, for throttling the instincts is almost as deleterious as breathing bad air: it makes for an unpleasant clamminess. The Age of Faith, seen in retrospect, looks somehow pale and puffy: one admires its saints and anchorites without being conscious of any very active desire to shake hands with them and smell them. Today the yearning to get into Heaven is in abeyance, at least among the vast majority of humankind, and so the ancient struggle takes a new form. In the main, it is a struggle of man with society—a conflict between his desire to be respected and his impulse to follow his own bent. It seems to me that society usually wins. There are, to be sure, free spirits in the world, but their freedom, in the last analysis, is not much greater than that of a canary in a cage. They may leap from perch to perch; they may bathe and guzzle at their will; they may flap their wings and sing. But they are still in the cage, and soon or late it conquers them.

What was once a great itch for long flights and the open spaces is gradually converted into a memory, sometimes stimulating but more often merely blushful. The free man is converted into a Freudian case.

Such Freudian cases swarm in modern society; they are hidden in all sorts of unexpected places. Observing a Congressman, one sees only a gross and revolting shape, with dull eyes and prehensile hands. But under that preposterous mask there may be yearnings, and some of them may be of high voltage and laudable delicacy. There are Congressmen, I have no doubt, who regret their lost honor, as women often do in the films. Tossing in their beds on hot, sticky Washington nights, their gizzards devoured by bad liquor, they may lament the ruin that the service of Demos has brought to their souls. For Congressmen, at bottom, are exactly like the rest of us, and respond to the same biogenetic laws. In infancy they go to Sunday-school. Passing through adolescence, they are idealists, and dream of saving the world. Come to young manhood, they suffer the purifying pangs of love. The impulse to seek political preferment, when it arises in them, is not always, nor primarily, an impulse to grab something. Even Penrose and Roosevelt started out as altruists and reformers. But the rules of the game run one way and common decency runs another. There comes a time when the candidate must surrender either his principles or his aspirations. If he is in Congress it is a sign that he has preserved the latter.

II

Democracy produces swarms of such men, in politics and on other planes, and their secret shames and sorrows, I believe, are largely responsible for the generally depressing tone of democratic society. Old Freud, living in a more urbane and civilized world, gave too little heed to that sort of repression. He assumed that what was repressed was nearly always something intrinsically discreditable, or, at all

events, anti-social—for example, the natural impulse to neck a pretty woman, regardless of her husband's protests. But under democracy that is only half the story. The democrat not only must repress all the common varieties of natural wickedness; he must also repress most of the varieties of natural decency. His impulse to speak his mind freely, to tell the truth as he sees it, to be his own man, comes into early and painful collision with the democratic dogma that such things are not nice—that the most worthy and laudable citizen is that one who is most like all the rest. In youth, as everyone knows, this dogma is often challenged, but the rebellion, taking one case with another, is not of long duration. The campus Nietzsche, at thirty, begins to feel the suction of Rotary; at forty-five he is a sound Mellon man.

But his early yearning for freedom and its natural concomitants is still not dead; it is merely imprisoned in the depths of his unconscious. Down there it lives on, protesting silently but relentlessly against its durance. We know, by Dr. Freud's appalling evidence, what the suppression of the common wickednesses can do to the individual—how they can shake his reason on its throne, and even give him such things as gastritis, migraine and angina pectoris. Every Sunday-school in the land is full of such wrecks; they recruit the endless brigades of lady policemen and male wowsers. A vice-crusader is simply an unfortunate who goes about with a brothel in his cellar; a Prohibitionist is one who has buried rum, but would have been safer drinking it. All this is now a commonplace of knowledge to every school-girl. The wowsers themselves give the facts a universal dispersion by trying to suppress them. But so far no psychoanalyst has done a tome on the complexes that issue out of moral struggles against common decency, though, as I have said, they are probably commoner under democracy than the other kind, and infinitely more ferocious. A man who has throttled a bad

impulse has at least some consolation in his agonies, but a man who has throttled a good one is in a bad way indeed. Yet this great Republic swarms with such men, and their sufferings are under every eye. We have more of them, perhaps, than all the rest of Christendom, with heathendom thrown in to make it unanimous.

I marvel that no corn-fed Freud or Adler has ever investigated the case of the learned judges among us, and especially those of the Federal rite. Prohibition, I suspect, has filled them with such repressions that even a psychoanalyst, plowing into the matter, would be shocked. Enforcing its savage and anti-social mandates, with fanatics pulling them and blacklegs pushing them, has obviously compelled them to make away with many of the pruderies that are natural to men of their class and condition. There may be individuals among them, to be sure, who were born without any such pruderies and hence do not suffer, just as there are individuals who were born without any capacity for affection and hence show no trace of the *Œdipus* complex, but such men must be very rare, even among lawyers. The average judge, I take it, is much like the rest of us. When he is free to do it, he does the decent thing. His natural impulse is to speak the truth as he sees it, to challenge error and imposture, to frown upon fraud. What, now, if his high and solemn duties compel him to treat fraud as if it were divine revelation? What if he must spend his days prospering rogues and oppressing honest men? What if his oath wars horribly with his conscience? No Freud is needed to argue that the effect upon him must be very evil. He cannot perform his work without assassinating his inner integrity. Putting on his black gown, he must simultaneously cram his unconscious with all the sound impulses and natural decencies that make him the noble fellow he is.

The clinical effects are certainly not occult. One hears constantly of judges coming down with symptoms which, in ordinary men, would be accepted as proofs

of inner turmoils, insusceptible to correction by the pharmacopœia. They break into hysterical tirades from the bench; they speak in unintelligible language; they deliver judgments that upset the normal course of logic; they complain of buzzings in the ears, flashes before the eyes, and vague bellyaches. Two Federal judges, of late, have committed suicide. One climbed a high mountain in his motor-car, and then leaped it into space: a monstrous act, and no doubt of plain significance to a Freudian adept. The other left a note saying frankly that Prohibition had wrecked him. The faculty has at such disturbances of the psyche by hunting for focal infections and pulling teeth: the whole judiciary tends to become toothless. But it would be easier and cheaper and more effective, I am convinced, to send for a psychoanalyst. The stricken judge would come out of the room cured, and the psychoanalyst would come out with a new outfit of complexes.

III

I speak of the judges because their sufferings are palpable. But there must be swarms of other victims in this eminent free nation. Every one of us has been under the steam-roller; every one of us, in this way or that, conforms unwillingly, and has the corpse of a good impulse below-stairs. There are probably no exceptions. Psychoanalyze a Methodist bishop, and you'll probably find him stuffed with good impulses, all of them repressed. On blue afternoons, perhaps, there sneaks out of his unconscious a civilized yearning for a decent drink; in the dark watches of the night he remembers a Catholic girl of his youth, and weeps that she was so fair; he may even, passing a public library, feel a sudden, goatish inclination to go in and read a good book. Suppressed, such appetites make him uncomfortable, unhappy, desperate, an enemy to society. Dredged up by some super-Freud, and dissipated in the sunlight, they would leave him an honest and a happy man.

H. L. M.

ELIJAH THE THIRD

BY JAMES L. DWYER

BEFORE he had achieved the dignity of pantaloons John Alexander Dowie began his long war against the Devil. In later years he was wont to dazzle multitudes with the tale of how, at the age of six, he canvassed his neighborhood in Edinburgh with a temperance petition concealed under his pinafore. Engaged on this pious mission, he one day rang the door-bell of a Mr. McDonald.

"Well, Mr. McDonald," I said, "my father has a petition which every householder is to be asked to sign. Now, Mr. McDonald, sign it . . . because it is right."

"What do you know about right?" he asked.

I said, "The Kingdom of God, Mr. McDonald, is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. . . . [This petition] is going, if the House of Commons passes the bill, to shut up all the public-houses on Sunday, and all the back doors and dark boxes."

Mr. McDonald signed. On another occasion the diapered young saint spent his weekly tuppence on taffy balls and approached a crowd of gamins playing in the gutter. "Laddies," quoth he, "will you no come to St. David's Lancastrian School and join the British League for Juvenile Abstainers?" Plied with taffy balls, they would; he led them off to Better Things. And he would weep into his pinafore and pray over drunkards in the street.

Do not laugh! The child had already discovered the portentous auguries of his name and was simply trying to live up to them—for does not John signify "by the grace of God," and Alexander "a helper of men?" How thoroughly these omens were fulfilled is now history. Young John Alexander was destined to launch the most fantastic evangelical scheme of recent times; he was to extract millions of dollars

from his followers on the strength of their belief in him as the reincarnation of not one but two Biblical prophets; he was to build a town and found a church, and to rule both with an absolutism almost beyond credence. John Alexander Dowie, Messenger of the Covenant, Elijah III, First Apostle of the Lord and General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion, has been dead twenty years, but he has left as his heritage and monument a thriving outpost of Heaven under the very shadow of Chicago's serried battlements of sin.

Dowie was born in 1847. At thirteen he was shipped to Australia, whence, seven years later, he returned to his native Edinburgh to study for holy orders. His schooling completed, he again sailed for the Antipodes, and in 1873 received a Congregational pastorate at Newtown, N. S. W. Here his qualities of leadership became apparent: he entered politics, led a reform group, and did much to bring about compulsory free education in New South Wales. Here, also, he performed his first miracle, when, during an epidemic, he was called to the bedside of a young girl.

"Oh," I thought, "for some sharp sword of Heaven, tempered keen to slay the cruel foe who is strangling that lovely maiden like an invisible serpent, tightening his deadly coils for a final victory." In a strange way it came to pass: I found the sword I needed was in my hands.

He prayed loud and long, placed his hands on the lovely maiden, and effected an almost immediate cure. Years before, himself a sickly youth, he had decided that his piety deserved at least good health and delivered a daring ultimatum: "Now, Lord, I pray that Thou wilt heal me, or I

will never believe You again." Thus threatened, the Lord quickly yielded. But it was the Newtown miracle which revealed to him the possibilities of the laying on of hands—the foundation of his cult and, incidentally, of his fortune. Several years elapsed, however, before he entered fully into his ministry of healing. Meanwhile, he decided that it was wrong for a man of God to accept a salary and thenceforth depended solely on free-will offerings—a decision not only high-minded but judicious, for he was soon able to build a large tabernacle in Melbourne, where he held forth as a free-lance preacher.

From then on he devoted himself to faith healing, an ancient shamanism which needs no comment here. Let it suffice to say that he laid hands on many thousands, of whom the majority were satisfied; those unresponsive to treatment or stubborn enough to die could always be accounted for by God's inscrutable will, their own imperfect faith, or other influences beyond the medicine man's control. It was a good graft and soon brought him a considerable reputation, which he helped along by noisy crusades against rum, tobacco, Masonry and the medical profession. His success in Australasia filled him with dreams of a world-wide cult, and in 1888 he embarked for San Francisco with his wife, son and daughter.

It was his evident intention to circle the globe, but he had not reckoned on the alluring possibilities of this, our native land, ever the happy-hunting-ground of messiahs, archangels and avatars; he had not known the enormous capacity of the American sucker for just the sort of side-show theology he ballyhooed. He was not long in finding out—indeed, so abundant was the harvest that his first two years were spent entirely on the coast. During this period his sorcery attracted less attention than his homiletics. He had a vicious tongue. Destitute of logic, of discursive skill, and often of coherence, he relied altogether on the unbounded scurrility which he directed at those who presumed

to question him in any way. At first various pastors offered him the use of their churches, but when they found themselves reviled from their own pulpits, these courtesies ceased and the whole clergy rose against him. Dowie, however, never lacked a hall or an audience; cripples, physical and mental, thronged to his miracles, left their offerings, and acclaimed his torrential abuse as the fire of God.

II

In 1890 he journeyed inland and from headquarters in Evanston, Ill., worked the Central States. Then, three years later, came the Chicago World's Fair, the opportunity of his lifetime. Joining the vast army of cranks, fakirs and bunco-steerers which that great show naturally attracted, he built a wooden tabernacle opposite Jackson Park and set about drawing trade from the hoochee-coochee palaces of the Midway. To his advantage in this game was his excellent front. He looked like a Doré patriarch. Less than fifty, one might have taken him for seventy. A full gray beard, piercing eyes, and a high-domed brow were his assets, and although his rotundity, shortness and rather bandy legs suggested Santa Claus, the effect on the whole was impressively Mosaic.

The peasants from the steppes of the Wheat Belt, flocking to the Fair at cut rates, were easy prey. Saturated with rural evangelism and ready, therefore, to be kicked about and dragged into Heaven much as drunks are hauled to the lockup, they recognized in the ferocious little Scotchman a virtuoso in the holy art of damnation. The following extracts, from stenographic reports published by Dowie himself, are typical of the oratory that thus won thousands to God:

The majority of men in Chicago can be smelled several yards off. They stink of nicotine and tobacco and all kinds of medical muck. Ugh! you dirty dogs! [*Laughter*] who chew your tobacco and puff your smoke! The sun dries it up, that dirty catarrh and cancer in your throats which you expectorate in the streets . . . and good

women and some clean men are forced to breathe your disease-breeding filth. Ugh! you dirty dogs! [Laughter] How can a man be a Christian whose throat is an open sepulchre and whose stomach is a dirty cess-pit? Ugh! you dirty dogs! . . .

Doctors, as a profession, are directly inspired by the devil. . . . Do you know of any demoralization greater than taking the young man, fresh from school, fresh from his mother's side, pure and virtuous, and putting him in a dissection room? He is horrified to find that he sees there naked bodies of men and women who are scarcely dead in some cases. . . . [Dissections] accustom the youths to the atmosphere of profanity, as they hear the filthy and unclean remarks which are made as they stand over the dead bodies and handle the sacred secrecies of humanity, and laugh with diabolical glee over the consequences of a poor woman's fall, or of a degraded youth's syphilitic body. . . .

Dr. Gray is one of the dirtiest spewing buzzards of this town. His mouth is a tobacco churn all day long. While he is talking to you he is churning it. . . . It is positively horrible to see the tobacco liquid running down his beard all the time. [Laughter] He is a dirty stinkpot! I will tell you more. . . . He spends many of his Sabbaths riding the bicycle. . . .

From this time henceforward Dr. P. S. Henson, of the First Baptist Church, stands before the world as a grinning clown, a fool who is neither a theologian, a Christian nor a gentleman, but is an infernal liar . . . [and whose supporters are] formalists and hypocrites, stinking goats and dirty wolves!

Captivated by this hearty Christian eloquence, and by his miracles and his whiskers, the rustic revival-addicts joyfully submitted their heads and pocket-books to the laying on of hands. Money poured in. The wizard hired the Central Music Hall, and soon graduated from it to the huge Auditorium; in addition, he bought a church and established branch joss-houses throughout the city. Other money-makers were his Homes for Divine Healing. These hostels, three in number before they gave way to one large seven-story building, housed cure-seekers who had come from near and far. No charge was made for healing, but the guests paid adequately for bed and board, and since, unfortunately, the cures were seldom up to Biblical records for speed, the Homes were a steady source of revenue.

Various deaths occurring in these places so aroused the authorities that in 1895 Dowie was arrested on nearly one hundred charges of illegally practicing medicine,

but a decisive victory crowned him when an ordinance which had been his chief stumbling-block was held unconstitutional by the higher courts, and the advertising he received was well worth the \$20,000 he had paid out in lawyers' fees. He rode gaily on a sea of newspaper ridicule, knowing that his followers' zeal was unaffected. He defied the press daily and shot at newspaper men on sight.

I said some time ago to a number of reporters who called upon me: "Gentlemen, there is not one of you who has said your prayers this morning, have you?" Apparently they had not. I said to them: "Gentlemen, you are stinking now of the liquor you drank last night. You are stinking like the whore-shops some of you were in. The mothers that bore you would be ashamed to think of the way you spent last night, boys." One said: "Let us get out of here." And they got.

Early in 1896 he took a most important step—the formation of the Christian Catholic (later Apostolic) Church in Zion, a religio-commercial undertaking with ownership and authority vested in the leader alone. Under him as general overseer were overseers and lesser officers; Mrs. Dowie, the only woman to rise above the rank of a deaconess, was ordained an overseer. Theoretically, even the humblest had a voice in the government; actually, any difference of opinion with the ambassador of God meant expulsion. The tenets of the sect, embodied in a hodge-podge of Biblical texts, forbade the use of alcohol, tobacco, pork, oysters and medical remedies, while baptism by triune immersion—a complete ducking for each member of the Trinity—was obligatory. Beside responding to frequent levies, each member paid a tithe, one-tenth of his income, to Dowie, who was bound by no restrictions as to its disposal other than his promise to use it in the Lord's work; in fact, it became his boast that he alone knew the exact state of Zion's finances.

Soon the headquarters of the Lord's work extended for several blocks along Michigan avenue, later additions consisting of the Zion Bank, the Land and Investment Association, the College, the Publishing House, and the Home of Hope for

Erring Women. The bank—like everything else in Zion, Dowie's personal property—did a flourishing business; the Land Association received copious subscriptions for the purchase of a community site. Students from many foreign lands sought education in the College. Beside its output of tracts, the function of the Publishing House was the dissemination of *Leaves of Healing*, the official organ of the church, edited by John Alexander himself. This weekly, lovingly nicknamed the Little White Dove, was chiefly given over to reports of the tabernacle jamborees embellished by photographs of the editor; another feature was testimonials from the cured. The general run of testimonials would have furnished good copy for Lydia Pinkham and the modern advertisers of yeast; not a few claimed recovery from everything short of decapitation and *rigor mortis*. Two of the mildest and more credible specimens follow:

God was present in mighty power in delivering our baby. No midwife or doctor was present, only a good Zion lady, and we took everything to God in prayer. I had no after pains and only three real hard pains, and after that baby was born. . . .

My little girl fell and knocked a tooth out of her jaw. I was going to pick the tooth off, but she said, "Oh, mamma, don't pick that off. Put it back and the Lord will heal it in." I put it back and she said, "Dear Lord, grant the child's wish, for Jesus' sake. Amen." The next day she ate candy and popcorn balls on that tooth, and the tooth stayed in a year.

The *Leaves* banned secular advertising with this announcement:

If we cannot send forth our Little White Dove without soiling its wings with the smoke of the factory and the dirt of the wrangling marketplace or compelling it to utter the screaming cries of business vultures in the ears of our readers, then we will keep our Dove at home.

But the Dove cooed its head off in an effort to interest the public in Zion City securities, and sought business for the bank with a revised version of Luke, xix, 23: "Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank?" The rest of the question: "That at my coming I might have required mine own with usury?" was for some reason omitted.

III

The prophet's march towards apotheosis began late in 1899, when he informed the gasping faithful that he was the messenger foretold in Malachi iii, 1. The divine message was delivered with becoming assurance:

I have the right to stand here and say in Zion that you have to do what I tell you. Oh! the whole church? Yes, the whole church—Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal. . . . The time has come: I tell the church universal everywhere you have to do what I tell you! Do you hear! You have to do what I tell you because I am the Messenger of God's Covenant!

The host gulped this down with fervent amens. Why not? It was what they had been paying for. A mob of half-wits, hysterical by nature and keyed up by a daily parade of wonders, they lusted for the fulfillment of prophecy so long withheld, for the tangible appearance of characters too long confined to a tantalizing book; their fingers itched for harps whereon they might strum Baptist serenades for the further discomfiture of the damned. There was, moreover, another factor in their ready acceptance. The Messenger, had wisely timed his revelation to accompany news of the Promised Land; at a reputed cost of \$1,250,000, he had acquired 6,500 acres on the lake shore some forty miles north of Chicago, which awaited the building of God's capital.

Having thus used the purchase of the site as an aid to his Covenant hocus-pocus, he worked the same dodge when the land was ready for occupancy. Two months before the formal opening of Zion City he transmitted these tidings from Heaven:

Of Elijah's final manifestation all the Scriptures have said that the physical, psychical and spiritual embodiment of Elijah must take the form of a prophet, priest and ruler of men. By the grace of God I am, and shall be, that.

He went on to say, between outbursts of vilification of his enemies, that the Elijah of the Old Testament had been Elijah the Destroyer, and John the Baptist had been Elijah II, the Preparer. He, Dowie, was now Elijah III, the Restorer of All Things,

sent to complete the work of his two previous incarnations. He explained that he had not sought these divine commissions; they had been forced on him. To a conference of two hundred and fifty-four of his officers and catchpolls he further made it clear that any doubts they entertained about the matter would necessitate their withdrawal from the Church, for did not Amos ask: "Shall two walk together except they have agreed?" The money they had invested, the glowing pictures of the dream city they were to build, and their natural reluctance to jump off the merrily rolling bandwagon all helped to produce the desired result: no more than five dissenting votes gave evidence of as many belated tricklings of reason through the skulls of the saved. Anyway, few could find any argument against his final convincing statement: "Had we been deceived in this matter, then God would have deceived us. This is an impossibility."

Nothing now barred Zion's opening. With a good, healthy location on valuable land, it deserved the shrewd promotion which it received. In July, 1901, the members of the Church were finally admitted and all available lots were quickly disposed of at a great profit and on perpetual leases, the titles thus remaining in Dowie. Houses appeared as fast as they could be built. The coming of Winter saw a bustling boom town.

Soon after his Elijah announcement the prophet set out on a missionary tour, alighting at the Grand Central Station, New York, with a huge retinue, fifty-one pieces of baggage and, according to the *Times*, resplendent in light gray tweeds, a fedora hat, russet shoes and a pearl stud. Two barouches conveyed his personal suite the fifty yards to the Murray Hill Hotel. The love of luxury and pomp here indicated was made manifest again upon his return to Zion City. Shiloh House, his Vatican, was valued with its stable and furnishings at \$200,000. Near Montague, Mich., he maintained a vast Summer estate, while carriages, launches, pedi-

greed dogs, blooded horses, an army of servants, and his wife's and his own sartorial splendor offered further proof that he was achieving spiritual perfection by different methods than those employed during his two previous appearances on earth.

The holy citadel over which he presided resembled nothing so much as a feudal state. From a history published by Wilbur Glenn Voliva, the present ruler of Zion:

He dictated all policies. He ordained all officers. He dismissed all delinquents. He fixed all salaries or allowances. . . . Every block or two had a captain. . . . Every family was to be visited and notes to be taken as to their conduct, etc., whether they attended meetings and paid the tithes, etc. A large staff of officers and clerks were paid to look after these details, and very strict supervision was kept over every man, woman and child. . . . The young people were held to a very strict account of . . . their relations with the opposite sex, etc. . . . In many cases, especially among his officers, he made the matches.

The Scriptures furnished names for the streets, parks and public buildings. Daily at 9 A.M. a whistle blew and all activity halted two minutes for prayer. Ominous signs warned the visitor against smoking and profanity; spies followed him around. No loitering was allowed on Sunday. By Elijah's order the ordinary greetings of speech gave way to "Peace to thee," with its response, "Peace to thee be multiplied." The Zion Guard, at one time numbering eight hundred men, appeared in dark-hued military uniforms, a dove and the word "patience" in gold on their caps; and Bibles strapped to their belts.

The barn-like tabernacle seated 7,000 (about the height of Zion City's population under Dowie, although his following elsewhere may have reached 35,000). An amphitheatre of choir seats converged on a spacious rostrum. High above the heads of the choir one observed a curious exhibition of trophies wrested from Satan. On one wall were nailed braces, crutches and similar relics of former sufferers; on another pill-boxes and patent medicine bottles made a graceful pattern. Vice was represented by even more dubious bottles—

whose contents, perhaps, had stimulated conversion—and by smokers' paraphernalia forming the letters S P, symbols of "stinkpot," the shibboleth of Zion. A design of rosaries, scapulars and medals, the relics of converts from Rome, completed the collection. There were no hams or oyster-shells. Services began with the appearance of the famous white-robed choir, three hundred strong. Chanting, garbed in white surplices, black stoles and mortarboards, and arranged by height, beginning with young toddlers, they marched slowly to their seats. Next came the higher dignitaries of the Church, in garments reminiscent of Ph.D.'s at a college commencement. Last of all stalked God's great gift, wound up for his customary four hours of abuse, and arrayed in a get-up suggesting an Anglican bishop not quite orthodox.

Among these comic opera surroundings arose the Zion industries—the lace factory, the candy factory, the soap works and the bakery, to name the most important. Financially they were sound enough in conception, as time and the present efficient lord of Zion have since shown. The lace factory in particular promised well. Machinery and worker-converts were imported from Nottingham, England, and housed in an immense up-to-date plant; a tax of 60% on English lace and the backwardness of American manufacture greatly reduced competition. The subsequent collapse of this and the whole Zionistic scheme was due to Dowie himself, who, though an able promoter in the evangelical field, was a hopeless business administrator on account of his prodigality, his negligence and his dishonesty, to say nothing, coming to his later years, of his increasing mental decay.

With regard to the last, it is clear that the great majority of his detractors in branding him a mere humbug stated only a part of the truth. Granting that the line between advanced fanaticism and madness is not clearly drawn, there is still no doubt as to where Dowie stood. The familiar vulgarity of the ordinary militant evangel-

ist was not his vulgarity; he was no folksy toastmaster at a bucolic love-feast, but a cruel, driving, half-frantic bully. His was not the hollow gibberish so dear to travelers of the sawdust trail; his was a savage bombardment of slime and filth that could have issued only from a mind deep in the shadows. Back of the lies, the hypocrisy and the swindling lay the diseased brain which made him his own most pitiful dupe. His unshakeable faith in himself was revealed when his daughter Esther, a buxom girl of perhaps twenty, received fatal burns from an alcohol lamp upon which she was heating some curling-irons. His genuine grief rendered him fairly human for a while, but he lost little time in attributing her death to her disobedience of his law against alcohol. (The Zionists present at the tragedy—Dowie was away—summoned a doctor and medical lotions were applied.)

With the opening of the new century he fell victim to one delusion after another—plots against his life, bullets whizzing by his ear, pitfalls dug for him, and weights hung in trees. His egoism reached the skies. "Sometimes," he said, "people say that they adore me." And sometimes, he related in the *Leaves*, a Spartan lady of Zion would thus address her husband:

I am glad you are in the Guard. If the general overseer should be in danger and you can see that a bullet is coming, stand between him and the bullet; for if you die God will protect me and the children, and I will never forget you and will always love you, but we cannot lose the general overseer.

Declaring that the Devil was a Methodist, he offered up prayers for the arch-fiend's conversion, and his fierce tracts directed at the humble pig and oyster might have led one to imagine that these modest fauna were also adherents of the Rev. John Wesley. He promised death and Hell to his critics:

I have lived to see every one of my enemies who fought me in 1895 dead or driven out of their places. Where is Joseph Medill, editor of the *Tribune*? He is dead. . . . Washington Hession, editor of the *Staats-Zeitung*, cursed me. . . . I do not know what part of Hell he is in. He is dead.

Hutton and Scott, of the Chicago *Herald*; where are they? They are dead. Where are Joseph Dunlop and the *Dispatch*? Did I not prophesy that the paper would die and rot and be buried, and was not my prophecy fulfilled?

Although it is the immemorial professional privilege of the cloth to threaten the ungodly with eternal torments and even to mention names, the process seldom goes beyond simple prediction. Not so with Elijah III. On Christmas Day, 1903, he called a meeting of his overseers and settled once and for all the cases of two eminent New York Methodists. These unfortunates had dared not only to doubt his heavenly affiliations, but had put forth evidence to show that in certain earthly dealings he was a liar. They got the maximum sentence:

In the name of the Most High God I deliver James M. Buckley and Stephen Merritt unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh. . . . Let Satan have them and their bodies be destroyed if they do not repent and their spirits be saved on the Day of the Lord Jesus. For His Sake, Amen.

"Amen!" echoed the admiring overseers—and this on the feast-day of peace and good will.

IV

New York was the scene of Dowie's greatest disaster. He had always cast lascivious eyes upon the Devil's stronghold, and in 1903 felt that the time was ripe for an attack. So, in the Fall of that year Zion bustled with preparation for a fortnight's campaign. Twenty tons of pious literature were printed for distribution by an army of 3,000 volunteers; the choir and band practiced feverishly; the Guard went into training. An advance force was sent to reserve Elijah's suite at the Plaza and the less sybaritic quarters of the rank and file, to dig a baptismal tank in Madison Square Garden for the dousing of the thousands of expected converts, and to see that the royal carriage and prancing steeds were safely transported. At last, on Oct. 14, the valiant host piled into eight special trains and headed for the modern Sodom, shepherded by their master in a glittering private car. On arrival a little difficulty ensued,

some of the elect finding themselves billeted in Raines Law hotels and other abodes of sin, but this was quickly adjusted and both sides awaited the opening gun.

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18, Madison Square Garden was jammed, with several thousands clamoring outside. The Zion musicians entertained the hosts of Hell while the choir assembled for its march to the platform. Suddenly there was silence. Then the singing, white-clad procession slowly advanced, with Elijah in his usual climatic position. The choir, still in song, spread itself fanwise in the tiered seats, the officers occupying the stage in front. It was all very stately, and even impressive. Obviously stirred by the hundreds of voices and the pageantry, the beholders, who had come to scoff, might have succumbed to any evangelical bull-roarer discreet enough to keep somewhere within the bounds of common decency. "It looked," as the *American* reporter observed, "as if the man was going to win."

But it was not to be. Ten minutes later the man was in a transport of worked-up rage, belching a wild, incoherent farrago of self-praise, squalid vituperation and snarling epithets. The spell was broken; the audience laughed—and then felt the need of air. People rose by the hundred and stalked out. This was something new to the tyrant of Zion, who immediately lost all control of himself, and screamed at the police to stop the rush to the doors. The cops naturally paying no heed, the Zion Guard bravely blocked the way, but these Bible-armed veterans were swept aside and the departing crowds gained the street pursued by the yells and curses of Elijah.

He was so thoroughly beaten that he almost realized it himself. A week of chaos followed. Mobs stormed the Garden, not to bring offerings or shout hallelujahs, but to watch the funny little man perform. They were rarely disappointed. He gave imitations—of a sheep, of a sinner smoking a cigar, of a ballet dancer, pirouetting and cavorting with his vestments raised. A loyal sister testified that she had been

healed of ten cancers in three days. The Zionists roared in answer to his constant demands for approbation. Delegations of atheistic and ribald Columbia students added their college yells to the bedlam. The newspapers devoted columns to the show. They lampooned Dowie's pomposity and the servility of his slaves, enumerated his endless variations of "stink-pot" and "dog," chronicled his every little meanness and absurdity. He summoned the editors to meet at his hotel, but none showed up, and so the press seats in the Garden were abolished. The *World* unearthed letters exposing his shabby treatment of his father, to which he replied with a most preposterous tale, disowning his parent and claiming illegitimate descent from an English duke, dead and unnamed, whose title he had refused. The Manhattan divines jumped into the fray, and much Holy Writ was quoted back and forth. A lugubrious open letter from the Rev. Charles Parkhurst, the celebrated wower, deplored Dowie's lack of ministerial dignity; Dowie retorted that old Charlie was not worth the powder it would take to kill him.

It was a grand, gaudy show—for a week, and then the city, suddenly wearying of its visitor, forgot him. The press turned to the mayoralty campaign and the Russo-Japanese war; only small occasional notices marked the presence of the prophet. Many of the host retreated during the first week, and the crusade dwindled and died, leaving the mourners a bill of \$300,000. The heaviness of this blow may be inferred from the rather agitated pastoral message, addressed to all believers outside Zion City, which appeared on Nov. 14 in the *Leaves*: "Realize by immediate sale the cash proceeds of all your properties . . . and come with all your house to Zion City. This is not my advice to you whom God has committed to my care—it is my COMMAND, as God's Messenger and your leader."

At home again in his tabernacle, his ears soothed by the antiphonal responses of the saved, Elijah was even crowing over

his "victory" and planning a return with 10,000 followers. This was to be made in 1905 and, strange to say, by water. "Would it not be a glorious thing?" he asked. "Ten large steamers out there in the lake, a Zion flag at the mast of each, and I in a little steamer sailing around you!" The joy of the tithe-payers knew no bounds. But he never came back.

Soon afterward he spent \$50,000 on his Around-the-World Visitation, returning with sixteen volumes of photographs, apparently the sole material benefit of this jaunt. He was not empty-handed, however, for another promotion had been bestowed by Heaven—he was now the First Apostle. In September, 1904, he arose before a full tabernacle and announced his saintship, dressed in raiment "designed by God Himself":

On his head was a mitre of white, gold and purple. The robe that came to his feet was of pure white. A sleeveless tunic of purple, with a fringe of gold, came to the knees. Over that, and covering the trunk of the body, was a sleeveless coat of white, richly embroidered with gold, scarlet and purple in geometric designs. The robes were the majestic robes of glory. . . . They befitted him as did the holy offices which they symbolized.

The attitude of the Zionists toward this new revelation may be summed up in the flattering words of Elder Tindall: "It seems to me you are not only an apostle but more than an apostle." Meanwhile, as poor Dowie's spirit, like that of Dunsany's Thomas Shapp, was advancing rapidly on the heavenly plane, his mortal frame was heading with equal speed for the bed of a psychopathic. But he still had a year and a half to go, and to his people he was the First Apostle, before whose flashing eye and violent tongue they quailed with fear. He could still lash the money out of them with words like the following:

I have a list of all persons in Zion who have made no deposits since I sent out my first command, and I tell you we have no use for them. If they don't show down tomorrow they will be expelled from Zion. . . .

It was not until these poor wretches had been squeezed absolutely dry that they lost their faith.

V

The year 1905 marked Zion's nadir. The industries were at a standstill, the bank rotting. Sickness and hunger were rife. Yet none dared oppose the old man. He shrieked his loudest for tithes and offerings and spent what funds were left on trips to the West Indies for his health. For, despite his doctrine that illness signified a victory by the Devil, he was by now suffering from recurrent paralysis. Early in 1906 he called Wilbur Glenn Voliva, overseer of the work in Australia, and placed him in full charge. He then set out for Monterey, Mexico, to negotiate the purchase of vast areas for the building of his Paradise Plantations, a lush, exotic model of Zion City—notwithstanding the empty treasury at home.

On April 2, 1906, the heavens fell. A long-winded telegram from Voliva and other officers reached him in Mexico, accusing him of "extravagance, hypocrisy, misrepresentations, exaggerations, tyranny and injustice," and expelling him for "polygamous teachings and other grave charges." It also advised him to "quietly retire," on pain of complete exposure. While his retirement was the exact opposite of quiet, the complete exposure was unnecessary, for he was quickly removed by the secular courts and stripped of his titles to all the Zion properties. The mob, true to form, turned on him viciously when he fell. Voliva, Tindall and the others who had smothered him with praises now declaimed that they had known his faults for years.

He was allowed to live in Shiloh House. There he lingered for a year, rapidly failing, but able for a few months to don his mitre and robes and harangue a score or so who, unable to shake off the enchantment, visited him from time to time. Delirium possessed him frequently towards the end. When he died on March 9, 1907, he thought he was "Jerry," an officer leading troops in battle.

It was found that he had driven every industry to the wall and wrecked the bank; about \$2,500,000 had been diverted to his own private use. And although the rebels

were able to keep the more gruesome skeletons safely in the Zion closets, certain of the "grave charges" were indicated. A feature of Paradise Plantations, it appeared, was to be a seraglio; the First Apostle had secretly approached several likely prospects, much to the dismay of Mrs. Dowie, who waxed loud in denunciation of her husband after his downfall. Burning letters were produced. Moreover, various fair ones of the flock hinted that certain layings on of hands had been less apostolic than amorous. And the library of Shiloh House, worth by various estimates from \$12,000 to \$40,000, was found to consist largely of rare and very expensive curiosities—an illustrated copy of "Gil Blas," priced at \$600, among the items. Finally, there was Voliva's strange discovery:

It may surprise you to learn that in Shiloh House was the most curious room in America. The Czar of Russia may have one and need one, but who would think there was one in the peaceful city of Zion? We knew there was a room always kept locked and into which Dowie himself went seldom. We entered it today, but to do so we had to batter through two iron doors. The room was like a vault. Light came into the room through a bull's-eye window, the outside of which was protected by heavy iron shutters. Air was admitted through a funnel. There was a bed inside, a bed so curious I cannot attempt to describe it.

A sad, sad business, and no longer mentioned in Zion City. Voliva now rules the town, and by his remarkable managerial efficiency has brought it to prosperity. The cult is again a one-man affair: Voliva has gradually acquired ownership of the Zion properties and businesses. It is said that he is the world's richest holy man—, that the skyrocketing of land values around Zion City has sent his yearly income into the millions.

He teaches that the world is flat, that the sun is less than fifty miles distant, and that the force of gravity is a myth. He also goes in for prophecies of doom, based on the Book of Revelation, but is careful to keep his predictions conveniently hazy. So he may be said to be upholding the best Zion traditions.

PITTSBURGH PEEPS AT THE STARS

BY GEORGE SEIBEL

WHY is it that the pilgrim visiting Pittsburgh, when he takes his pen in hand to record the event, always thinks first of Hell and so covers his pages with infernal synonyms? James Parton started the habit back in 1868, and his libelous "Hell with the lid taken off" was printed in the *Atlantic*. Parton stood on the Bluff, looking over toward the South Side, then known as Birmingham and no doubt very like Gehenna to one who hailed from Canterbury. But exactly thirty-eight years later, in the Summer of 1906, O. Henry was riding with me through the Mt. Washington tunnel in a trolley-car, and as we entered the cool shaft he mopped his forehead and said, "This is the pleasantest place I've struck between El Paso and Hell!" Thus, while the meridian had shifted a trifle, the sulphurous association remained. Perhaps it dates back to the old Scotch-Irish settlers of the region, who brought in the Presbyterian creed and paid off their pastors with firewater.

But the Smoky City has gradually damped its fires and doffed its turban of soot. Rising taxes have had something to do with it, driving foundries and factories to cheaper ground, but the discovery of natural gas did most. Pittsburgh lies in a tract that is an American Baku; puncture the rind of the earth, apply a match, and one may witness a gorgeous display of fireworks. Thus most of the murky clouds generated by soft coal were early banished. But Pittsburgh also lies in a geological ditch, scooped by its two rivers in ages past, and in this ditch the fumes and fogs, from whatever source, linger like a fundamentalist miasma in a paleolithic skull,

long after the winds have swept the hills. So the smoke myth still clings to the city's name, and many Pittsburghers are even proud of it; if at all apologetic, they will say that the smoke spells prosperity.

It has spelled prosperity in the past—a prosperity that reveled in tonnage and bank clearings, put the protective tariff among the Beatitudes, and ranked Andrew Carnegie ahead of Emerson. Busy for nearly a century in making millionaires—coal millionaires, steel millionaires, oil millionaires, railroad millionaires—both time and raw materials were lacking for Pittsburgh to turn out art or artists. There is a tradition that Edwin Booth used to be averse to playing in the town's theater for what he called "the red-shirt fraternity"; other players and singers came only reluctantly to reap the harvest of dollars, and scurried away to save their complexions and linen. Did any artist achieve fame who had come from Pittsburgh, the supercilious world sneered that it was a good place to come from.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela. At the same time that Pittsburgh was becoming cleaner, her crop of millionaires was ripening, and then came a frantic rush to discover and embrace beauty. The life of a community, in this respect, is exactly like that of a family. Three generations are needed to bring forth an artist. The first generation must lay the firm physical foundation—healthy body and clear head; the second must accumulate wealth, which alone can purchase leisure; in the third generation the artist may be born. The principle is valid despite Chatterton and Harry Thaw, and it is the same in the case

of cities. After an age of pioneering comes financiering, and then beauty. The Medici were warriors and bankers before they became patrons of art.

Pittsburgh has now entered on her third era, like Florence; but instead of Lorenzo the Magnificent she has had only Andrew the Munificent. A city of 2500 mills and factories, a city boasting that its rail and river commerce exceeds London's, can hardly be expected to develop over night into a metropolis of art. Thus Pittsburgh's æsthetic aspirations are still green and in the bud. But they *do* exist. They'll grow bigger by and by, till they reach the dimensions deemed respectable by the Mæcenases who think in tons and dollars. When the Carnegie Institute was dedicated, one of the foreign guests became ill. A colored attendant was sent to bring some whiskey as a restorative. "Get a pint of Large whiskey," he was told. Rushing to the nearest bar—this was in ancient, happy days—, excited and under the spell of superlatives and magnitudes, he called for "a pint ob de largest whiskey you got."

Now Pittsburgh *has* an art, and Pittsburgh *has* a soul. True, to make a great impression, these things must be paraded as the fire department was once shown to a touring Grand Duke from the balcony of his hotel. As the alarm sounded, one after another a dozen engines dashed around the corner from by-streets where they had been waiting for hours. "You have the promptest and most magnificent fire department in the country," said His Serene Highness with the stop-watch.

II

In some such manner Pittsburgh might make an impressive display of her literary lights and artistic aristocracy. She counts Richard Realf and Margaret Deland among her poets, Willa Cather and Mary Roberts Rinehart among her novelists, Stephen C. Foster and Ethelbert Nevin among her musicians, John W. Alexander and C. S. Reinhart among her artists, and Bartley

Campbell among her dramatists. But these, after all, were accidents of geography. Pittsburgh, in the past, has not been any too hospitable to the Muses. The habit of hard work was fastened early and incurably upon the founders of her great fortunes. "There's only one of that crew earning his pay," said a visitor in the yard of an iron-foundry, as a dozen men were skidding a heavy casting, "—that old codger at the end." "That," replied the guide, "is Mr. Z—, the principal owner of the mill. He's worth six millions. He was passing through the yard, and gave the men a lift."

Such was the old school of Pittsburgh's plutocracy, but the men of more recent days are differently constituted. Under the tutelage of aspiring wives and ascendant daughters, they have become connoisseurs and patrons. There are still a few who would proclaim from an opera-box, during the *Waldweben*, that Wagner is damned rot, but they are awed into silence when sober. The most aggressive form their philistinism takes is to snore through a Brahms symphony. The wives and daughters appreciate art, though they may not understand it; in a timid way they endeavor to be doers, not merely hearers. Not many years ago all the music pupils of the town were impelled by purely commercial motives: the singers had unanimous yearnings after church-choir jobs, every patient piano-thumper intended to teach others, and those learning portable instruments sought careers in parade bands and dance orchestras. Today the embryo Pittsburgh musician, at his worst, practices from purely sadistic motives.

There is, of course, often a touch of humor to these cultural yearnings; quick results are always looked for. One proud mamma was telling of her daughter's amazing achievements. Only three lessons at the Art School, and behold this *lovely* fruitpiece! Upon a background of jaundiced gray a disk of sickly yellow. "It's an orange," explained Mater. "Very like an orange," bubbled Polonius in diplo-

matic rapture. He had been wondering whether it was a sunset or a full moon.

But music, perhaps, affords the best barometer of a community's artistic soul. The thousands that throng to the annual flower shows at the Phipps Conservatories might be drawn in equal numbers by a display of prize pumpkins. A chrysanthemum is only a bowdlerized cabbage; a lily but a metaphysical onion. The crowds surrounding Abbey's "Penance of Queen Eleanor" or Bouguereau's "Supper at Emmaus" in the Carnegie Art Gallery may be only manicures wondering what the story is, or Methodists admiring the Saviour's benign expression. Music tells no story, and is more "remote from the physical impulse" than any other of the arts.

By this criterion Pittsburgh's æsthetic growth has been amazing. A quarter century ago the town was still a musical desert. A concert without the Anvil Chorus by the city firemen was doomed to failure. There was one enthusiastic musician, still remembered by the epigoni as Uncle Joe, to whom Pittsburgh owes an incomputable debt. By heroic toil and thrift he would scrape together a few hundred dollars; then he would bring Tamagno, Joseffy, or some other famous and expensive artist, to give a concert before vacant tiers in Old City Hall, a magnified barn. After the concert the artist would depart with a heavy purse, and Uncle Joe would remain with a heavy heart to begin a new hoard.

Years later, when the musical conscience of the city was beginning to stir, some musicians resolved to atone for the sacrifices of this musical Curtius by a benefit concert. A handsome sum was turned over to the beneficiary—and a few days later he contracted to bring in another voracious songbird! The deficit of the second concert swallowed up the proceeds of the first, and left him several hundred dollars in debt. But Uncle Joe's sacrifices have not been all in vain: today there are in Pittsburgh not less than ten thousand people who go to concerts and appreciate the best in music.

III

Many influences worked together to educate this very respectable audience. A Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, organized in 1895, did valiant service under the baton of Frederic Archer, then of Victor Herbert, finally of Emil Paur. Though disbanded years ago, because the union label was a nuisance, it can be revived whenever the evangelical clergy of the town will permit Beethoven on Sunday evenings. The preachers still have a say as to what Pittsburghers may listen to on Sundays. To safeguard their flocks against the insidious lure of Mozart and Mendelssohn they had the sponsors of a recent concert put under arrest. As a result, what may turn out to be another Scopes trial is ahead. In the choral realm, the Mozart Club, with two hundred singers, was organized in 1878, but languished because oratorio ceased to be popular, if ever it was. But the Pittsburgh-Apollo Male Chorus, numbering about a hundred singers, and the Mendelssohn Choir, with nearly two hundred, are still flourishing. The Art Society, since 1873, has done much for the city by its concerts and exhibitions of pictures. And the free organ recitals in Carnegie Music-hall, though the organ *per se* is probably a corrupter of musical taste, have contributed greatly to elevate the local taste through the playing of such organists as Frederic Archer, Edwin H. Lemare, and, during twenty years past, Charles Heinroth. These concerts, twice a week, are attended by audiences that average fifteen hundred and run the gamut from the school-girl to the mill-worker.

Such concerts are among the few diversions permitted on the Sabbath day by the Pittsburgh theocracy. That they survive is due to the liberality and liberalism of Andrew Carnegie, who once gave a hundred dollars to celebrate the birthday of Thomas Paine, and who would never give a church anything but an organ, because "he couldn't agree with what the preacher might say, but he could agree with any-

thing the organ said." The Phipps green-houses also are open on Sundays because Henry Phipps attached that stipulation to his gift of them to the city. How many souls have been damned by gazing on dahlias and rhododendrons on Sunday instead of stained-glass saints and seraphs, only the imagination of a Cotton Mather could conceive.

Returning to Carnegie Music-hall, this citadel of the musical art in Pittsburgh was long its weakest point. The hall will not seat more than two thousand. That imposed prohibitive prices when the programme presented an acquisitive artist like Paderewski or Chaliapin. The Soldiers' Memorial Hall was more spacious, but acoustically it was better suited for the incantations of a swami, and its decorations resemble those of an Egyptian ratskeller. Now there is a Syria Mosque, with ample accommodations for large audiences.

The most important factor in the musical education of the masses hitherto was the Pittsburgh Exposition, a glorified county fair. During the forty days of its annual season, four concerts were given daily by Damrosch's and other symphony orchestras. Classic Night and Symphony Night always drew the largest crowds. Sousa and ragtime did not rouse as much enthusiasm as was shown for the symphonies of Tchaikowsky and Dvořák. It is now orthodox and safe in Pittsburgh to applaud Wagner, and a reputation for musical up-to-dateness can be gained by smacking your lips over Debussy or Richard Strauss. But when an audience could be stirred by César Franck's symphony, first introduced to Pittsburgh at the Exposition concerts, the enthusiasm could certainly not be ascribed to the instinct of conformity nor to musical hypocrisy. Nor could it be traced to the infection of fashion or the itch for display, which are probably the real reason why grand opera is popular.

Everywhere, in those experimental years, the leaven of culture was working. Even church music reached a higher plane. Several churches installed organs that surpass

the \$30,000 instrument in Carnegie Hall. But this was less significant than the advance in congregational singing; forty years ago Baumbach's old anthem book, with two or three doleful tunes, made the Sabbath day monotonous; nowadays deafness is not necessary to make piety less than a penance. The whole history of Pittsburgh's musical development, indeed, shows that the impulse came from below, rather than from above. J. P. McCollum, conductor and soul of the Mozart Club during a third of a century, was a printer when he founded that organization, and it was founded on the South Side, in the midst of the iron-mills and glass-houses.

Pittsburgh even may boast of a notable array of composers. Beside Stephen C. Foster and Ethelbert Nevin, whose "Swanee River" and "Rosary" are sung everywhere, there may be named Adolph M. Foerster, Arthur Nevin, Harvey B. Gaul, Richard Kountz, T. Carl Whitmer, Vick O'Brien, and Charles Wakefield Cadman. The *Musical Courier* has published weekly tables of American songs appearing on concert programmes all over the land, and those tables have frequently shown more songs by Pittsburgh composers than from all the rest of the country,—mainly because of the popularity of Foster, Nevin, and Cadman, and usually Cadman's name has led all the rest. Twenty years ago this slender lad was writing music critiques for the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, and stringing together melodies that left you wondering how many beefsteaks would make him a Beethoven.

IV

Just as this musical life has been born amid the whirl and clang of the workshops, so there is now emerging the promise of a respectable art, like a sunrise out of the quondam smoke and murk. The city had an Art Association over half a century ago, which held its first loan exhibition in 1859—among the canvases being two Van Dycks, one of which it was deemed advis-

able to label "well authenticated," the other "undoubted." Old Pittsburgh had her artists too, for that embryo salon showed the names of half a dozen, but none of pronounced individuality except David Blythe, whose grotesque cartoons exquisitely colored entitle him to be called both the Hogarth and the Whistler of Pittsburgh.

To a somewhat later era belong George Hetzel, a pleasing landscapist who might be called the Homer of the Cow, and Albert S. Wall, whom fame has passed by in the most unaccountable fashion. Wall died about twenty-five years ago, little known and little appreciated; probably not one of his pictures has gone outside of Pittsburgh; yet I believe that some day he will be ranked as one of the ablest landscape artists of America. His best things will compare with almost anything by Diaz or Rousseau. John W. Alexander, one of the foremost Pittsburgh portraitists, and C. S. Reinhart among illustrators, achieved reputations national, even international. Henry Ossawa Tanner, the Boecklin of the African race, was born in Pittsburgh. Mary Cassatt, whom a French critic has put next to Whistler, was born in Pittsburgh. Martin B. Leisser has painted the portrait of Eugene V. Debs with revelatory genius. Jasper Lawman, A. Bryan Wall, Eugene A. Poole, Arthur Sparks, George Sotter and others have done excellent work. Then there is a coterie of younger men, both painters and sculptors—some at home, some in Paris or Munich—in whose promise the city's future art seems to find an assured hope. One of these young men, Malcolm Parcell, may be the Keats of American painters.

It takes less time to buy pictures than to paint them, and so, considering the brief years since Pittsburgh has emerged from the obloquy of Parton's fuliginous libel, the city has accumulated quite a catalogue of art treasures. I know of seven Corots and five Gainsboroughs, two Van Dycks and two Rembrandts. Fine collections have been made by A. M. Byers, H. C. Frick,

Charles Lockhart, J. M. Schoonmaker, D. T. Watson, H. K. Porter, L. C. Phipps, Charles Donnelly, Mrs. William Thaw, J. J. Vandergrift, John Caldwell, Herbert Dupuy, George and H. H. Westinghouse and others. There are in Pittsburgh hundreds of canvases by Millet, Murillo, Rubens, Turner, Dupré, Breton, Rousseau, Cazin, Frans Hals, Constable, Rosa Bonheur, Constant, Daubigny, Raeburn, Detaille, Abbey, Diaz, Gérôme, Jacque, Landseer, Alma-Tadema, Lenbach, Troyon, Bouguereau and Vibert. The permanent collection of the Carnegie Art Gallery already numbers about three hundred paintings. The gallery was visited by 300,000 last year, more than the Metropolitan or the Boston Museum. When some of the Pittsburgh millionaires are translated beyond this realm of moth and rust, the Carnegie Gallery may profit much.

Undeniably there is a certain savor of the *nouveau riche* about the city's artistic pretensions. Some startling *coup* was required to make the incredulous world believe the incredible—that this iron cauldron would belch a challenge to Milan and Munich. Carnegie with his millions made that *coup* possible. In 1895 Pittsburgh opened the first really international art exhibition in America. A few paintings by foreign artists had been exhibited in Philadelphia and St. Louis salons, but no consistent and determined effort had been put forth to secure an international participation of the world's artists. Carnegie's emissary invaded Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Paris, the Hague, Amsterdam, London, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Unluckily, the creation of foreign advisory committees, and the election of the international juries by the competing artists, has resulted in the selection of prize-winners that every year lead the enlightened layman to wonder why and what next. But the aberrations of art juries are themselves educational, and every art collection ought to have one picture by Oscar Kokoschka as an awful example. Pitts-

burgh's artistic impulses have been vivified and vitalized even by the ugliest statue in America, that of Edward M. Bigelow in Schenley Park. He was its Father.

In the city's architecture there is yet evident that hankering after the largest whiskey which now moves the town university to plan a Cathedral of Learning that will make the Tower of Babel look like a Ford garage. Still, wealth has enlisted the service of beauty in many ways, even in office hives. The Union Trust Building has a haunting air of the Gothic. Frank D. Millet actually painted a Grecian Harvest Festival among the lunettes for the Bank of Pittsburgh, or was it Edwin H. Blashfield? For the stained-glass window of the palatial Frick Building, La Farge designed Progress, that decorously decorative lady who is own sister to Prosperity. Their children, by various liaisons, are in the homes of many wealthy Pittsburghers; for Pittsburgh is not merely what one sees from the windows of a Pullman, nor the pathetic scrapings of a social survey, nor the slag-pile of Vulcan's smithy. There are immortal stirrings perceptible to the ear of hope.

V

Literature, less ostensive, has hardly kept pace with music and painting, though the gradual growth of the reading habit, as a result of the Carnegie Library system, with its ten or twelve branches and an annual circulation of more than a million volumes, is gradually developing a writing habit, especially among the second generation of Russian and Italian invaders hated by true Kleagles. There may be a Heine in this Ghetto or a Petrarch hawking bananas. But great writers have been few in Pittsburgh's past. Richard Realf might have been a renowned poet: his life was as tragical, his verse as melodious, as Poe's—but he went west and his sun set. Jane Grey Swisshelm had greater genius and zeal than Harriet Beecher Stowe: she might have written "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

better, but she wrote too soon. Yet three names eminent in fiction have risen in Pittsburgh—those of Margaret Deland, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Willa Cather.

Mrs. Rinehart put humanity and humor into the metallic mechanism of the mystery story. Mrs. Deland transfigured the rigor of old-fashioned Calvinism in characters like John Ward and Doctor Lendar. And Willa Cather, whom Colonel McClure lured from her English classes in the Pittsburgh high-school, sheds a mild retrospective radiance upon the city where she began as telegraph editor on the old *Leader*. If Miss Cather has usurped the throne of Edith Wharton, and is the most consummate prose artist in our America, she learned that magic right in Pittsburgh, in a little cenacle that used to plow through Balzac, Gautier, Daudet, France, Bourget, Rostand, Verlaine, even dipping into turbid tarns like Hauptmann and Nietzsche. As Miss Cather has attained the most significant artistic success in recent American literature, so that other Pittsburgher, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, has tapped the most prolific reservoirs of cash. Her annual income would make Babe Ruth throw away his bat.

There have been, there are, other Pittsburgh authors. The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady was a most industrious producer of thrilling adventure, as a side-line to his less thrilling sermons. Arthur Stanwood Pier, beside fiction for old and young, wrote essays of true Stevensonian urbanity. John Reed Scott almost beat Anthony Hope to imaginary lands of peril and ladies passing fair. Henry Russell Miller wrote novels of the strenuous uplift. William Kountz in "Billy Baxter's Letters" showed George Ade the way to fame. Samuel Harden Church has written a "Life of Cromwell" that has passed through seven or eight editions. Henry Jones Ford wrote his "Rise and Growth of American Politics" in Pittsburgh; William Milligan Sloane began his "Napoleon" there. Walter McClintock's "Old North Trail" is the best book about the American Indian since

Grinnell; and Hervey Allen in his "Israfel" has done for Edgar Allan Poe what Amy Lowell did for John Keats.

In the theatre, Bartley Campbell was the Belasco and Sophocles of his day; plays like "The White Slave" and "My Partner" still tap lachrymal torrents in the hinterland. Edward Locke was a glass-blower, and Allan Davis is a lawyer, but both have produced plays of performance and promise. Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman are Pittsburgh expatriates, so are Fred Jackson and Ida Vera Simonton; all may be claimed for Pittsburgh, just as Shakespeare belongs to Stratford.

W. J. Holland, author of a "Butterfly Book" and a "Moth Book," would be accounted a scientist rather than a literary man; so would Samuel Pierpont Langley, who wrote his "New Astronomy" in Pittsburgh just before he went as secretary to the Smithsonian Institution; but few will question the literary claims, such as they are, of the Book of Mormon, which Sydney Rigdon and Prophet Joe Smith are supposed to have cooked up from the Rev. Solomon Spaulding's archeological romance, perhaps in Patterson's old printing-office. That was in the days of Nephilim, Millerites, and Alexander Campbell; Pittsburgh must have something in common with Patmos, for here Pastor Russell also sat in his watch tower and descried the new advent of the Messiah, who is still supposed to be in hiding somewhere.

He may start forth from Pittsburgh, for Pittsburgh is a fine starting-place. Audubon started on his wedding-trip from there, floating down the Ohio in an open keel-boat. Nicolaus Lenau, the unhappy German poet, started from there after the bitter Winter of 1832, to found a home in the Ohio wilderness, but stayed in America only long enough to write a poem about Niagara. Old Pittsburgh must have been an attractive place, as Bayard Taylor liked to lecture there, and Emerson, on a similar mission in the 60's, in contempt of

the almanac came a week too soon, and like a true philosopher put in the whole week seeing the sights. There were sights even later; Robert Louis Stevenson, in a restaurant near the Union Station, saw his first Negro. From the days of Fort Duquesne to the days of Fort Frick, there has been abundant romantic interest in the town, which authors from elsewhere have recognized. Gwendolen Overton's "Captains of the World" revolved around the Homestead strike, and Meredith Nicholson's "Lords of High Decision" was to be an allegory of Pittsburgh's regeneration. But what would a Dumas have made of the Biddle Boys, who eloped from jail with the warden's wife; and what would Scott have drawn from the Whiskey Insurrection—the one of 1794?

Judge Brackenridge, Pittsburgh's Herodotus, writing in the *Gazette* during 1781, had an ecstatic vision of the city's future. "When the poet comes," he exclaimed on Herr's Island, "with his enchanting song, to pour his magic numbers on this scene, this little island may aspire to live with those in the Ægean Sea, where the song of Homer drew the image of delight."

This little island is now the site of stockyards, where squealing pigs are borne to the slaughter on an endless chain; yet hope might still cling to Brackenridge's vision, if only he had selected some other Delos. A day may come when Pittsburgh will send forth an epic of industrialism—soot and smoke translated into life and beauty. Before that day comes the old Pittsburgh may be gone, with its traditions of grime and hustle, its reflections and reverberations of Hell, and in its geographical niche may be a new Pittsburgh, a city of leisure and beauty, where Beethoven has triumphed over John Knox, and where the children of mill-worker and millionaire together enjoy the harvest of dreams sown in bitterness and long deferred.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

LUGUBRIOUS reflection of Pastor E. G. Byrd, of the Simpson Methodist Church at Birmingham, as reported by the eminent *Post* of that great city:

We churches are spending so much money on foreign missions that we are peopling Heaven with the Chinese and Africans, leaving Hell to be populated by Americans.

SINISTER public notice in the eminent *Florida Times-News*:

NOTICE!

Some skunk in human form, with the morals of a crocodile and the conscience of an alligator, has been cutting my auto tires with a knife. I will pay a reward of \$100 for his name or the name of the one who is responsible. I don't ask his arrest or conviction. All I wish is the name and reasonable proof.

E. B. MARSHALL

ARIZONA

DR. WILLIAM J. TUCKER, professor of English at the State university, as reported by the *Tucson Citizen*:

Bryan was one of the greatest men ever produced.

CALIFORNIA

THE HON. FRANK WALLER ALLEN, speaking in the Church of the "Truth," of Pasadena, as reported by the *Star-News*:

He [Jesus] was the world's supreme salesman.

The worship of God in Los Angeles the damned, as revealed by an ecclesiastical announcement in the eminent *Times*:

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A. The Secrets of a Baby Farm.

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C. Are Our High-school Boys Carrying Flasks on Their Hips?

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WANT AD in the *San Francisco Examiner*:

FOUND—K. K. K. emblem; valuable. Apply Monsignor Rogers, St. Patrick's Church.

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The development of the luncheon-friendship club movement is the most notable and significant social advancement of the Twentieth Century.

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FROM the advertising columns of the *Washington Herald*:

Spend \$1.00 for complete copy of the testimony on Spiritualism, by the late

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WANT AD in the *St. Augustine Evening Record*:

WANTED—Colored dishwasher, must be thin. Benbow Tavern, 33 Aviles st.

GEORGIA

SCIENTIFIC circular distributed in Atlanta, the cultural capital of the South:

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The Man of a Thousand Wonders. He was born in America; educated in Occult Mysteries.

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Bonds, and Journeys. He gives advice in Oil Mining and Mineral Claims on lands thousands of miles away. He never fails to control the thought, mind and attention of any one, no matter how far away they may be. He never fails to bring about Speedy Marriage with the One of Your Choice.

He also Discovers the Earth's Lost Treasures. You may live in a mansion, or it may be in a hut, you may have every luxury that gold can buy, but you seek peace, love, happiness, and contentment—the very things intended for you.

Remember, you can come to him with trouble that you cannot carry to father, mother, brother, sister, or friends. Why not know the truth? Dr. Shelly guarantees to heal all kinds of Sickness, remove Evil Influences, cast off Spells, remove your Enemies, change the condition of your entire life so that you can make money faster than ever before.

Why worry, as worry makes you old and unattractive, and takes away your personal charm? It shortens your life and wrecks your health! If you are worried, troubled or discouraged in any affairs of human life, consult the great Clairvoyant.

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SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the Chicago Tribune:

FOR SALE—A book that deals with the evolution of the ape family up to the time that the apes become as perfect as man; the book is interesting to read; 35c a copy. 542 N. State-st.

ANNOUNCEMENT of a new science in the same journal:

Here is a wonderful opportunity for you. G. E. Marchand, said to be the highest paid business coach in America, the man who has shown thousands of ambitious men and women how to turn their ability into cash, is in Chicago for a limited time and will tell you about the scientific way to get a better position and a bigger income through

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the newly discovered principle that is helping thousands of men and women to wealth, power and happiness. In his Free Lectures, Mr. Marchand will explain how his short course of

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Advancement at once—

The one scientific secret that makes men rich

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How to get others to help you succeed

How to get a better position

How to get ten times more results with no extra effort

How to have 100% confidence in yourself

How to get in a paying business for yourself

How to be a leader and successful salesman

How to increase your income

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How to protect your money-making ideas

How to make your box-office pay

The broad road from the eye to the brain is 22 times as large as the path from the ear. If you want to make progress at once—if you are impatient with drudgery and slow pay—see the demonstration of this amazing "Eye Drinking" principle. It will multiply your learning power 22 times. It will open your eyes and mind to a new world. Mr. Marchand will show you how you can get the proved secrets of success 22 times faster than by the ordinary, slow "in-one-ear-and-out-the-other" method. There is nothing mysterious about "Eye Drinking" once you know its secret. It is so simple that you can put it to work for you the very day you see it. And you will begin to profit at once.

FROM a reader of the *Daily Northwestern*, the university journal:

Chairman Editorial Board:

DEAR SIR:

You are being quoted with reference to cigarette smoking girls at your university. I do not know what your attitude is. But any cigarette smoking female is either a prostitute in fact or a potential prostitute, and is so looked upon by people of sense anywhere.

I know all about colleges and universities, particularly several very large institutions; also, I know the product that they turn out. And this public is going to wake up some day to the colossal fake and hypocritical pretense of it, and simply pull them down.

The massing of large numbers of boys or girls, or both, for alleged educational purposes, under a lot of pussy-footing, money-making, intellectual and moral crooks and nincompoops, is a fatal failure in every sense; except the teaching of dissolute habits.

The boys and girls who stay around these corrupting places any length of time come through the most ill-mannered, cheeky, good-for-nothing specimens of moral and intellectual, often financial, crookedness that it is possible to find on American soil.

Cigarette smoking girls should get the soft edge of a bed-slat back in the woodshed. The elders who humor, condone or encourage such dissolutions should be put in stocks where every kind who runs can spit on them the rest of their lives.

C. W. SMITH

SUGGESTION for a new slavery by an eminent constitutional student of Evanston, as reported by the Chicago American:

If Mrs. Ella A. Boole, of Evanston, national president of the W. C. T. U., has her way American travelers abroad will be compelled to observe the Volstead law. She intends to demand of the authorities at Washington that they refuse to grant passports to persons who refuse to subscribe to an obligation to observe the American Prohibition law while abroad. Her argument is this: The dry law is part of the Constitution of the United States; persons obtaining passports must swear to support the Constitution; *ergo*, if they drink while abroad, they violate the oath of allegiance and therefore are not entitled to travel privileges. Mrs. Boole recently stated that virtually complete enforcement of the dry law had been attained in the United States, notwithstanding reports to the contrary.

FROM the bulletin of courses of the Summer session at the State university:

1124. Baseball Theory.—Lectures on the theory of batting; base-running; proper methods of fielding each position; team-work and coaching methods; study of the rules; and general study of fundamentals. TTS, 1. (1.)

Professor LUNDGREN

1125. Basketball Theory.—Instruction will be given in basketball with the idea of fitting men to coach. The course will cover passing, goal-throwing, dribbling, team-play, conditioning a team, and the different styles of play used by the leading coaches. MFW, 10. (1.)

Mr. RUBY

1134. Football Theory.—The theoretical work will take up the rules from the standpoint of coaches, players, and officials; the several styles of offense and defense with consideration of their special strengths and weaknesses; generalship and strategy; training; conditioning, and player's equipment. MWF, 8, 9. (2.)

Mr. OLANDER

IOWA

WHAT it means to be a schoolma'am in the rising town of Paton:

School teachers in the consolidated school here must attend church at least once each Sunday, and must remain in town on two Sundays of each month of the school year, the Board of Education has decreed.

KANSAS

PROGRESS of jurisprudential science in Wichita, as related by an Associated Press dispatch from that flourishing metropolis:

Conversation between a dog and his mistress was admitted as evidence in an arson trial in District Court here Friday.

Mrs. Blanche Craig, whose barn southwest of

Furley, Kan., was burned, in describing how she was informed of the fire, said: "I was awakened by the dog fussing in the yard. I went to the door and he told me to come on. He said to hurry up; that there was something wrong. I argued with him. I said there was nothing to be excited about, but he kept on insisting that I come out. Finally, he got awfully excited and said that if I did not come quickly it would be too late. Then, I went to the barn and found it afire."

In spite of strenuous objections Judge I. N. Williams admitted the testimony.

KENTUCKY

FROM the catalogue of studies of Bethel College, the pride and glory of Russellville:

Missions 23. . . . It is hoped that this course will beget or deepen the impression that the missionary enterprise is the biggest business in the world. Spring term, five hours.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals scores a triumph in Lynn, as revealed by the celebrated Boston Transcript:

Mayor Ralph S. Bauer of Lynn today announced that he will not permit any vaudeville act or any theater entertainment which makes light of the Volstead Act or of any other State or Federal regulation. The announcement was made as the result of complaint of a skit at a Lynn theater entitled "Senator Murphy" in which fun was poked at the Prohibition laws. The management complied with a request from the mayor's office that the act be withdrawn.

MICHIGAN

HYMENEAL news from the eminent Stephenson Journal:

The groom was faultlessly apparelled in a blue-serge suit with trousers and vest to match, a starched shirt with pleated bosom and a striped red and blue tie, while his only ornaments were plain gold cuff-buttons and a gold watch chain with a charm. Under his right arm he carried a natty straw hat of the latest style and weave with a marine blue hat-band. He was clean-shaven and recently trimmed, while his features reflected deep thought. His feet were clad in well-polished Florsheims, which just merely showed black silk Holeproofs. A solitary carnation with fern spray background lent the finishing touch to the correctness of the groom's ensemble.

LITERARY news item from Kalamazoo:

A special election at which time the people will vote on a proposal to approve an ordinance giving William Shakespeare, Jr., a franchise to use the streets and alleys of the City of Kalamazoo.

200 for pipes and conduits of a central heating plant, will be held Tuesday.

MINNESOTA

THE REV. ALVIN J. LEE, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Mankato, as reported by the *Free Press* of that town:

Our Master spent much time in recreation. Christ Jesus was an expert recreator.

Pious hope of a Solid Citizen of Springfield, as expressed in an advertisement in the *Feed Bag*, published in Milwaukee:

WHEN I DIE—

Let Them Cut These Words on My Monument:

"HE DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO MAKING WHITE SWAN FLOUR AND FEED SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS."

F. A. RUENITZ, *President*,
SPRINGFIELD MILLING COMPANY, INC.
Springfield, Minnesota

MISSISSIPPI

News item in the *Greene County Herald*, published at Peakesville:

Friends of Little Billy McLeod, (son of B. W. McLeod) is very ill with chronic pneumonia; and they all wish him a speedy recovery.

MISSOURI

MIRACLE reported in the *Vincentian*, published by the Vincentian Fathers of St. Louis:

On the tenth of this month I was taken sick with an attack of gall-bladder trouble. I tried many remedies without getting any relief; in the meantime I had pinned my Miraculous Medal where the pain was and in a couple of hours I fell asleep without having to get a doctor. I trust this will encourage others to petition Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal.

Mrs. J. P.

NEBRASKA

THE progress of theological scholarship in Omaha:

With the aid of stereopticon slides and the citation of recent scientific discoveries, the Rev. O. G. Bellah, of the Memorial Seventh Day Adventist Church here, hopes to prove conclusively that Jonah actually lived three days and three nights inside a whale. He has billed his lecture as "Jonah's Modern Apartment Inside the Whale." "It was not necessarily a whale," he explains. "It might have been a sea monster many times the size of a whale. I have slides to prove that it is possible that Jonah was able to stand up and walk around inside the whale. There was plenty of room. Of course, it was dark, and he had no food and no water, even

though he did have a soft bed and plenty of fresh air."

WANT AD in the *Lincoln Journal*:

WANTED—A quiet girl for five or six forenoons per week at 35c per hour. Work consists of about an hour's typing daily (simple letter writing without stenography, billing, etc.). The remaining work consists of labeling microscopic slides and aiding in their production. Applicant must have the following qualifications: a liking for handwork and fairly nimble fingers; neatness and willingness to take pains; good eyesight and some previous experience in hand employments such as needlework, drawing, scientific laboratory work, or the like. Some proof of ability must be submitted—a piece of hand sewing or fancy work, or perhaps a scientific notebook. We also suggest the following. Take several sheets of unruled paper. Without the use of ruler lay them off in squares about one inch across. With the finest pen you have, write your name, address and phone number in six of the squares. We wish to see if you can take pains. In the other squares draw, free hand, any kind of diagrams, squares, triangles, etc., etc. We are not after artistic ability but just the use of hand and eye. All work submitted will be returned within one week. The following people should not apply. Those who "do not really need the work"; those "just curious to see what it is like"; those "just wanting a little work for a few weeks." We are looking for as permanent a helper as we can get provided the person is really adapted to the work. Finally, those should not trouble us who are addicted to habitual conversation. We are friendly at the laboratory, and other cultivated workers are always present, but conversation is incompatible with delicate work. This ad will run several days. Address, Powers & Powers, 2751 Garfield st., Lincoln, Neb.

NEW JERSEY

THE HON. JAMES W. HICKEY, an eminent labor leader of Atlantic City, writes to the *Daily Press* of that sinful town:

The bricklayers cannot be overpaid. . . . The bricklayers are engaged in a most noble work (the building of homes), and their contribution to society is just as great as, if not greater than, that of the business or professional men.

Words of a duet sung from the pulpit of the Church of the Redeemer, Broad and Hill streets, Newark, by Mary and Margaret Gibbs, Siamese twins:

Don't feel sorry for us, don't give us your sympathy.

We have a mother and a kind, loving God, too; We're cared for, they love us both true.

We pity the blind, the sick and the lame and so many folk we hear are in pain.

Believe us, we're happy, content as can be.

We'll just tell you why and hope you'll agree.

Chorus

There's a reason for everything living. There's a reason why everything dies.
 There's a reason why God up in Heaven watches all of us under His skies,
 And that same God who piles up the mountains, that same God who dug out the seas,
 Had a very good reason for sending us here, watching our health and giving us cheer.
 So smile, be our friend, because in the end There's a reason for everything here.

NEW YORK

How the centenary of Beethoven's death was celebrated at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, as described by Richard L. Stokes, in the *Evening World*:

The andante of the Fifth Symphony was utilized as an offertory and its melodies were punctuated by the clink of coins in the plate. . . . A resolute effort was made to enlist Beethoven among the saints, despite the known fact of the malady which caused his deafness. A clergyman of the diocese, in a preliminary address, held up as a model for present-day novelists and dramatists the circumstance that Beethoven's music had no traffic with sex in its erotic phase. The speaker mentioned the two prayers, copied from unknown sources, which were found in the composer's handwriting among his effects after his death. Bishop Manning pronounced one of these prayers from the altar and, unless these ears were deceived, interpolated the name of Jesus—a personage unmentioned by Beethoven.

THE REV. L. C. HOFER, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, of Poughkeepsie, as reported by the *Eagle-News*:

Mr. Hofer characterized the accomplishment of the Eighteenth Amendment as the greatest event of the Twentieth Century and compared it to the discovery of America by Columbus, to the Reformation, to the American Revolution and to the freeing of the slaves.

PATRIOTIC work of a Greenpoint, L. I., divine, as disclosed by the eminent *Herald-Tribune*:

In a comprehensive movement to rejuvenate the animal husbandry of Greece, a shipment of prize pigs was sent to Greece yesterday on the steamship *Coeur d'Alene*. The shipment was blessed by Father Lazaris, of the Greek Orthodox Church, of Greenpoint.

NORTH CAROLINA

SPECIMEN of lush Neo-Confederate Prose from the laboratory of the dean of the editorial corps at Wilson:

The elegant home of the sparkling little jewel, Miss Elsie Moore, who is as pretty as a picture

and as bright as an icicle and as pure as a dew-drop and as sweet as a flower, was a sparkling scene of radiant loveliness last night, for this beautiful little maiden and her handsome and magnificently-formed sister had invited a number of their friends to assemble in honor of the beautiful and bewitching Miss Neda Taylor and the charming and fascinating Miss Rosalie Setzer, who are now dispensing their charms and witcheries in Wilson and making so many hearts ache with their intoxicating graces. And we fancy that as our handsome and gallant young lads looked down into the radiant deeps of such sparkling eyes—eyes whose faintest glimmer would make the glistening skies of blooming midnight pale with envy, turn and no more let their feeble torches burn—yes, we fancy that these young boys felt that Cupid had come to their young hearts on a mission as sweet as odors come when vernal breezes and passionate sunbeams woo and kiss the budding flowers and make them breathe the fragrance of Springtime's richest bowers.

NORTH DAKOTA

BUSINESS advertisement in the *Columbus Reporter*:

YOUNG PEOPLE—TAKE NOTICE

I, the undersigned, have secured a limited number of cook-books, containing about 700 recipes for cooking, baking, canning and candy-making. Published by the most experienced cooks in the State of North Dakota.

Any couple that I marry after this will receive one of said books as a present, as long as the supply will last.

J. L. FINKER,
County Judge.

OHIO

MEDICAL advertisement in the *Times-Recorder*, of Zanesville:

EVANGELIST R. BROWNING,

SALVATION AND HEALING CAMPAIGN

Appendicitis, goitre, fits and other diseases healed in Zanesville by the Lord Jesus, through the ministry of the evangelist. Bring the sick and suffering. Every night this month at 7:30 P. M., Church of Jesus, Spring and Monroe.

MEDICAL news sent to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* by its Mansfield correspondent:

In a tiny office in a corner of a small farm on the outskirts of Mansfield, Edward Sorgen ministers to the afflicted, who come in flivvers and luxurious limousines from near and far. The office is too small to hold but a fraction of the scores and often hundreds who line up to await his treatment. Sometimes there are so many that he has to pass out numbered slips to insure that all take their turns.

He told how he cured ruptures. The patient is taken into a woods to a hard oak, which is certain not to be cut down until the cure is ac-

complished. The patient is then placed on the north side of the tree, Sorgen on the east and a disinterested person on the west. All join hands, with the healer and the third person grasping the tree. After a few words, the rupture is bared, and everything is prepared for the mystical rites. First, a square of the bark of the tree is cut with a chisel. Then several hairs from the patient's head are cut off. The bark is moved quickly from the tree and touched rapidly to the rupture; then the hairs are inserted between the trunk of the tree and the piece of bark, which is placed exactly where it came from the tree. All is nailed fast with three nails. If the tree is not struck by lightning or cut down before the cure is completed, the patient gets well in due time, Sorgen asserts. This depends somewhat on the way in which the rupture was caused, he explained. A rupture caused by a wrench is more easily cured than one caused by lifting a heavy object, he believes.

OKLAHOMA

THE HON. RALPH W. EVERETT, chairman of the Christian Science committee on publication for Oklahoma, in the celebrated *Muskogee Phoenix*:

Christian Science appeals to the mind. It teaches one to think.

PENNSYLVANIA

WANT AD in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

WANTED—Position, consecrated Christian, plumber, general mechanic, middle-aged. Prot.; Christ'n institu'n and surr'gs rather than high wages. H. W. J., 111 E. Cheltenham av.

REPORT of a miracle in Hazleton:

Ten thousand persons, it was estimated, visited the home of Angelo Greco today, to see the miracle that has appeared on a widow-shade in the kitchen of the home. Members of the Greco family state it is a manifestation of the divine hearing of prayers for a sick member of the household. The figure is on the inside of the curtain. The rays of the sun illuminate the picture, which appears in the form of the accepted figure of the Redeemer. The facial expression is perfect, the eyes can be seen, the beard, long locks of hair and robes flowing to the feet are to be discerned, while at the breast there is a darker spot shaped like a heart. The Rev. Fr. Catino, curate of the Roman Catholic Church of the Most Precious Blood, expressed the thought that it was a "miracle in nature." He blessed the curtain.

TENNESSEE

News of the sacerdotal life in Nashville, as reported by the illustrious *Tennessean*:

Unable to provide for his family on the funds he received from preaching the Gospel, Morgan Hayes, who claims to be a Baptist circuit minister from the Jingo vicinity, in Williamson

county, took up the profession of making white corn whisky, he told Federal officers late Friday, who arrested him with two others in a raid on a wildcat still.

"I have been a preacher for several years, but it does not pay, and for that reason I started making whisky," Hayes told the officers. "My family could not live on the money I received as a minister of the Gospel."

TEXAS

News of the Texas learned world, from the *Alcade*, published by the alumni of the State university:

Dr. J. A. Fitzgerald, professor of business administration, has become a Rotarian.

LITERARY labors of an eminent jurist of this great Christian State:

RAY SCRUGGS

JUDGE COUNTY COURT AT LAW NO. 2

HARRIS COUNTY

HOUSTON, TEXAS

DEAR SIR:

Having been frequently called upon to make public addresses, after-dinner speeches, and otherwise, I fully realize the desirability of an appropriate story to fit the occasion.

I have compiled an assortment of select after-dinner stories and jokes, many of them applicable to your profession. Considerable time has been spent and much reading done, in order to select the very best and most amusing stories out of thousands. The book is entitled "Five Hundred Laughs."

If you are called upon at any time to speak, I believe you will find this assortment of value. Aside from its utility in this respect it would be well worth your while to have these stories for the amusement of yourself and friends.

The book contains a comprehensive CLASSIFIED INDEX, and the arrangement is such that you can locate the desired material in the least possible time and without the necessity of reading the entire book, as is usually the case with after-dinner story books, every time you desire to pick out a story to fit your requirement.

The book is being printed on HIGH CLASS PAPER, bound in BEAUTIFUL LOADSTONE COVER, and will be off the press and ready for distribution within a few days.

Use the enclosed order blank and return envelope, with remittance of \$1.00 in currency, money order or personal check, and the book will be mailed you postpaid.

Sincerely yours,
RAY SCRUGGS.

UTAH

ETHICO-LEGAL pronunciamento by the distinguished *Deseret News*:

Any writer who directly or indirectly encourages the use of cigarettes is a menace and should be barred from the public prints.

PRISONER OF WAR NO. 3598

BY ERICH POSSELT

ON JULY 17, 1918, I wrote a poem. It wasn't a very good poem and it was decidedly not for publication—just a few verses for my own amusement, satirizing an institution dear to the 100% Americans of the time. Two days later I was arrested. The Department of Justice, making its twelfth visit to my home in the course of twelve months, discovered the dangerous scrap of paper, and found it sufficient reason to put me into solitary confinement at the Raymond Street Jail in Brooklyn, as an enemy alien and "potentially dangerous."

After eleven days I was transferred to the Mercer County Jail at Trenton, N. J. where, in the company of a dozen others, I was housed in a cellar—four large, damp, vaulted rooms, officially known as a detention camp. Two months afterwards I was called to New York for a hearing; but when I arrived, shackled to a deputy sheriff, I was informed that a hearing was not necessary, and was returned to Trenton. Another month passed, and word came from Washington that I was to be released. Instead, the next morning the warden arrived with a paper announcing that six of us—among them I—were to be transferred to the War Prison Barracks No. 2 at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., "for the duration of the war."

Two days later I was on my way South and, after a long and weary train-ride arrived at Chattanooga. Trolleys carried us through Chickamauga Park, and when dusk came we found ourselves in Fort Oglethorpe. The next morning showed us the camp—the barren streets which turned into groundless morasses when it rained,

the drab, gloomy barracks, and the hundreds of prisoners milling around. We were led inside the double wire-fence, lined up before the office, breakfasted, inoculated, finger-printed, counted, examined, inoculated again, and so made pleasantly aware of the fact that we were P.O.W.'s and had no rights in either law or equity.

After these formalities were over, I took a walk and soon encountered my good friend Hanns Heinz Ewers, the well-known German poet and story-teller. He was clad in the conventional camp-garb—BVD's, a pair of shoes, and (in his case) a monocle. He led me out to the farthest corner of the campus, and close to the dead-line he stopped before a hole in the ground from which two sticks protruded. Solemnly he stirred the contents of the hole with the two sticks, raised his hands, palms outward, before his eyes, bowed deeply and blinked into the sun. He repeated this ceremony a few times, hushing me every time I asked him what it was all about. Then he knelt down, spat into the hole, and folded his hands as if in prayer. He paid no more attention to the crowd which, meanwhile, had gathered around him than he did to me. I felt the horrible conviction creep over me that poor Ewers had gone mad.

After about five minutes of this strange devotion, he picked up his monocle, which he had deposited on the ground, thrust it into his eye, made a last deep bow and joined the ring-a-rosy of prisoners plodding around the camp. In a whisper he then explained to me that the hole contained a dead toad, and that if one prayed

to it every day one would be released soon. He admonished me earnestly to do so if I actually wanted to return home.

This was my first intimation of the effects of life in a prison camp upon even the most civilized and rational internes.

II

The War Prison Camp of Fort Oglethorpe consisted of a huge, somewhat hilly plot of land approximately a mile square. The entire area was surrounded by two barbed-wire fences, about ten feet high. Every other post to which the wire was fastened carried an electric lamp. Outside the camp, at an approximate distance from each other of one hundred feet, were tripod watch-towers, double the height of the fence itself. Each of these towers held a search-light, a telephone, a machine-gun and a soldier. At stated intervals during the entire day and night the telephone rang, much to the distress of those prisoners who slept lightly; at intervals of two hours each the soldiers were relieved; when it was foggy, which occurred not infrequently, a board-walk connecting the various watch-towers was patrolled, round and round. And when—as again happened quite often—the electric lights went out, a detachment of soldiers came running from their barracks surrounding the camp, and began rushing around it in both directions to prevent escapes.

Inside the wire there were really two camps. One, the smaller and more exclusive, was Camp A, the "millionaires' camp," with three barracks, subdivided into small rooms, and a small mess-hall. Here the wealthier prisoners, who paid for their own upkeep, had their own servants and cooks, recruited from among the German ships' stewards and sailors interned with us, and led a life of leisure and comparative comfort. The other camp, much bigger of course, was known as Camp B; it contained thirty-odd barracks, not divided into rooms inside, and housing from thirty to a hundred men, bed by bed.

Both these camps within the main camp were themselves surrounded by barbed-wire fences, and while, during the day, the gates were kept open, so that the inmates of the two could freely intermingle and all had access to the huge campus in the rear of Camp B, they were closed before 6 P.M. But when motion pictures were shown at night in Camp B, or one of our theatrical groups gave an entertainment, or there was a concert, those inmates of Camp A who cared to attend were led over to Camp B, and back again, always heavily guarded.

In the middle of Camp B was an immense mess-hall divided into two almost equal halves—one for the civilian internes, the other for the sailors taken from German merchant ships in American waters when the war broke out. An executive office, one barrack set aside for the "university," a canteen—like a little country store—and a few bath-houses completed the settlement, which to the sailors, to whom Oglethorpe was a tongue-twister, was known as Orgelsdorf.

At the time of my arrival the camp housed about four thousand persons. Originally the German marines from the raiders *Eitel Friedrich*, *Kronprinz Wilhelm* and *Appam* had been in the camp, while the merchant marines were interned at Hot Springs, Va. But the naval men were later transferred to Fort McPherson, while an epidemic of typhoid fever and an overwhelming invasion of bed-bugs at Hot Springs drove the merchant sailors to Fort Oglethorpe. Only three more transports arrived after I had taken up my involuntary residence in Oglethorpe. The last one was in March, 1919, months after the armistice had been signed.

Strange and varied were the reasons for interning men whose ill fortune it was to have been born under the black-white-and-red of the Fatherland or the black-and-yellow flag of Franz Joseph I. I myself, locked up two years for writing a poem, by no means presented the strangest case. I remember one half-wit who had painted a red-white-and-blue pencil black-white-and-

red, and who was sent to Fort Oglethorpe for it, and kept there two years. In many cases, business rivalry, jealousy and spite played an important part. I recall, of cases not generally known, the one of the brothers Forstner who, in Providence, R. I., had started a business as makers of watch chains, etc. For this purpose they had imported from their home town, Pforzheim, not only a group of skilled, peaceful laborers, but also a patented machine. Naturally, they prospered, and just as naturally they aroused the jealousy of their 100% American competitors. So these competitors denounced the brothers Forstner and all of their German workmen, who were summarily arrested and interned for the duration of the war.

Hundreds of such cases could be related. Some of them got into the newspapers—for example, the chemical patents steal, and the Beyer Company case. But there were others, less important perhaps, but more amusing. There was a Bavarian waiter, in New York, who used the sub-way and thought the service pretty bad. At Canal street he got out one day, and cursed in good *Stoanboarisch*—whereupon a loyal citizen took exception to his foreign accent, had him arrested, and made him a prisoner of war.

A strange case was that of Martin Bujdak. A Slovak by birth, and a farm-hand by profession, he was as powerful a man as you will ever want to meet. A long blond beard covered his face, long gorilla-like arms hung down below his knees, and a huge chest bulged under his blue shirt—the only one he had. To make the picture complete, his twinkling blue eyes and his high-pitched voice betrayed his utter innocence and good nature. Bujdak had only one fault: he ate enough for three. This was discovered by the farmer for whom he worked (somewhere on the borderline between New Jersey and Pennsylvania) soon after Martin started to work for him. A dozen eggs and five cups of coffee, with a half loaf of bread, were as nothing to him in the morning.

The number of steaks he could have eaten, had he ever got as much as he wanted, nobody can ever estimate.

For more than two weeks the farmer stared at Martin in growing chagrin. When the month was almost over—when Martin was supposed to receive the enormous sum of thirty dollars—the farmer ordered him to leave without further delay and warned him not to come back on the first for his wages. But Martin was stubborn and returned, only to be greeted by his former employer in a fury of high moral indignation, accompanied by a policeman who arrested him as a spy. There was never a hearing, never a chance for the big, bewildered Slovak to clear himself—even to understand. He had a long time to puzzle it out in Fort Oglethorpe!

III

Father Czismadia was the only Catholic priest interned at Oglethorpe during the war. He weighed about three hundred pounds, had a bald spot on his head somewhat bigger than that which most Catholic priests have, haunches which would have done honor to a hippopotamus, and a paunch which sank somewhat below the point where human legs usually begin. His big, round, childish eyes were constantly wondering what it was all about, and his toothless mouth was forever munching something.

He could not speak more than five or six words of English. In the camp he was assigned a bunk lined up in a row with fifty others. Two or three Hungarians sat with him, talking their beautiful but monotonous language, Father Czismadia answering in a mumble—partly because he had no teeth and partly because he was always eating. He hardly ever moved or spoke. He did nothing but eat and listen.

The news that a Catholic priest had arrived in camp spread like wildfire. Of Protestant pastors there were a half dozen or more. But a real priest! Now the Catholics, too, could thank their Lord regu-

larly every Sunday. Hitherto it had been possible only occasionally, in front of a make-shift altar which Count Albrecht von Montgelas had constructed, or every other Sunday, when the army chaplain came and read mass. A delegation headed by Count Montgelas made an official call upon his reverence. To be sure, they could not understand each other, but there was always a Hungarian on hand who could interpret. The pious count saw immediately that Father Czismadia needed not only a new outfit—the government supplied overalls, an immense straw hat, and heavy boots—but before everything else a set of false teeth. So he was taken to the hospital, measured for them, and in due time received them. The camp buzzed with excitement on the first Sunday that Father Czismadia was to read mass. He read it with great dignity, and preached beautifully in Hungarian. And when the psychological moment came he passed the platter.

Now, in the camp there was a hill, and on the hill there stood the huge mess-hall, and since the hill sloped away on one side, there was considerable room under the mess-hall. There some of the sailors and some of the Polish and Czech P.O.W.'s had set up a little Monte Carlo: tables where all sorts of games of chance could be played: poker, and *Mauscheln*, and "God's Blessings at Cohn's," and "My Aunt, Your Aunt," and all the rest. After the bugler had blown together the hungry prisoners, and when the midday-meal was over, Father Czismadia, even as so many others, made a pilgrimage to this resort and started to play. First he tried his hand at "My Aunt, Your Aunt"—and was in bad luck. Then he lost the rest of what he had collected that morning at "Silesian Lottery."

Sorrowfully he went back to his barrack and sat and munched until another Sunday brought him another golden, or rather aluminum harvest—for our camp money was aluminum. Then he did again what he had done the first Sunday,—with the difference that God was apparently

with him now, and he did not lose. But before the week was gone he was as bankrupt as before. And since nobody wanted to lend him any money, he had to wait until Sunday came again. Thus it went on for weeks, much to the distress of our devout Catholics. One night the fever heat of hazard was reached. Since nobody wanted to let the Father play on credit, he grabbed his huge straw hat, and strode back to his barrack. There he wrapped up his few belongings, knocked at Dr. Karl Muck's door and asked him for five dollars on them. When Dr. Muck declined, he spoke to Professor Goldschmidt, the biologist, and then to a few others—but neither Protestant, nor Jew, nor Catholic wanted to give him anything. Finally he spoke to Hanns Heinz Ewers, the godless poet, who gave him five dollars, and let him keep his goods. Happily, he rushed back to Monte Carlo—and lost the five at poker.

IV

Our daily life was strictly regulated. At five-thirty in the morning the first bugle sounded. At six we were out of our bunks. At six-thirty we were lined up and counted, and could go to breakfast. At twelve the bugle sounded for mess. From one to three was "silence." At five-thirty the gates of the inner camps were closed, we were counted, ate dinner, and did whatever we would and could until ten, when the last bugle blew, lights had to be out, and we went to bed.

As a rule, after breakfast we walked for an hour around the camp; then we attended such lectures or classes at the "university" as we were interested in. There were a thousand things to choose from, from languages—Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Chinese, Arabic, Hebrew, Malay—to biology, (Professor Goldschmidt), physiology (Dr. Isaac Strauss), electrotechnics (Professor Zenneck), and art (Count Montgelas). Almost every subject under the sun was represented. Our fellow prisoner, Steindorff, was appointed rector of the "uni-

versity," and since he was a born teacher, everything went smoothly. In the afternoon we played chess or pinochle, foot-ball or hand-ball, read or studied, walked or talked, wrote letters or cards, built or hammered, in fine, did what we felt like doing.

Once a week we had movies, thrown on a wooden wall in the open and saw pictures lent through the Y. M. C. A. Shortly after my arrival some of the merchant mariners and I organized a dramatic company and produced such plays as Sudermann's "Stein unter Steinen," Halbe's "Jugend," Dunsany's "Night at an Inn," and even Ibsen's "Ghosts"—probably not so much because we felt that these were the plays to do (although this consideration played an important part) but because they were the only plays we had. Other groups were organized, and offered cabaret entertainments. Max Merz, the singer, gave evenings of Schubert *Lieder*, a band played, or else the members of the Tsingtau Orchestra, under Conductor Wille's leadership, gave concerts.

Dr. Ernst Kunwald, formerly conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, augmented the band by whatever musical talent we had and thus performed the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. Finally, the most glorious musical event of the camp's years took place, when we finally induced Dr. Muck, the great conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to direct two concerts. Dr. Muck had sworn he would never conduct again in America, but we convinced him that Fort Oglethorpe was really Germany, and so he gave in.

I will never forget the night. The smelly, dirty mess-hall was jammed with two thousand listeners. The orchestra numbered more than a hundred men. The first benches were reserved for the camp censors, some of the American officers, and an army doctor or two. Then Muck, a gaunt, haggard looking, bronzed figure, stepped on the platform and raised his hands. In

the moment of death-like silence preceding the first note it was as if an electric current had run through all that unkempt audience in overalls and shirtsleeves, in heavy camp-boots and with unshaven faces. Then, jubilantly and overpoweringly, the "Eroica" rushed over us, welded us into one, scorched us and purged us, and shook us to the very depths of our being. It is my conviction that this performance of the "Eroica" was one of Muck's greatest achievements, and probably one of the greatest events in the history of music in America.

A *Sport-Fest* with every kind of event, and with prices and gambling which might have made Judge Landis roar, foot-ball games, and occasional visits from representatives of the Swiss Embassy, representing German interests in America, or of the Swedish, representing those of Austria, were pleasant interruptions in a life whose monotony often grew almost unbearable. Not that we were badly treated. The rare exceptions rather proved than disproved the contrary rule. Not that our food, bad as it was occasionally, made us unhappy, nor even that imprisonment itself was painful. There were two things, and two things only, which made us suffer beyond the understanding of anybody who has not gone through a similar experience, and drove many in the end to the insane asylum.

I am not speaking about the fact that Germany lost the war, although Armistice Day in camp was certainly among the dreariest and gloomiest days I have ever seen. Nor am I speaking about the barbed-wire which surrounded us on all sides, and made us do idiotic things under its eternal irritation. What I refer to were the imbecilic, rigorous censorship on the one hand, and the unbearable uncertainty as to the duration of our detention on the other.

The P.O.W.'s were permitted to write but two two-page letters each month and one card a week, not containing more than two hundred words. To those of us who had families this, in itself, was a madden-

ing limitation. We were given official writing paper on which one could hardly write at all, as it was prepared to prevent the use of sympathetic ink and was practically blotting-paper. Every letter and every card was carefully read by the censors, and more often than not it came back for alterations. And those letters that weren't returned to us were often covered with splotches of black ink when they finally reached the addressees, or they were cut to pieces—usually, it appeared, for no reason in the world save that some casual reference was made to the camp or to the war, or because the censor had slept or eaten badly. Correspondence from the outside reached us all right, as a rule, but letters were frequently held up for weeks before they were handed to us,—something particularly painful in the first few weeks after a new prisoner arrived.

When the armistice came all of us expected to be released almost at once. Our psychology, in fact, was probably much the same as that of the wife of a friend of mine, a fellow-prisoner. On Armistice Day, when the New York papers carried the glaring headlines, "The War is Over," she bought an *Evening Telegram*, went down town to the gentleman in charge of the Port Bureau for Aliens and held the paper under his nose. "Well?" she demanded. "Well?" he replied. "The War is over—where is my husband?"

Nothing happened to us, however, for a long, long time. On New Year's Day, 1919, the bulletin-board on the executive office carried a sheet of paper whereon the commander of the camp transmitted to us his good wishes and expressed his hope that the next New Year would see us happily reunited with our families. We laughed and made fun of it, little realizing that January 1, 1920, would see many of us (among them myself) still secluded behind the barbed-wire fences, "for the duration of the war."

In June or July, 1919, arrangements were finally completed to repatriate the German sailors and those of us landsmen who were willing and eager to be repatriated. Two

thousand sailors and about 1600 civil internees thus found their way back to the Fatherland. At about the same time the Department of Justice also began paroling individual civilians. A dozen or two, another time three, and again one were called to the executive office, and informed that they could leave the camp, homeward bound. The condition made was usually that they had to report for six or eight weeks to the local United States marshal. One can imagine the anxiety everyone underwent; his turn might be next. The day after tomorrow he might be called upon to return to freedom.

It was at this period that my furious letter-writing to the Department of Justice started. For a long while I was more or less the official correspondent for all the remaining prisoners. We wrote to the Senators and Congressmen representing the sections of the country we came from. We wrote to all of them, collectively and individually. We wrote to judges, lawyers and hundreds of times to the Department of Justice. Never once did we receive an answer from a Congressman. The Swedish and Swiss Legations stopped answering our letters. The Department of Justice invariably replied that it regretted exceedingly not to be able to release us "in the immediate future." How we came to loathe that phrase!

I imagine it is easy to spend a year, or two, or even five in jail, once you know definitely it is going to last just that long and no longer. But with us it was different. Who knew but that it might take another year, or two, or two days, or weeks, or five months! It is impossible to convey the tremendous agony this uncertainty engendered. All the time the camp grew smaller and smaller. After the repatriates had left there was no more "university," little if any sport, no more theatre, no more camp publications and concerts, and movies only occasionally. Friends who had almost come to hate each other in the close, daily, inescapable contact and yet who had made life a little more bearable for each other at the

same time, were separated. Restlessness, hatred and ill-will born of the dreaded barbed-wire fever smouldered and flared up. There were more fights, more unrest, more beatings-up in the last six months than at any other time during the existence of the camp.

V

In August, 1919, a representative of the Department of Justice came to Fort Oglethorpe to examine a few selected cases. When I received word to appear before him, I expected, of course, to be paroled. I was ushered into the presence of a fairly young, fairly intelligent man who asked me to sit down. After establishing my identity, he asked me whether I knew a Doctor Scheele, a question I answered in the negative, as I had never heard of the man. Whereupon the agent informed me that the Department of Justice knew that I had manufactured gas-bombs with him.

"Were you ever on a ship that went down?" was his next question. Hopefully I said, "Yes." "Which one?" "The *Empress of Ireland*; I was on board in 1912 and she sank in the St. Lawrence in 1915." Indignantly, he shouted at me not to make fun of him; I knew damned well, he said, that I had been on an English ship which was sunk by a German submarine in the English Channel in 1916; I had been picked up by the submarine and brought back to America. After that he told me that I had planted bombs on English ships while they were in New York harbor; that I was part of the conspiracy by which the *New Hampshire*, with Lord Kitchener on board, was sunk, and that I was guilty of half a dozen other grave, terrible and equally idiotic crimes.

The refrain of each chapter was his assertion that the Department of Justice would be very glad if I repatriated myself. Invariably I countered with the assertion that I had come to the United States to stay, that I had taken out my first papers before the war, and that I intended to complete my naturalization as quickly as possible.

For almost three hours charge after charge was thus hurled at me, and again and again I was entreated to repatriate myself, *id est*, in Hell's name to go back to where I had originally come from. That was all I heard about my expected parole for the next six months.

Is it surprising that under these conditions dozens and dozens of men became mad and had to be transferred to St. Elizabeth's Asylum for the Insane in Washington? To be sure, many of those who went there were slightly off before they had been interned. But quite as many acquired their mania in Oglethorpe. The milder forms of eccentricity and aberration, such as the craze to grow weird beards and moustaches, the desire to spread false rumors, Ewers' prayer to his dead toad, Dr. K. O. Bertling's habit of constructing gallows to hang his wash on, and the impulse to hammer wherever there was a nail in sight—all these things were harmless. But the suicides were certainly grave enough.

At one time we had a garden, or rather a series of gardens, some of them beautiful and well-kept, with little huts belonging to individuals, wherein they could enjoy at least for a few minutes the semblance of privacy. But there came a rub. The goddam foreigners seemed to enjoy their gardens. And so, one day, the order came that they were to be destroyed. A day or two later soldiers appeared on the scene and burned them.

Another time it occurred to one of the officers to forbid us to make coffee—why, only he himself knew. There was great indignation, as even the poorest among us enjoyed that one delicacy. But the order was strictly enforced. When, one day, a soldier ordered a man to put out a little fire on which a pot was boiling, and the man refused to do so because it was neither his fire nor his pot, the soldier clubbed him. Count Montgelas, who saw the episode from a distance, and who protested, was put into the guard-house on bread and water for a week.

When I arrived in camp the prisoners were printing a weekly called *Die Bombe*, but it had no more literary or artistic merit than the *Bier-Zeitungen* German students publish for their *Kneipen*. After a few days I discovered that a wireless operator from one of the German steamers owned a small press, a toy of the sort children use to print calling cards, etc. Erich Francke, the operator, was delighted to coöperate. With him, Wilhelm Sperber, formerly the editor and printer of a small German weekly in the South, and Wilhelm Habich, a ships' printer, I fitted out a little hut between the two camps as a printing-shop. Hans Stengel was appointed art editor and soon we had got together the materials for the first issue of what we called the *Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel*. That first issue contained poems, short stories, essays and dramatic and musical criticism. Ernst Fritz Kuhn, banker and music enthusiast, was music editor. Other contributors were Hanns Heinz Ewers, Otto Schaefer, Willy Bezkoeka, Count Montgelas, Ernst Kunwald, and Professor Goldschmidt. We illustrated the magazine with wood-cuts and soon Francis X. Sauter, Captain Schlimbach, and Max von Recklinghausen joined our staff.

The first fifteen hundred copies of the *Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel* were sold out as soon as they were off the press. The proceeds, after deducting the expenses, were divided between the owner of the press, the printers, and the editor. Naturally, every word had to be submitted to the censor before publication. Finally, a harmless joke, told of a Department of Justice agent, caused the little magazine's suppression. Before the end came, however, I succeeded in putting over something on the censor. Ewers had written a poem on the theme of "Alles kommt von Deutschland wie von Weibe," a quotation from Johannes V. Jensen, the Scandinavian novelist. It was obvious that the poem would not be passed, particularly as the refrain recurred at the end of each stanza. So we substituted dashes for the first four words,

and called the poem "— — — — wie von Weibe." This was published with an inserted slip explaining what the four dashes stood for.

About a year later I received permission to reissue the *Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel*, but by then interest in it had waned. Only one more copy was published until New Year's, 1920, when I put out a limited edition of six typewritten copies which I never submitted to the censor at all. For some reason, we were forbidden to take the magazine out of the camp. Nevertheless, single copies were smuggled out and excerpts from the *Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel* were printed all over Germany and in some of the German-American papers at home as well.

I myself succeeded in taking three sets from camp when my hour of release finally struck. I carefully constructed a double bottom in my trunk and, despite the fact that the officer examining my baggage turned it upside down, the false bottom held, and the *Eulenspiegel* was safe. One set now reposes in a library in Germany. Another is owned by a collector in New York who paid fifty dollars for it. The third is still in my possession.

VI

The spirit which prompted us to cheat the censor brought about other incidents quite as amusing, if possibly less harmless.

When I arrived in Oglethorpe I found Hans Stengel sick in bed, and reported dying of tuberculosis. The hospital stood inside the main fence, and adjoining the inner railing surrounding Camp B. The cure practiced there for T. B. was simple, if not successful. All the patients were housed in tents and put on a diet of decidedly unpalatable rations. Stengel, a cantankerous fellow, was none too pleased with this treatment and we wondered what could be done about it. Since his sputum was examined almost daily, we concocted the scheme of providing the necessary healthy sputum in a little bottle and smug-

gling it to the patient through the barbed-wire. This worked beautifully. After two weeks of thorough examinations by the camp bacteriologist he reported that no more bacilli could be found, and so Stengel was declared cured, and returned to the camp proper, where he recuperated quickly enough. But when the influenza epidemic reached the camp, he was laid up again and everybody gave up hope of his recovery. He lost his voice and his temper, and we all—but more particularly his barrack-neighbors—breathed sighs of relief when word came that he was to be paroled to Colorado. A delegation of his friends escorted the dying man to the gate. None of us expected to see him again. But a few weeks later we had letters from him praising the beautiful waitresses of Colorado, and after a few months there he was sent to New York, a healthy and free man, while most of the rest of us were still behind the wire fences.

The weeks during the influenza epidemic were perhaps the most ghastly of them all; day and night ambulances rushed through the camp; day and night patient after patient was transported to the hospital. And time and again we received word that another friend had died. More than half the inmates became ill.

The most degenerating effect of our imprisonment was that it turned certain weak fellows into lickspittles, running after the sergeants and officers, looking for any job which would get them official favor. Sometimes these poor scoundrels turned informers and stool pigeons, known to us as *Speckschneider*, i.e., bacon-cutters. But justice was meted out to every one. In the middle of the night a half dozen strong men would steal into his barrack, pull the covers over his head, and give him an unmerciful beating. This secret organization of revenge was known as the Holy Ghost. Only a few of the camp inmates actually knew who were in it, and they kept their silence. Once, after a particularly severe night-raiding party, the commander of the camp kept the prisoners in

their barracks for days, hoping that he might thus induce someone to betray the Holy Ghost. But he waited in vain: the Holy Ghost was safe.

Another amusing chapter in the Oglethorpe story was afforded by the deportation of our dogs. We had any number of cats and dogs—stray animals which had drifted into the camp, attracted by the food and friendliness which greeted them. Soon they multiplied so rapidly that the authorities issued an order that they were all to be removed from the camp and shot. We were all heart-sick when the fateful day arrived. Every last animal was rounded up, loaded on a truck, and driven off into the woods. But once they were at a distance from the camps, the soldiers found that they did not have the heart to shoot the poor beasts. Instead, they drove another forty miles and set them all free. Great was our joy when, hardly twenty-four hours later, every single cat and dog had found its way back to camp! And since they had been officially massacred once, the commander could not very well sentence them to a second death. So they remained, to comfort and amuse us.

During the Summer of 1917 two prisoners after long and careful preparations, attempted an escape. Steinforth, the schoolmaster, and his friend had discovered that a little trench, in the immediate vicinity of the main gate, not more than a hundred feet from the guard-house, would permit a man to crawl underneath the outer fence into the open. The inner gate was always open. One night, shortly after twelve o'clock, the two men slipped through the fence surrounding Camp B, and slunk downhill to the gate. Then through the open inner gate of the main fence, the first man wormed his way, inch by inch, into the space between the two lines of barbed-wire surrounding the entire camp. Steinforth was a hundred feet behind.

It was a dark and silent night. The first man had slowly made his way up the rise and was just ready to take the last obstacle when, all of a sudden, a detachment of

soldiers jumped up. An officer with his men had been waiting at the very point outside the camp where the escape was to be engineered. He shouted "Hands up!" Both Steinforth, who was still well within the camp proper, and his friend, who was between the two barbed-wire fences, jumped to their feet and raised their hands above their heads. Then, at a distance of no more than four feet, the lieutenant pumped the contents of his sawed-off shotgun into the belly of the first man. With a groan he crumpled up. A few days later he died in the hospital. This cold-blooded killing was the more terrible since the man shot was still within the camp, had actually surrendered, and had no means of harming the officer or of escaping, once he had been hailed. Whoever had betrayed the plan was never found out.

Another time an old and somewhat demented man, whose name I forget, was standing in front of the guard-house outside the main prison gate. Hundreds of soldiers were within reach; a child could have held him. Somehow or other it entered the poor fool's mind to turn and walk away. He did not run, he just walked. But when a soldier hailed him, and he did not stop, he, too, was shot. But these two accidents could not stop a few other desperate characters from trying to escape by the simple expedient of crawling from Camp B across the space separating the inner compound from the double wire-fence. At various intervals it worked and two or three more of the prisoners thus got away.

And then there was Henckel—a man nobody knew much about. A quiet, soft-spoken man, who never drank and never smoked, and who addressed everyone as *Kamerad*. We had heard that he broke jail in Virginia, where he was originally arrested, and that he was re-captured and taken to Fort McPherson, where he and Captain Berg, the celebrated commander of the *Appam*, dug a tunnel and escaped with half a dozen others. Caught again, Henckel was brought to Fort Oglethorpe

for safe-keeping. Carefully surveying the lay of the land, he constructed a little iron apparatus which could be inserted between two parallel barbed-wires of the fence, and by the movement of a lever spread them sufficiently apart to permit a human body to slip through.

Thus Henckel escaped again, and with him three others. But luck was against him and a farmer who recognized him from a picture published in the local press shot him in the arm and caused his return to the camp. For weeks he walked around silently, speaking measuredly to his comrades whenever addressed. And then, one day, he called a soldier he encountered in the camp a dirty name, and was duly transferred to the guard-house—the very spot he wanted to get to.

You will remember that the guard-house stood outside the camp proper. It was just a wooden shanty, but it contained cells with the regulation iron-latticed doors and windows. Henckel was housed in a cell together with a number of soldiers put in for some minor offence. The very first night he sawed the bars of the window with a steel saw he had hidden in his watch case and made his escape again, taking with him two soldiers; a third one wanted to join the happy party but got stuck in the window and, after a half an hour had to yell for help, since he could neither get out nor haul himself back into the cell.

The camp commander offered a reward for Henckel's capture, and vowed before God and men that the fellow would not again escape if he was ever delivered into his hands. And Henckel was again captured. The colonel had a special cell in the guard-house prepared for him, with a concrete floor and an iron ring, unto which the evasive spy was chained during the night. For many days Henckel was kept in this cell day and night with a special guard in front of the door. Then he was permitted to return to the camp each day, and was led back to his cell and the chain at night. It seemed impossible that he could escape

from the camp in broad daylight—what with the watch-towers and the soldiers and everything.

Again a few weeks passed. And again Henckel spoke little and thought much, whittling a piece of wood, as was his habit. Then, one day, four people sat down in the high grass inside the dead-line—a barbed-wire painted white, and spread at a distance of about twelve feet parallel to the double wire-fence: thus far we were permitted to approach the fence, and no further. The four men selected a spot directly underneath one of the watch-towers and started to play pinochle. The soldier in the tower, bored stiff by the thankless task of guarding a bunch of tiresome aliens, could easily recognize the cards and fell to *kibitzing*. Then a fifth man sneaked up through the high grass, took the cards from one of the four, and one of them slunk like a snake towards the double fence, shielded, as it were, by the high grass. And another one came and repeated the performance. There were always four playing pinochle—this much was certain, and the soldier saw them and the cards plainly enough. But Henckel and three of his friends had again made their way to freedom.

In fact, Henckel was so daring that he returned into the camp after he was

already outside to fetch something he had forgotten. And this time they did not get him again; and thus probably the only real spy the United States had interned at Oglethorpe disappeared for good. Months later we received a card from one of those who had escaped with him. He was, we were informed, living peacefully in Buffalo, and nobody molested him.

VII

As the end of 1919 drew near attempts to escape came to an end. It seemed certain that we must soon be released. But another Christmas and another New Year passed. When, on January 10, 1920, I was called to the executive office, and informed that I should be paroled two days later, I scarcely believed the news. I had been there so long. . . . After two years I was on my way to New York.

The last interne, however, was not released until late in March, 1920, and then the soldiers rang the alarm bells over the gates, and Mr. Herz, a wizened old man, walked out of the camp in his cloth shoes—walked out under protest, because he had been arrested without apparent cause, had been held for almost three years without a hearing, and was now thrown out of the camp without any excuse!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

History

HISTORICAL SCIENCE AND THE WAR GUILT

BY CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

THE dispute over the responsibility for the late war is a product of chauvinism. It was born of demented nationality and nurtured on deceptive propaganda. When the German representatives were compelled to make acknowledgment of their guilt by signing the Treaty of Versailles on the dotted line, asininity triumphed. The victors were jubilant. Their enemies had eaten crow. The Germans, naturally enough, found no satisfaction in the feast. So the war was on again. Boobs of both sides were drawn up in spiritual array to fight over the moral issue. "You did" and "we didn't" were the deadly weapons hurled at each other. The boobs of the Entente Cordiale and of America soon grew weary of the disputation. They said: "The Germans have signed; the question is closed for all time; virtue has triumphed." But not so the enemy. The forced acknowledgment of their responsibility rankled. They sought a way of escape and found it. The industrious German researchers dug out the records. The truth was thus revealed to them: "Russia and France plotted; England willed the war; Germany was an injured innocent."

This war of words created a seductive Chinese puzzle for astigmatic historians. To their obscure vision, the war guilt appeared to be stalking with all the dignity of a scientific problem. By the issuance of numerous weighty volumes drawn from the German and Russian archives and the publication of the memoirs of participants, the university scholars were overwhelmed with source material. On all sides it was

declared that never before had so much information about a momentous contemporary event been made accessible. No necessity to wait for future ages to solve the puzzle! Sufficient evidence was now in hand for us to fix the guilt of the criminals.

Those inclined to favor the cause of the Central Powers were particularly active. Even some of those without partiality developed sympathy for the under-dog, for the information about the under-dog's side was much more plentiful. He was howling the louder. Our English brethren became alarmed. The Germans, by publishing their archives, were putting something over. The argument induced a Conservative ministry to make public the secret state papers. The sporting Britishers, always conscious of their innocence, must defeat the tricks of their former enemies by open competition. A signal triumph for "scientific" history! The chase of the war guilt must end in the death of the fox. Scientific minds will run down the sly problem started by the boobs. "You did" and "we didn't" are spurred and saddled.

This pseudo-scientific dispute is perhaps as useful to society as English fox-hunting, but of this I am uncertain. One thing I do know: we learned fellows are following the wrong scent. The boobs, in starting the chase, have drawn a red-herring across the trail. We must retrace our steps to discover those first principles which alone can furnish us the correct lead to the historical problems raised by the World War.

In the primer of our science I find often repeated a high-brow word. Few of us know its meaning. If we do, we seldom show it. This favorite word of the chroniclers of past scandals is objectivity. Its meaning should be clear to the initiated:

the unprejudiced and unbiased study of social dynamics. Our research should not be soiled by the slightest stain of subjective judgment. For obvious reasons the ideal is not and cannot be attained. The researcher is part and parcel of the phenomena he studies. But such is the ideal in its purity, nevertheless.

Now, what is the practice? Just the opposite of the ideal. Subjectivity permeates the so-called science of history. In the writings of the rank and file of historians personal judgments are as common as in those of the prophets of Israel. Like them, we have our God of Wrath and our Sinaian Commandments. All men are measured by our current preconceptions of what constitutes modern civilization, and praised or blamed as god-like heroes or devil-like villains. History is a continuous struggle of angels of light against agents of darkness, of which we are the Miltonian reporters. We do not always agree on which are the saved and which the damned. But what care we? Confident in our own objectivity, we hurl our lightning-bolts. Most of our victims being long since dead, there is no fear of being hauled before a law court.

This subjective view of men who have influenced movements in society is altogether unscientific. It resembles the naïve judgments of the fisherman. The cod is a glorious creation because its flesh is food for man. On the other hand, the shark is a damnable creature because man's flesh is food for it. Compare the opinions of historians about George Washington and Benedict Arnold: they illustrate this cod-shark formula. Then think of the truly scientific attitude of mind of the biologist studying either the cod or the shark. No question of morals, of whether either eats or is eaten, affects his conclusions. His only interest lies in the problem of how either reached its present state, or how it now maintains its life. That is practical scientific objectivity. The historians should learn the lesson.

The true scientific point of view in the

interpretation of social affairs is not popular. Once upon a time I expounded my belief before a so-called philosophical society in an inland university. A chemist of national prominence who was present demanded indignantly if I meant that the historian should treat in the same dispassionate manner the careers of the Kaiser and Woodrow Wilson. The World War was then on. Upon receiving an affirmative answer, his pent-up scorn broke forth: "Then the science of history is rotten and should not be taught to the young men and women of our university." The discussion was ended. I am willing to make a much more provocative statement now than I dared to do at the meeting of those philosophically minded gentlemen. At the time I was not seeking a cheap *pension* in Fort Leavenworth.

The historian's problem of the causes of the World War does not include moral judgments on men, measures, or events. Wars are common historical phenomena. They are emanations of our civilization as much as our cities. We study, therefore, their origins, development, and end. The World War must come under our observation. We can't very well escape it. But our duty as historians does not lay upon us the discovery of answers to the following questions: Was the war a good or an evil event in the development of humanity? Or is the world better off because the English and the French with their allies won? Both questions may belong in the field of research which the sociologists are trying to cultivate. If so, let them chase their own will o' the wisp! But mental astigmatism is congenital in historians, and apparently impossible to eradicate. There is not a researcher into the causes of the World War who has not, subconsciously at least, written under the illusion that he knew the correct reply to both questions. Fishermen of cods or victims of sharks!

Here is another angle from which to view the war guilt. Most of us older historians are philosophical determinists in theory, although you would scarcely at-

tribute to us so high a claim to an intelligent point of view after reading our books. Still, we grew up in the period when the evolutionary theory was supposed to be the last word in scientific synthesis. Eager to be in fashion, we adopted the pose. We learned to babble the words of von Ranke, and we prided ourselves on telling the story *wie es eigentlich geschehen*. We assumed that the past had determined the present and the future must be what must be. The younger generation of historians are attempting to free themselves from our more or less mechanical conceptions by divorcing human civilization from the material world. They assert that the laws of change in the one are not comparable to those of the other. The theory of the *élan vital* seems to offer some relief from the doctrine of determinism, and the psychological view of society, being developed, lays emphasis on what we choose to call spiritual forces.

I cannot believe, however, that there is any escape from a deterministic view of evolving society, provided there is to exist a science of history. Introduce a broken link in the succession of causes, and there is nothing left except a point of view. For another reason, namely the complexity of our problem, I suspect that this conclusion is correct. The historian's objective is a mirage. But we historians are not yet prepared to give our case away. We still cling to our seats in the last court of appeal. So even the new school assumes a profound knowledge of motives and discovers them to be the inevitable resultants of the germ-plasm and environal influences. The circle is complete. What happened must have happened because the forces, individual and social, were bound to make it happen.

When we acknowledge the power of "must" in society, we encounter insurmountable obstacles to talking of morals. Personal responsibility ceases to be an issue for discussion.

So we have reached the very heart of the historical problem created by the

World War. Was there any group of men in one or several countries personally responsible for it? Or was the concatenation of forces in the universe as a whole—this includes the sun-spots—in the fateful July of 1914 so focussed that war was inevitable? If you prefer to give an affirmative answer to the first question, you may enjoy the pleasure of throwing rotten eggs at the Kaiser, or the Czar, or Poincaré, as suits your particular prejudices; but you won't be writing history. If you choose to affix your affirmative to the second, your pleasures of vituperation will be curtailed, but you will have salvaged the science of history. This is certain: You can't have it both ways, as historians seem to misapprehend.

To define the true problem of the causes of the World War, without reference to the war guilt, is not difficult. But to solve it is impossible. Each of the countries involved had experienced a long past in which a national life, in all its economic and social ramifications, had been fixed. Also, the international relations of the various nations had been evolving for generations. The racial traits of all the countries, as they had been developed through the ages, their economic needs and satisfactions, their nationalistic tendencies, their imperialistic interests, their envies and their contentments, all these and hundreds of other forces, spiritual and material, were centered on those critical days which historians have been so minutely studying as if within them could be discovered the causes of the momentous event. In those days it was not the living but the all-powerful generations of the dead who acted. The leaders and the generation which so blindly followed them were mere pawns in the hands of the social-psychic environment evolved by the past. The consequent war was a manifestation of human society in action. There was no more guilt involved than in any other manifestation of the same civilization: a chautauqua, a session of the British Parliament, or a prayer-meeting.

Folk-Lore

THE WOLF-PACK

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

EVERYBODY knows that wolves run in packs. One of the standard definitions of the word pack is: "A large number of wolves banded together for the purpose of hunting their prey."

That used to be an undisputed statement of the case. But now there is an argument about whether any wolf-pack ever really existed, with the scientists nearly all on one side, the general public nearly all on the other, and the sportsmen divided about half and half.

On the affirmative side we have the undoubted fact that "everybody knows," especially in Russia, that wolves do run in packs. If you want to refresh your mind as to what Russian wolf-packs are believed to be like, you can do so easily and pleasantly by turning to Willa Cather's "My Antonia," page 63. The people Miss Cather is going to feed to her wolves are the very diet to which Russian wolves are most accustomed—a wedding party. There are six sleighs drawn by three horses each and carrying from six to twelve passengers. There is starlight on the snow and the road is through a forest. The first distant wolf howl does not drown the tinkle of the sleigh-bells or the laughter of the wedding guests. But the rallying cry is answered from many sides, the leaders of the pack draw nearer, and fear grips every heart. The bride sobs on the groom's bosom and the drivers lash their horses to breakneck speed. The rear sleigh upsets, the passengers sprawl out over the snow and the wolves are on top of them in a moment. The screams of horses being eaten alive are more dreadful than the shrieks of people whose entrails are being torn out. The cries of terror from the remaining sleighs are as loud as the cries of pain from the dying. The wolves are silent now—they have other work to do.

And so the story goes on for sleigh after

sleigh in Miss Cather's story, and in all the typical stories, until only the bridal sleigh is left. About forty or fifty people have now been eaten, and fifteen horses, but the wolves are still hungry and going strong. There are hundreds of them, you see, and wolves have proverbially good appetites. Nothing will save the last sleigh but throwing the bride to the wolves. This Miss Cather accordingly does, and so do half the other authors of tales. But it seldom happens that quite everybody is eaten. Somebody has to be saved, to give the narrator a chance to portray the survivor's life of shame and remorse through many effective pages that lead to a distant and friendless grave.

Such tales as Miss Cather's we usually consider to be "true in spirit" only, since they occur in novels, but we take them for sober fact when we see them in books of travel or in newspapers. The press stories excel the books in verisimilitude, for they tell us what is said to have happened yesterday or last week. They give the names of places that are on every map, they frequently mention the widow and orphaned children, they sometimes tell that the funeral of the fragments left by the wolves was conducted by the local chapter of Masons. There is every detail to prove that what you see in the *Sun* (or the *Bee* or the *American*) is really so.

If you look in the invaluable semi-annual index to the news published by the *New York Times*, you will discover scores of authentic-looking wolf-pack stories. I have the space to reproduce here only a sample:

WOLVES DEVOUR 3 MEN IN
NORTHERN ONTARIO*An Elderly White Trapper and Two Indians Fall
Victims to a Horde of Hungry Beasts*

Port Arthur, Ont., Dec. 27—A great roving band of hungry timber wolves has devoured three men . . . Last Saturday an elderly trapper left his cabin in the woods seventy miles north of Ignace to mush down to the settlement for his Christmas mail. . . . There was no mail, however, and the old man said he would come back Christmas

morning. At noon he had not arrived. The postmaster sent two Indians to follow the trail. . . .

About two miles from the settlement the Indians found a spot pounded down in the snow. There was blood. Bits of dog harness torn to shreds were scattered about. In the midst of them the Indians found human bones. They hastened back to report their discovery. The lure of the bounty on wolves, however, urged the Indians to take the trail again, with extra ammunition. They sped behind the dog team into the woods as the villagers waved good-bye. They did not return.

Yesterday a new searching party departed. They found another patch trodden in the snow, with much more blood, about two miles from the first. The two guns the Indians had carried were lying in the crimsoned snow. Scattered about were bones, bits of clothing and empty shells.

The carcasses of sixteen dead wolves—some half eaten—lay stretched in a circle about the remains of the two Indian hunters.

I quote from the *Times* of December 28, 1922. The story, from what is justly considered one of the world's greatest and most reliable newspapers, gives proof of the cunning no less than of the ferocity of the American wolf. Judging from the evidence, the pack must still have been hungry when they got through eating the trapper (perhaps he was small and skinny), so they laid in wait to finish their meal on the search party, which they evidently knew was coming. Then, still hungry, and fearing the size and prowess of the second search party, they reluctantly ate a few of each other for dessert before retreating into the shadows of the forest. That was discretion and admirable generalship. They fought when there was a chance to win, and then withdrew before superior numbers.

There are plenty of such wolf stories in the papers, and now and then others even more impressive. Six months ago, for instance, packs of wolves held Italy under a reign of terror in the pages of the *New York Sun*; a bit later villages in Siberia were barricaded against wolves in the *New York Times*. Two million cattle and many people were killed. Thus stands the evidence for the affirmative—wolves *do* run in packs. They devour wedding parties in Russia and they eat trappers and Indians in Canada. They terrorize Italy and lay siege

to towns in Siberia—in the papers, at least.

But there are skeptics who do not believe all they see in the papers or read in books of travel. These iconoclasts tell you that every story of a wolf-pack that you ever read or heard is fib, fiction, or folklore, and that there never has been a pack of wolves in Russia, America, or anywhere except in people's imagination. That seems a hard position to defend, but they go at it valiantly. Their defense lies in both logic and fact. They ask you to consider, for instance, the caribou-hunting wolf.

Their argument begins with the generally accepted fact that there are more than ten million wild caribou in Northern Alaska, Northern Canada, Northern Siberia and the Arctic islands. From these at least two million caribou are born every year; two million must, therefore, die, or the numbers would increase. Certainly less than 10% of these are killed by human hunters. None die of old age and very few of accident or disease, for if a caribou is old or sick it moves slowly and is soon devoured. This means that wolves kill every year a good deal more than a million and a half caribou.

In Summer, when their puppies are being brought up, the northern wolves live largely on eggs, fledgling or moulting birds, and rodents. But in Winter the birds have flown south, the rodents are safe asleep in their frozen burrows, and almost the only thing a wolf can find to eat is caribou. I know how wolves kill caribou, and I can offer some personal testimony on wolves in general, for I was born on Lake Winnipeg in a great wolf country; I was brought up among wolves and coyotes in Dakota before it became "civilized" and was split up into North and South Dakota; I lived for some eleven years in the Arctic, supporting myself most of the time by hunting. I have shot wolves with a rifle and have seen hundreds of them either trotting quietly along or loping steadily in pursuit of caribou. I have seen the tracks of thousands following game, and have found traces of hundreds of tragedies

where they had killed some bird or beast. I have asked dozens of Arctic Indians (Slaveys, Dogribs, Loucheux) and hundreds of Eskimos about how the wolf hunts, and there has been no divergence between what they have told me and what I have seen.

A wolf cannot run nearly as fast as a caribou, and he must, therefore, secure it by tiring it out. That is the essence of all I have seen and all I have been told. It means that, before it is killed, each caribou has to be pursued by the wolves from several hours to several days—nobody knows exactly how long. All hunters agree that (except for newborn calves) the youngest caribou are the swiftest and staunchest runners. The ones killed by wolves are therefore chiefly the old bulls and old cows. A cow may weigh two or three hundred pounds, and a bull three or four hundred, live-weight. Nearly half of that is waste. The wolves are, then, pursuing anything from 100 to 200 pounds of food. For, no matter how large the caribou herd may be when the pursuit begins, they eventually scatter, and the pack, if there is a pack, finds itself following the single slowest animal.

Suppose, now, there are 200 or 300 wolves, as in Miss Cather's heartrending story. She provided hers with six sleigh loads of Russians, six to twelve in a sleigh, and three presumably fat horses hitched to each. That would make a square meal for even 300 wolves. But not so if the 300 followed a single 300-pound caribou for three days, or even one day. They would be so hungry that there would be nothing for it but to resort to another well-known habit of the fiction wolf and use their whetted appetites on each other—eating, let us say, a dozen to correspond to the soup course, a dozen for the fish, and two dozen for the roast, with at least another dozen of the youngest and tenderest for dessert. But the continued practice of dining on each other like that would soon reduce a wolf-pack below fiction and movie standards. In fact, you might as well do

without a pack altogether; for it is scarcely worth the bother to build one up laboriously to the required size, just to have it disappear again in a few weeks by the members of the troupe swallowing one another.

Those who are trying to prove that the wolf-pack really exists will perhaps admit that the abstract logic of pack hunting seems a little faulty, but will insist, and quite rightly, that logic does not amount to a hill of beans when contradicted by facts. The pack stories, they will tell us, are simple truth. Newspapers may exaggerate, but the better ones never invent. Besides, nearly everybody has an uncle or an aunt who had a grandmother or grandfather that was eaten or nearly eaten by a pack of wolves.

That brings us to the evidence—are the wolf-pack stories true? To save time, we shall take at once the testimony of a group of scientists and practical hunters who ought to know because they make the study of wolves their profession—studying also the testimony of everyone they ever heard of who claimed to have seen a pack of wolves. They are Americans, too, and within your reach, so you can write post-cards to them tomorrow and see what they really think. Don't be diffident about asking. You are probably a taxpayer. In that case, they are your servants, for they work for the government that taxes you.

The branch of the government that studies wolves as a part of its business is the Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington, and the head of it is Dr. E. W. Nelson, a lifetime student of wild animals. He was four years among Arctic wolves in Alaska (1877-81) and has himself studied wolves in Mexico and all over the United States. Furthermore, he has under him other men who have studied wolves, among them Edward A. Preble, who has spent much time in the sub-Arctic and Arctic forests and prairies of Canada. But more significant still, there is under Dr. Nelson's direction the wolf-killing service

of the United States Government. This is a body of men who hold themselves in readiness to respond to telegraphic appeals from stockmen, usually in the West, who find their animals being destroyed by wolves. They come and exterminate the wolves "scientifically," and the flocks and herds are safe again.

In gathering material for a book I am writing about wolves, I consulted Dr. Nelson. We agreed, first, that the accepted meaning of the word pack, when applied to wolves is *a large number of wolves that have come together to help each other in hunting*. In other words, one mother with her puppies would not constitute a pack. Dr. Nelson felt so positive about the nature of wolves in North America, from Mexico to the Arctic, that he thought I would be safe in denying flatly in my book that any wolf-pack ever existed on our continent. But, just to make sure that no different opinion was held among people of authority corresponding to his own, we formulated a letter which he addressed to certain scientific students of wolves, and to all his wolf-killers.

As to how many wolves had been seen together, the various replies naturally gave different answers, for experiences varied somewhat. But they ranged only from two to five. They were unanimous in reporting that if several wolves were seen together then these were always the mother with her puppies, or conceivably the father and mother with their puppies, and never a pack in any usual sense of that word.

Then what about the story of the wolves that killed the elderly trapper and the two Indians on the front page of the *Times*? Surely that was no family of puppies—sixteen dead wolves, killed by the Indians; a few, presumably, killed by the old trapper, and enough left over to eat up one white man, two Indians and part of six-

teen dead wolves. To make the inquiry into the truth of the story official and more authoritative than if I were doing it myself, I suggested to Dr. Nelson that he write to Ignace, Ontario. For checking up, I wrote also to Mr. J. B. Harkin, Commissioner of National Parks, Ottawa, who was at that time (1922) in charge of the administration of the game laws of Canada, and therefore in a position to set in motion official machinery to find out about this wolf story. Thus I received the same replies from two directions, one through Dr. Nelson and the other through Mr. Harkin. They were, in substance, that no such man as the old trapper ever existed and that no white man had been killed by wolves. No such Indians as described existed there and none had been killed by wolves, whether in packs or otherwise, either in the vicinity of Ignace, or anywhere in the world, as far as anyone living in the vicinity of Ignace knew.

Hundreds of other tales about wolf-packs, published in newspapers or books, have been traced by the United States Biological Survey and by various students, including myself. In no case was evidence found to support them. Just try it yourself on the next American despatch you read. In spite of all the pretended details—the sorrowing family, the Masonic funeral—it will be reasonable odds to bet dollars to doughnuts that the story will turn out pure fiction, or at best will rest on testimony no court of law would accept as proof. In brief, the case seems to be definitely settled against the wolf-pack in North America. But there still remains Russia. Well, why not let Russia remain? No one seems to have checked wolf-pack stories in Russia for everyone is so sure they are true. And perhaps they are. Besides, it is a distant country, and the fancy must somewhere have play.

WIND MACHINE

BY DUFF GILFOND

IT is just ten years since the Hon. Thomas Lindsay Blanton, A.B., 32°, the patriotic and garrulous Representative of the celebrated Jumbo district of Texas, waved his three-gallon hat to a band of cheering cowboys, and marched upon Washington. Since then, serving heroically in the halls of Congress, where Webster suffered and Calhoun withered and pined away, he has fought his great fight against the enemies of the Republic. No other Congressman since the Augustan Age has fought more valiantly, or against larger hordes of foes. He has fallen upon the anarchistic labor unions, he has fallen upon the anarchistic and infamous wets, and he has fallen upon the anarchistic, infamous and hellish vendors of legislative pork. In all these years, not a dollar has been expended without his scrutiny, and his alertness has saved the nation, at a modest estimate, at least \$100,000,000,000,000. Meanwhile, he has also reformed his colleagues. To the naked eye they may seem as vile as ever, but experts will tell you that they no longer flood their constituents with garden seed at the public expense, and no longer get their whiskey flasks from the House stationery-room. Such are some of the results of Mr. Blanton's self-sacrificing devotion to the commonweal.

Naturally enough, the other Congressmen have done nothing to celebrate his anniversary. John Hus was not popular in Prague, and there was no cheering for Savonarola in Florence. Mr. Blanton's enemies, despairing of stopping him in any other way, now attempt idiotically to prove that he has actually wasted more

public money than he has saved. The wet and immoral Baltimore *Sunpaper*, for example, recently calculated that his last Extension of Remarks in the *Congressional Record* stretched over eighty-seven pages and into \$4,350, the cost of the *Record* being \$50 a page. This long and unspoken speech, recounting his fine work in ousting a faithless District Commissioner, was denounced by the *Sunpaper* because the testimony in it had already been printed. But that was merely wet propaganda. Nobody with a taste for literary delicatessen has made any objection, for the hon. gentleman's version, transcending the bald record, transformed the case into a fascinating first person story with such alluring heads as "I defy the whole gang," "But I did not quit," and "Still I did not quit." The original was a witless legal document; the Blanton redaction was first-page stuff—and up to the highest mark of the tabloids.

What matter if many of Mr. Blanton's writhing colleagues rush from the chamber when he gets on his legs? The gallery revels in him. Leaning forward in his seat in the second row, his fingers twitching nervously and his daring blue eyes peering for an unexpected swoop on the Treasury, he is at once distinguishable from his sprawling and ambling brethren on the rear benches and in the aisles. These conscienceless fellows can saunter in and out of the cloak-room, whiling away the lazy afternoons in idle chat with their comrades. But, as Mr. Blanton once wrote to the Texas newspapers, "Someone must watch; someone must obstruct; someone must force

economy." Broad-shouldered and unmindful of criticism, even of threats of death or mutilation, he has nobly undertaken that task. Sensing a raid, he leaps to his feet, throws back his head, and in thunderous periods arouses the gallery from the coma produced by the soporific drone of his colleagues.

Sometimes, to be sure, his zeal induces him to tackle a bill with which he is not fully acquainted or to wrest the floor from a colleague without employing the traditional politeness of a Southern gentleman, but the gallery, knowing the man, always forgives him. It marvels at his mighty he-voice, sustained by mint-drops and raucous from its constant defense of the Republic, rises up above the confusion. It is caught by his gleaming eyes, his football hero's chin, and his celebrated excalibur, a rolled newspaper. It is thrilled as he dramatically demands that those colleagues who are not afraid to fight with him against pork barrels, labor unions and beer trusts shall stand up.

Unaccustomed to such eloquence, some of the other members of the House sometimes laugh outright, and slap their hams. But, as he has repeatedly told them, he is there to serve his people and not to curry favor with Congressmen. The good, wise Christian people of the Texan Republic stand by him. They have, in his own words, vindicated his record. And from all other parts of the country, wherever patriotism still lives, come congratulatory letters which he reads into the *Record* whenever he is disparaged. Surely the compliments of such eminent scholars as Professor William Starr Myers, Ph.D., of Princeton University and the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and the support of the great manufacturers of the country are adequate compensation and balm for the aspersions of envious colleagues.

Mr. Blanton never bears them malice. He is too good a Christian for that. Although he upbraids them when they deserve it, and writes to the Texas newspapers about them when their depravity becomes

overpowering, he is ever ready to careen them with his rolled newspaper or give them paternal advice. The following is a specimen, given after certain menacing government clerks had threatened that Congressmen who refused their demand for a raise in wages would hear from them in the next election:

I want to tell you whom else you are going to hear from beside the organized clerks of this country and the organized unions of this country when election time comes; you are going to hear from the people of the country. They are going to ask you how you stood on some of these many economy and good-government questions that Blanton has proposed here. They are going to pin you down as to whether or not you have stood for these things that Blanton has proposed here in behalf of the people, or whether you have voted for these threats and demands.

I am getting many letters from your districts now asking me how you stand and whether you are safe to be returned here. Of course, I answer them to the effect that you are my colleagues and that I like you, and that they will have to get your record from your votes. I am not giving you fellows away, but the *people* of this country are going to examine your records, as well as the organized government clerks and the unions of this country.

II

In his office Mr. Blanton is as different from his colleagues as he is on the floor of the House. It is all very well for ordinary Representatives to keep their doors open or to display "Come In" signs for an idle and pestering public. A man with Mr. Blanton's herculean burden on his neck must be excused if he finds it necessary to keep himself under lock and key. Sometimes a knock will bring him, in shirtsleeves and suspenders, to the threshold, where, from an inhospitable opening, he informs the visitor that his constituents need all his time, and come first in his regard. The other day I heard a flaming college youth rant at his apparent gruffness. This youth, in quest of the hon. gentleman's recent attack on indecent literature, possibly for an insignificant college debate, came to him after many hours of futile search elsewhere, in the hope of obtaining a clue. He was astounded when

Mr. Blanton asked him how many hours he had slept the night before. What! So many? He (Blanton) had slept far fewer. So he slammed the door and the foolish lad was incensed. It is a pity that the public does not know how busy a conscientious Congressman, especially when there are so few, needs must be.

There is no wasteful levity in that office, no vain repartee between a far-from-home statesman and a pretty secretary. Typewriters click constantly, reeling out the true facts about Washington (not as the corrupt correspondents give them) for the Texas editors, and speeches for the appendix of the *Record* and the folks back home. The office adjoins the elevator, so that its illustrious occupant will not be delayed in his rushes to the floor. Other Representatives, less laborious, stroll about the corridors of the gloomy building, hobnobbing with the bootleggers and each other, but Mr. Blanton is working even while he waits impatiently for the elevator or the congressional subway. Other Representatives lunch in the House restaurant at voluptuous length and, according to Mr. Blanton, at great expense to the government, but he allots himself only a few minutes in a neighboring cafeteria, where even a handsome lady cashier cannot engage him.

When the public welfare demands it, lunch and, frequently, dinner are omitted altogether. But Mrs. Blanton, in the little house up the hill in Irving street, does not worry, for even the most slanderous newspapers and his maligning colleagues attest to the connubial purity of this eminent Texan. His devotion to his family is such that when he sent his son to Princeton he wrote to the president of the university for assurance that the curriculum contained no vile and atheistic isms. Insensible to this fidelity to Christian principles, a hostile organ for Federal employes, whose raids upon the Treasury Mr. Blanton was currently denouncing, revengefully alleged that he kept all his sons on the government payroll.

He has sacrificed more than occasional meals and the timbre of his voice for his country. At college he was a tennis champion and a member of the literary society. But such hobbies are not for men with missions. Today he has no time to play anything or to read aught save the newspapers, which, in their present state of corruption, afford him little satisfaction. While more carefree Congressmen junket to Panama on their vacations he sweats in Washington, scouring the government bureaux for evidences of waste. Many of his Sundays are dedicated to the people, with only the morning Presbyterian services for his soul. Providence has been appreciative of his ardor for righteousness. It saved him, he told a gaping House, when his automobile was mysteriously pierced by a bullet from "ten thousand of the brotherhood who had me marked for suffering." The Baptist and Methodist ministers and periodicals of Texas have always endorsed him. In gratitude he has sprinkled the *Record* with their pious letters, damning the wets to Hell.

Resentful of his righteous distrust of them, the sensational press boys of Washington, all of them in the pay of the Whiskey Trust and the American Federation of Labor, delight in crying him down. They would have the virgin lips, untouched by liquor, and frequently calling upon God in the House chamber, uttering His name in vain. When Mr. Blanton's automobile was recently found in a "no parking" area, they accused him of swearing at the official who remonstrated. Of course they would. The tale that profanity had issued from the lips of the decrifier of obscene literature was too good for them to let pass. But Mr. Blanton promptly nailed the lie, and was flooded with felicitations from Texas. Again, during the proceedings against former Commissioner Fenning, the correspondents covered up their professional incapacity to get the real news by filling column after column with the story of an epithet he flung at the defendant's exasperating attorney. Here, alas, they had him, but in their hypocritical concern for

the conventionally gasping ladies in the audience they completely disregarded the state of overwork responsible for the slip. The hon. gentleman made good, however. He told the ladies how exhausting and enervating the purification of their city had been, and to the pressmen's chagrin, they only loved him the more.

One may scan the newspapers for references to Mr. Blanton's solid work in defense of the Treasury for a whole year and, excluding the faithful *Abilene Daily Reporter*, his home town paper, they will not yield enough clippings to line the smallest garbage pail. Yet he is always in the headlines. To the boys of the Press Gallery his fights and other extra-curricular activities are of more importance than his legislating. A year or two ago, while he was chiding Representative Madden for wanting to attend a congressional reception at the White House, Congressman Zihlman, the bogus dry from the Maryland Free State, maliciously blurted out that he had seen Mr. Blanton in a dress-suit the night before. At once Mr. Blanton, who likes his clothes big and has a proper Texas loathing for dress-suits, asked Mr. Zihlman to expunge the lie from the *Record*. Mr. Zihlman accommodatingly did so, but the press boys bubbled over with it. Soon this dress-suit became as famous as Joseph's coat. One Washington newspaper even drew a picture of Mr. Blanton in a silk hat. All this nonsense, of course, was planned merely to dupe the hon. gentleman's good friends, the buckskin-breeched cowboys of Texas, into the belief that their hero was mixing in the rapid and immoral society he had always condemned. Finally, a patriotic columnist came to the rescue. He told the cowboys not to be disillusioned about their idol, that he was verily a striking figure in evening array. Reading this in the *Record*, the shaken cattlemen were happily reassured.

There is, indeed, no ground for any intimation that the soft life of Washington has paled Mr. Blanton's blood. He is as ready

to defend his good name and that of his constituents as he was a decade ago, when he and Representative Wilson of Texas were unlocked from an unbrotherly embrace. The prejudiced newspapers often imply that his tendency is to attack frailer men. They did this in their accounts of his recent grapple with the Hon. Sol Bloom, 32°, of New York, emphasizing Mr. Bloom's pince-nez and his white vest. But it was unfair, for in the numerous challenges of his congressional career Mr. Blanton has always shown a concern for duty and honor, not for might. His attitude is portrayed in the conclusion of a letter to the Texas editors after the fracas with the Hon. Mr. Bloom:

I don't like fights. I never engage in one unless it is forced on me. But when it is necessary to fight to perform one's duty, I don't run. If one didn't fight here once in a while, he wouldn't do very much.

III

Do what they will, the intriguing newspapers cannot foil this heroic Texan. Since they insist on withholding all reference to his work when it is in behalf of the public, he furnishes the facts himself, and at any cost. He does not scruple to serve himself in a modest cafeteria so that he can pay to have his speeches reprinted for distribution. The *Baltimore Sunpaper*, in calculating the cost of his speechifying to the government, characteristically omitted mention of his own expenses. For disseminating that astounding prophecy entitled "Whither Are We Drifting?" he paid the Public Printer \$670.07; for the remarkable revelation called "Let the People Know" he paid \$452.98. "I deem the information worth the money," he said in emphatic print, below the captions. Lax and dubious Congressmen keep their constituents ignorant of events in Washington, but Blanton's are thoroughly informed. In "Effort Pays After All," which appeared as an Extension of Remarks in the *Record* and in the *Dallas News* at advertising rates (a newspaper too prejudiced to print it as news!) he wrote:

No one will swear that any other member has been more constantly on the floor than I have, making a vigorous, continuous, uncompromising fight against waste, extravagance, inefficiency, graft, anarchy, and class domination of government. Not merely to answer roll-calls, but during all business, for one can respond when the bell rings and answer all roll-calls and yet be absent from the floor most of the time. The pleasures of the cloak-room are enticing, but I have had to forego that entertainment.

I have not been a mere salary drawer or a bell-hop or a rubber stamp. I have never claimed that I was any smarter or more honorable or had deeper at heart the public welfare than my colleagues, but I have worked when they were asleep, have not followed the path of least resistance, and have dared to do things they have never dreamed of doing. I came here to serve constituents and not Congressmen. My people come first.

The people's Congressman was born in Houston fifty-four years ago of a family distinguished for its heroic services to the Republic. He is very proud of his lineage and at the outbreak of the World War, in offering his sword to his country in a letter to President Wilson, he wrote: "My father enlisted as a Confederate soldier at the age of sixteen. My great-grandfather, William Walker, of Cumberland county, Virginia, had the privilege of fighting for his country in the Revolution. My mother's uncle, James Monroe Hill, was a veteran of San Jacinto." These notables are also mentioned in his very complete autobiography in the Congressional Directory. It is, indeed, the longest in the book. In it we learn, too, that his parents were Thomas Lindsay and Eugenia Webb Blanton; that his sister is Miss Annie Webb Blanton, the first woman to hold a State office in Texas; and that his wife was Miss May Louise Matthews, "granddaughter of (Uncle) Joe B. Matthews and Watkins Reynolds, two pioneer frontiersmen of West Texas." Finally, that his children are Thomas Lindsay, Jr., John Matthews, Anne Louise, Joseph Edwin and William Watkins.

The Thomas Lindsay who is now so eminent was a poor boy. At ten, like Abraham Lincoln, he was helping to support his brothers and sisters by working on a farm; at eighteen he started to work his way through an Austin grocery and the celebrated University of Texas, the Sor-

bonne of the cow country. His adversaries are slanderous when they accuse him of a deep-seated hostility to labor. A self-made man, he is sympathetic to labor and only asks of it that it work as he did, and at the same rates. In 1897 he graduated from the law school of the university; in 1908 the cattlemen of the wilds recognized his juristic talent and elected him judge of the Forty-Second Judicial District. He became very popular. Lawyers who tried cases in his court say he browbeat them, but there is nothing the red-blooded he-men of Texas enjoy more than a squelched lawyer. Thus Mr. Blanton once discussed the matter in the long-suffering *Record*: "I enforced the law, expedited business to keep the dockets clear, treated everybody alike, forced the rich as well as the poor to serve on juries, entered fines against rich witnesses and jurors who did not appear promptly, and forced their attendance by bench warrant." Moreover, as an elder in the Presbyterian Church and as a Sunday-school teacher, he was a moral influence on his people. In 1917 they rewarded him with his first election to the halls of Congress.

The repeated manifestation of his constituents' devotion to him has always been an unfathomable mystery to his critics. What the people see in their Congressmen, indeed, is no easier to explain than what your best friend sees in his best girl. Love and politics are equally baffling. (Proverbs xxx, 19). Yet the statesman from Texas should present no problem. As a campaigner he tears picturesquely across his spacious, sparsely settled district in a modest Ford, visiting the voters in their remote kraals and calling them by their first names. From Washington he writes them long, encouraging letters, beginning: "I have just finished a two-hour conference with Director-General — and his bunch of attorneys." He is always delighted to return to them. "If you had lived among cold-blooded people as much as I have," he once told them, "you would appreciate getting back to a place where the milk of life really is enjoyed." He appears daily in

the *Record*—he is usually the first man to be heard from in the morning—and they are proud to have a leader in Congress, where great men swarm. He shows up fearlessly the crimes of his colleagues. His suitcase, when he goes home, frequently contains a useful souvenir from the Capital City. One such was a photograph of the House in action, with only seventeen members present, to make the laws of the nation—and Mr. Blanton to the fore among them.

IV

Despite his present eminence, his début in Washington was not a triumph. Some of the Congressmen were lying in wait for him. They had heard about his campaign speeches, in which he had promised to make them convene at nine instead of at noon, and had criticized them for their extravagant use of 38,000,000 envelopes a year at the expense of the government, and their abuse of the *Record*. "I denounce the pernicious practice in Congress," he had said, "of permitting Congressmen to print at the government's expense long speeches, upon no issue whatever, and never delivered, for the express purpose of mailing same to their constituents. Congressmen are now flooding the mails with Extension of Remarks speeches, which are clearly campaign addresses, sent out for campaign purposes, and annually cost our government an enormous sum."

The older members were convinced, however, that with a little more discipline than was ordinarily used on initiates, he would be subdued. They did not know Tom Blanton. Once he got to Washington he acquainted himself further with the iniquities of his brethren and suffered a vast increase in his heat to reform them. Of course, he could not persuade them to meet before noon, but he did his best to confine them to the chamber, once they came there. Periodically he would look about him, note the empty seats and make a point of no quorum. As a result the roll

was called and the truants pulled in. Unrepentant, they responded to their names and returned to their debaucheries, whereupon another roll-call was necessary. The gentleman's admirers at home exulted in the hell he was raising, but his colleagues sweated and swore. Some of the more obese ones, in fact, nearly died. When he persisted in his stunt they put their solemn gray heads together and conspired his downfall. It was disclosed that in his first year he had used over a million envelopes himself, at a cost of \$2500 to the government, and had compelled 126 roll-calls, costing at least \$3,000 and consuming twelve days of the House's time. The Public Printer, joining in the plot, produced a photostat copy of a check, signed by a Chicago organization of manufacturers, and used to pay for reprinting a Blanton harangue on the infamy of labor unions.

But the malicious scheme fell flat. The honest Christian folk of Texas knew that what really piqued the wicked legislators from the big cities was their obligation to hear the chaplain's daily prayer, before which the reverential Mr. Blanton invariably made a point of no quorum. Beside, the roll-calls were not really futile. "Every time I force a roll-call," Mr. Blanton explained, "I keep a private bill from passing and thereby prevent another raid on the Treasury."

The truth always hurts and these attacks naturally provoke virulent retorts from lathered colleagues. Congressman Crowther of New York once wished to God (in disrespectful mimicry of Mr. Blanton) that the man who invented the self-starter would be inspired again, produce a self-stopper, and present it to the gentleman from Texas. Manuel Herrick, that Congressional buffoon, compared him to a flea on the spare of an automobile, looking out and exclaiming: "Gee, what a dust I'm kicking up!" Appreciating what prompted these insults, the hon. gentleman let them roll off his broad back. "The few who dare must speak, and speak again," he once wrote in

one of his compositions for the *Record*, "to right the wrongs of the many."

In February, 1921, he so dared to speak. Congressmen, hungry for a raise in salary, had been stealthily watching the Treasury, in the hope that an unguarded moment would present itself, during which they could grab their loot. The vigilant Blanton wrote to the Texas newspapers: "For three years I have been forced to remain on the floor of the House constantly to prevent this proposal from being attached as a rider on appropriation bills. By making timely points of order I have kept it off of appropriation bills, and I have kept it from coming up as a separate legislative proposition solely by threats that I would force a record vote." Texas was in a bad way politically at the time, and the State delegation was infuriated at the exposure. The Hon. Hatton Sumners, its spokesman, denounced Mr. Blanton on the floor, amid cheers and hosannas from his colleagues. He said the bill to increase salaries had been thrown out twice on points of order, but that neither had been made by Mr. Blanton.

Never was the House, in all its chaotic history, the scene of such an uproar. Cat-calls and hisses for the people's champion penetrated even to the Senate chamber, shocking its austere and snoring occupants. The Hon. Mr. Blanton stood alone, unflinchingly, against these savage boys, broken loose just before vacation. They refused him a chance to defend himself and even his powerful voice could not soar above the tumult. But he could not be beaten. Unable to get the floor, he still had the *Record* and the Texas press. In the appendix of the former and in five columns of advertisement in the *Dallas News*, entitled "Please Read All Of It," he got his revenge. Sumners, he alleged, junketed; Sumners used all of his traveling allowance; Sumners accepted twenty-one cedar chests while in office; most pertinent of all, Sumners yearned for a seat in the Senate, with which dream his (Blanton's) own popularity would interfere. It did.

Nobody can transform the House chamber from a lounge into an arena so facily as the hon. gentleman from Texas. He once created a dreadful uproar by accusing the members of truckling to labor, but they didn't dare accept his offer to go on the witness-stand to prove his charge. They simply won't give him his chance. But they always blame him if he goes wrong. Take the occasion when Representative Dewalt of Pennsylvania reprimanded him for blocking the House programme, as if he were an incorrigible schoolboy. They wouldn't let him reply. What could he do then, but insert his remarks in the typewritten copy of the proceedings, sent to members before it goes to the Government Printing Office? When his enemies saw the interpolation in the *Record* next day they accused him of falsifying the records of the House. But a man must get things off his chest somehow. How could he have sophisticated the *Record* if the custom of correcting their grammar and embellishing their language had not been long fostered by other Congressmen?

V

This persistent, relentless curtain-lifting on their foibles eventually drove terror into the hearts of the members. Every election eve they borrowed Mr. Blanton's pious fervor and prayed to God for his defeat. But he was a man of long experience at prayer and so always won. Was there no way of getting rid of him? Avidly they seized an opportunity when, in October, 1921, he put some highly improper words into the *Record*. They were, it must be said, shockingly dirty, but they were not his own; he has always been a fierce opponent of obscene literature. They were the vile epithets of a union employé of the Government Printing Office, hurled at a helpless non-union fellow-worker, and they were quoted by Mr. Blanton in an Extension of Remarks address, only to portray the disadvantages under which a non-union man had to work there. They

became part of the *Record* late one Saturday night and would probably have wrought little corruption had not certain hostile Congressmen seen in them a chance to settle Mr. Blanton's hash. So there was an explosion, and on Monday morning the newspapers had a sensation. As soon as the public read that page 7420 of the *Record* contained some naughty words, the Government Printing Office was bombarded with requests for copies of that usually unread periodical, and as much as five dollars was offered for a copy.

The people's champion was addressing an association of Babbitts at the time of the discovery, and the expulsion proceedings had to be deferred until he could return. This postponement gave some of the members a chance to think things over. Was expulsion, after all, a wise course? What would the public think of mature men who expelled a colleague because he put bad words in the back of a book? Wouldn't they make a martyr of him? Good Heavens, suppose Texas should send him back; what wouldn't he tell about them then? Moreover, it wasn't a nice thing to do to the great State of Texas—and patriotic open-shop manufacturers throughout the country were telegraphing their protests. But it was difficult to give up the idea, and all the more bitter and more revengeful members remained as adamant.

The disgraceful day came. The chamber, so deserted on legislative days, was well filled; practically every member was on the floor. The galleries were packed; even the steps in the aisles were occupied. Instead of the customary hubbub a tensity pervaded the atmosphere. Spectators craned their necks and saw a silent, pale, heroic man in the second row. His hand delicately covering his eyes, Mr. Blanton listened for three hours while his cruel colleagues denounced him. At last he rose. He had been accorded an hour to defend himself before the vote disposing of him would be taken. Looking up into the galleries he said:

No man who ever went upon the scaffold and gave his life, when he felt that it was unjust, has been punished more than I have been. I want you to know something about the man who is going to be kicked out of Congress today.

For the first time in his life he had to be asked to speak louder. He was unable to do so. All night, he said, he had lain awake "with my conscience and my God as company," trying to decide whether he had done wrong. He told them about the house in Houston, which creditors had confiscated forty years ago. How he had been compelled to go to work on a farm at the age of ten. How he had later delivered groceries to every kitchen in Austin. How he had studied at night and began the practice of law with \$1.50 in his pocket. But "Effort Pays, After All." His profession became lucrative; he was able to buy a ranch for his family. Here he might have lived happily ever after, had he not yearned with an intolerable yearning to do something for his country. He entered politics. "In the fight that I have been making conscientiously and earnestly since I have been here to prevent this government from becoming sovietized, I have spent piece of property after piece of property."

Why had he printed those bawdy words? It was, it appeared, just another proof of his desire to acquaint the public with the facts. He wished he could afford to send every red-blooded man in the country a copy. Hadn't Shakespeare and Balzac used dirty words? He had done better than these great men: he had abbreviated them so that Christian women would not understand them. But he was willing to take his medicine. "When my adversaries' cold steel pierces my vitals I never squawk." He would go home on borrowed money.

But to the vengeful colleagues who had subjected him to this historic humiliation he was merciless. "I come from a State," he dramatically told them, "where, in 1836, in the historic old Alamo, at San Antonio, Colonel William B. Travis drew out his sword and said, 'Men who are brave, cross it in defense of your country. To cross it means death.' There was but

one man who failed to cross it. I am not such a man; I will not buy my seat in Congress at the expense of honor or the sacrifice of principle." He escaped expulsion, for which a two-thirds vote is necessary, by eight votes.

But the members' passion for revenge had not been sated. They unanimously voted to censure him. He was hauled back from his office, led down the long aisle by the sergeant-at-arms, and left alone at the bar of the House. His face was ashen as the Speaker pronounced judgment. In his subsequent flight from the chamber he fell, his head striking the marble of the lobby. Bleeding like Julius Caesar, he was carried to a sofa and a medical Congressman mixed a stimulant for him. Pulling himself together, Mr. Blanton refused it with a lofty gesture, the tears streaming down his cheeks. Then he buffeted his way through the huzzahing crowds back to his office.

For several weeks after that, still prostrated, he sat in the last row of the chamber, crushed, almost broken. But soon complimentary letters began to flood in from his Texas customers, and blessings from the rev. clergy, and then he was fortified. Moreover, it became plain quickly enough, from his seat of observation in the rear, that the country still needed him. Taking advantage of his subjugation, the more immoral Congressmen were running amok.

The Treasury was pillaged daily; wets and tools of the labor unions thundered without check. There was not a man to replace him. So he throttled his sorrows and stalked down to the second row and the rescue of his country. He broke in with a five-minute speech. The next day he made two. By the Spring of the following year his confidence was fully restored and he read several hundred letters into the *Record* to convince his colleagues of the outrage they had imposed on him. By this time they were receiving many vituperative letters. The late Congressman Fuller was thus rebuked by the Rev. Harry E. Purinton of Denver:

You voted to expel Congressman Blanton. I recall, however, that you are the man who, when his country was assailed by a savage enemy, sinking our ships and drowning American men, women, and children, voted against America going to war. I still think you should have resigned in 1914.

Thus the conspiracy against the people's tribune collapsed at last, and he made a new start in his career. One day, on a visit to the House stationery-room, he noticed a number of whiskey flasks on display. A shiver undulated through his frame as it dawned on him that they were paid for out of the Congressmen's stationery allowance. A few days later the stationer was flabbergasted when Mr. Blanton returned and asked for a whiskey flask. Alas! the lips of his colleagues were not as chaste as his own and the flasks had all been sold. But the obliging stationer offered to order one for him. When it arrived he threw it into his suitcase and took it, as a souvenir, to Texas, to show to the moral cowmen. The ensuing indignation of the members caused another scene in the House. Once again Mr. Blanton stood under the congressional lash. But the success of his exposure made up for the pains of his ordeal. The people had been enlightened and were forevermore spared the expense and ignominy of supplying their Representatives with flasks.

Mr. Blanton is a professing Christian, and so his lust for reform is devoid of rancor. His attitude is that of a loving wife attempting to reclaim a boozy spouse. Regardless of her personal view of his habits, she will allow no stranger to belittle him. Some time ago, by some error of the police, a bootlegger was arrested in the Capitol grounds, with a jug of whiskey on him. To obtain his release, he offered the excuse that a Congressman had sent for him. Mr. Blanton, of course, was the last man to be thrown under suspicion, but to purge his colleagues of an unjust accusation he demanded that a committee be appointed to investigate the lie. "I do not believe there is a member in this House," he said, "whether there are any

who are addicted to drink or not, who would buy liquor from a bootlegger. I do not believe it. This is a reflection upon every member of the House of Representatives."

In league with his colleagues and the newspapers to undermine his eminence are the bullying forces of labor. Imbued with the misconception that he is their foe, they have clandestinely devoted themselves to his defeat. Matthew Woll, of the American Federation of Labor, once made public a letter from the Blanton campaign manager to the New England manufacturers, containing an appeal for funds. But this was only a spiteful attempt to belie the hon. gentleman's known aversion to campaign contributions. In the Congressional Directory he tells how his "uncompromising fight against anarchy and the growing autocratic domination of government by labor unions" consigned him to the head of Gompers' blacklist. In ten pages of the *Record* he once gave a thrilling account of his victory "despite the resultant vigorous and unprecedented opposition and attacks." Gompers, with all his money and support, was helpless beside this gifted man. All he could do was to bestow on him a foolish nickname, maliciously appropriated by his

enemies. "Bleating Blanton" was received with laughter and applause by the House. Mr. Blanton himself then prophesied:

Ten years from now the very men who sat over there and clapped their hands when they heard me called a bleating Congressman may say, back in their homes, "Blanton is still serving his people in Congress and doing his duty despite the threat of Mr. Gompers that he is going to be eliminated and kept at home." The only home that he can send me to is not my Texas home but my eternal home above.

Here Mr. Blanton was referring to the mysterious bullet whose course Providence had deflected. It may be that Providence has more in mind than the fulfillment of the above modest prediction. Recently the Texas delegation received a clipping from the *Abilene Daily Reporter*, in which the hon. gentleman's district convention branded Senator Mayfield as a luxury and endorsed Blanton as his successor. It is also rumored that the hon. gentleman has invited every ex-service man in Texas to write to him of his troubles. He has frequently said that he does not expect his reward on this earth. But surely in the Senate, where the reformer has the additional weapon of uncurbed speech, the people's champion would have a better and bigger opportunity to earn his post-mortem keep in Heaven.

PINK

BY LEONARD HESS

HE ALREADY had a sturdy physique and he was only twelve hours of age. His father, Washington Jameson, a stalwart young Negro, lifted him from the padded wash-basket that served as a crib, and carried him to his mother's bed.

"Dinah," he chuckled, "yo can see how his muscles ah gwin to come on big and pow'ful, can't yo, Dinah?"

A wide grin of large, white teeth and thick lips garlanded Jameson's face as he saw his first-born snuggle greedily to feed. A huge man was Washington Jameson, and a huge man his son would be. A black man was Washington Jameson, but a milk-chocolate colored infant was his son.

"Dinah, we ain't gwin to call him Theodore——"

"Theodore Roosevelt," his wife corrected from the bed.

"Nuthin' doin' on that name, Theodore Roosevelt," said Jameson emphatically. "This heah boy, he's got to be called Samson. That Bible Samson, he was a big man, and ouh son, he'll be a big man too, big 'nuff to kill lions. Look at that ahm on him a'ready, will yo!"

The small woman in the bed smiled. She had a little, round face, pretty teeth, and soft, sloe-like eyes, and she was not utterly black, but a sort of mellow brown, with a tint of rose close under the skin. Before the birth of her son she had hoped that he, too, might have that tint of rose, that he might not be as black as his father. And this wish seemed not to have been denied her. "He's light!" she said to herself joyously. That, to her, was a more important fact than his strength of body. But the name of Samson pleased her.

"You is great on ideahs, Washington," she said. "A name out of the Bible; it shore will be a blessing to him."

"It's a name he will be proud of," said the father.

The June evening sent a warm flush into the bungalow. Outside the bedroom window the crude petals of a large sunflower were as a disc of gold. The boards of the neighboring bungalows were washed with pale gold and orange. The green of the pine grove that flanked the settlement swam in a clear, amber light. And in the soft, blue sky, where a sickle moon rode palely, a few wisps of cloud, puffy like lambs' wool, reflected the rays of the sun going down behind the hills of the Highlands. Suddenly all this tender, roseate air seemed to come into the bungalow and to concentrate itself upon the bed.

Washington Jameson, lighting his corn-cob, was not aware of the colorful transfiguration of his humble dwelling. He walked to the window and threw the charred match into the garden, as a man bustled officiously in at the gate. This man, thin and elderly, had just come from hoeing a potato-patch, and he wore soiled overalls. But as a symbol of his learning, he had perched on his wide, flanged nose a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. From the distance of the gate, he greeted the new father.

"Evenin', Brothah Jameson."

"It's the minister." Jameson turned to his wife. "I s'pose he's comin' to find out what we're gwin to call the boy. Jest hit on Samson in time, ah did."

Dinah's eyes were fixed on her son.

"Washington," she murmured, with

ecstasy in her honey-sweet voice, "jest look good at this heah chile a minit."

"I's lookin' at him, Dinah. Is thar any-thing wrong?"

Before his wife could answer, the minister's knock on the front door called Jameson out of the room. When he returned with Joshua Fuller, Dinah was still gazing ecstatically at the pudgy face on the pillow.

"Evenin', Sistah Jameson," said the minister.

But Dinah did not reply to the greeting. A phenomenon had come to pass, and she was the first to see it. The concentrated rosy light had gathered on the child's face and hands, suffusing them with the tender glow, and changing their hue.

"He's not black!" Dinah cried in triumph. "This chile ain't black! An' he ain't brown! He's light! He's pink!"

"He suttinly is!" gasped Washington Jameson. "He suttinly is pink! Mistah Fullah, ah leaves it to yo ef this chile ain't pink!"

The minister adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and bent over the bed. "It's the sunset does it," he said.

"The sunset's jest showin' up his natch'ral cullah," said Dinah. "He's pink. He ain't jest light foh a cullad chile. He's pink as pink!"

"Mistah Fullah," exclaimed Washington Jameson, "this shore is a miracle!"

"Tha's decided pink to be seen," the minister agreed. "Ah has no doubt it is a miracle of cullah pigmentation of the complexion, Brothah Jameson."

"Suttinly, suttinly. And in respec' to the chile's name, for the christenin'——"

A voice rose dreamily from the bed. "I's gwine to call him Pink. He'll be glad o' that name, it's so diff'ent. Pink. That's a slowah. Pinks. Them's slowahs. It's a beautiful name, Pink."

"It would be all right foh a girl, Dinah——"

"Some names goes foh boys and girls," Dinah argued. "Like the name Francis, or——"

Her small face was bright with the ardor of romantic inspiration. Then it assumed a stern look when the child's father opened his mouth to dispute further.

"Ah's named him Pink, Mistah Fullah," she said. "You will christen him Pink Jameson, on the comin' Sabbath. Pink. 'Cause he's diff'ent,—he's diff'ent in cullah! He won't have sech a hard time in the world, maybe——"

As her husband and the minister gave in to Dinah's desire as to the child's name, the roseate tinge drifted out of the air. The shadows from the pine grove blackened.

II

Pink Jameson was seven years old. He had not belied the promise he had given at his birth, and his stature and weight might have been those of a boy of twelve. However, in another respect, the early hours of his life had been false prophets of his later years. He was now as black as his father. Not a trace of the rose tint under his skin remained. It was the tragedy of his mother's life.

"Dinah," Washington Jameson said as he saw the ebony face of his son glistening in the garden, "it don't do to call dat chile Pink no moh. We has to go back to Samson. He kin be christened ovah agin."

Dinah Jameson was a sick woman now, and she cherished illusions. "His cullah," she answered, "it might change back again. Anyways, he likes that name, Pink."

The boy was, in fact, proud of the name. No other boy had a name like it. By virtue of it he gradually began to imagine himself lighter in color than his companions. He would examine patches of skin where, from friction, the solid black had been worn to a redder hue, and he thought that no other Negro had such shades as he had upon him. He held himself a little apart from his fellows.

When he enrolled at school, he announced his name loudly: "Pink. Pink

Jameson." He trembled when a titter rippled over the class. His white and brown eyes fell before a smile which the teacher could not hide.

He had known most of his classmates all his life, and never before had they laughed at him. He sat down, squeezing back tears, and singled out a ten-year-old, hulking boy, with a face like charcoal, for punishment after school. This boy, Reace Fuller, was the son of the minister who had christened Pink. He was a dull creature who laughed aimlessly.

School was dismissed. On the yellow road, hot under the September sun, Pink Jameson waited. Reace Fuller appeared, gazing vacantly at the sky and whistling tunelessly. Pink caught him savagely by the arm and flung him around. Reace clenched his fists. He had a bad temper. His under lip sagged.

"What yo want?" he demanded.

"What yo laffed foh at me in school?" Pink shouted.

Other boys had gathered around them. Black boys and white sons of farmers.

"I don' know why I laffed," said Reace. "It ain't none of yo business anyways why I laffed. Git out mah way!"

From the edge of the crowd a boy yelled, "He laffed because yo name is Pink!"

"Yeh!" said the dull-witted Reace, glad to be helped to an explanation. "'Cause yo name is Pink."

"Pink, like coal!" shouted the tormentor from the crowd.

"Yeh! Pink, like coal!" the witless Reace yelled. And he burst into a slobbery laugh.

"Pink, like coal!" the crowd jeered. "Pink, like coal!"

Pink Jameson looked around him, bewildered. On all sides, cruelly laughing faces. On all sides, thrown from mouth to mouth, the jibe, "Pink, like coal!" Suddenly his senses left him. He lowered his head. His eyes rolled. A strange roar broke from his throat. He charged, taking Reace Fuller in the stomach with his

round head, and sending him down with a loud groan into the dirt of the road. There was nothing vindictive in Pink's nature, and he forgot Reace and pitched himself into the crowd, striking out and kicking, biting, butting, a veritable whirlwind of rage, seven years old. Blind with fury. Larger and more powerful than most of the other boys, he took toll with his fists, his teeth, his thick-soled shoes. But they poured over him, the others. He felt their blows on his head and body. They began to kick as he had kicked, and there were many pairs of feet. He was caught in a mill of bodies. A fist crashed to his jaw. He was underneath the mass now, the breath crushed out of him, his clothing in tatters. He was bruised and scratched and bleeding and nine-tenths unconscious when two teachers called off his antagonists. When they raised him, blood was running from a gash in his forehead, down into his eyes. He was crying bitterly. His shirt had been ripped from his chest and arms, and his black skin, wet with sweat, gleamed through the rents.

"That's how pink he is!"

The white boys merely laughed. The black boys, resentful of Pink's scorn of them, took up the shout.

"Look at his skin! Pink! Pink, like coal!"

He jogged home, crying, with them hooting at his back. He sank to the floor, with his head in his mother's lap, and hoarse sobs broke his speech.

"Pink,—like coal," he sobbed. "Tha's what they said, mammy,—Pink, like coal."

"Nevah yo min', honey. Dat day yo was born, you was pink as pink. Why, ennybody can see it in yo now ef they wants to look close. Yo keep yo'self away from dem others, my lamb. Yo is bettah. Yo is diff'ent. And don't nevah be ashamed of yo name, honey. Pink,—it's a lovely name."

He was more proud of his name than ever, because he had fought for it. There were times when, as the sun shone upon

him, he imagined that his whole body was alight with a rosy hue. He saw the rosy tone in his mother's face. Her skin was transparent now that death approached her. He revered her for that color which he believed she had bequeathed to him. He could never quite forgive his father for being so dark.

At the age of twenty Pink Jameson was a giant. Neither of his parents was alive now, and he was making his way from place to place at what jobs he could pick up. He was good-natured and jolly, with a big grin slicing his face redly, with immense, rolling eyes and enormous ears. And he was black as unilluminated night. He liked to sing in his rich, tenor voice. Snatches of song, mellow and sentimental. At first sight, his size and blackness inspired fear. But he was soon found to be harmless and a willing worker—extraordinarily willing for one of his race. When he worked with white men his jobs generally lasted as long as he wanted them to, he got on so well with the others. They liked to hear his snatches of song, mellow and sentimental, and to see his expansive grin. He quit only when his love of wandering took possession of his big frame.

But it was a different matter when he worked with Negroes. There was always trouble ahead then, because he walked around with a chip on his shoulder. That chip was his name, Pink. Pink Jameson. The whites, when they first heard it, merely smiled. But the blacks guffawed. Then they scowled. They felt something offensive about it, even before, with his forehead dangerously knotted, he explained to them how he had come by the name.

He no longer imagined that his skin had that rosy flush. He knew he was as uncompromisingly black as his father had been. But he refused to let the world see the bitterness of his disillusion. When he explained his name he invariably ended the speech with the same words, "Ennybody as wants to look close, dat pusson can see the pink in me."

The fight came when the suitability of his name was called into question. He then became a demon. His fists were like sledgehammers, and he flayed his opponents in defense of his name, as men of noble lineage in other times had defended the honor of their houses. More than once he stopped just short of murder. And while he fought he bellowed as if it were a battle-cry,

"I'm Pink Jameson! Dat's me, Pink! Pink Jameson!"

Having vanquished his enemy, he found that he had others about his ears. They were in terror of him, but their resentment sometimes overcame the fear. That black nigger struttin' 'round like a turkey-cock, callin' himself Pink! Makin' out he was better than them! He had one fight after the other on his hands, and presently he had to give up the job because the company couldn't keep on a trouble-maker like him.

So he wandered over the countryside, swinging along the roads with his scant belongings on his back, singing his songs, greeting passersby with "Mownin', sah.—'Evenin', sah." He could always find jobs which required that he work alone, on farms or in towns. But he liked to work where there were gangs. The white gangs were amused by him. The black he licked into submission.

III

But he was having a hard time of it at the Eagle Saw-Mill. And the difficulties were not with blacks, but with whites. It was the first time he had failed among the whites. He was miserable. He could not understand.

They were rough, hard men, these whites; a mob of strike-breakers that had been dumped off a train at the siding, had run the strikers off the mill property and taken full possession. Swearing, blaspheming, brutal men, ready to crack skulls with iron bars.

Pink hadn't known there was a strike

on when he took the job of fireman. Conscientiously, and howling his songs as he shoveled coal into the red furnace door, he sweated underground, naked and gleaming from the belt up. Of what was happening in the mill upstairs he knew nothing. The engineer, a lynx-eyed, skinny, pasty-complexioned Polack who gulped large quantities of bad whiskey, never spoke a word to him, considering Pink beneath his notice. When, at noon, Pink emerged from the engine-room to eat his lunch in the cool air under an oak, no one paid attention to him.

But one day he was so unpolitic as to watch a game of poker played by six men whose faces had one quality in common: hardness like that of stone. He liked gambling, Pink Jameson did, and he danced around the players with his eyes rolling, his teeth flashing. Occasionally he made a remark.

"Dat gits him, boss. Yo shore had one great hand dat time, boss!"

They said nothing, but they gave him irritated looks. Lost in the joy of watching the game, he failed to note their growing displeasure. Suddenly a man in a red, turtle-neck sweater (the April day was warm, but Bird Hanner cherished his red, turtle-neck sweater) growled up at him, "Move on, nigger."

Pink Jameson was transfixed where he stood. He opened his mouth, but he did not speak. With a heart heavy as metal, he shuffled away and lay down under the oak tree. No white man had ever before called him nigger. Something horrible had happened. Then he realized that those men did not know his name, and for the first time he was glad that his name was not known.

"White trash," he muttered to himself. "Not good 'nuff foh a respect'ble man to bother his haid 'bout."

But his unhappiness was deep. Toward the sun he held up his hands and iron-muscled forearms. They were black. Dull black. Not pink. His eyelids quivered.

"T's pink all the same," he mumbled.

"Sometimes yo can see it, the pink in me . . . White trash!"

The one o'clock whistle screamed and echoed along the timbered mountain sides. Pink Jameson got up and walked rigidly past the poker players, who were wrangling as they discontinued the game.

The mill superintendent, who had hired Pink, nodded to him. He was a gruff man, who did not like this business of strike-breaking, but who needed his own job.

"No trash in Mistah Bowman," said Pink to himself, as he plunged down into the hot air of the engine-room.

He was instantly aware of danger. The brick walls and the concrete floor were shuddering. The huge boiler, too, shuddered. And inside it the water gurgled and throbbed. The Polack had drunk himself into a stupor, and sat on a stool, his back against the wall, snoring with his mouth wide open.

Pink leaped to the boiler and threw open the safety-valve. A rush of boiling steam shot with a siren's shriek into the air. Pink grabbed the inert engineer in his arms and bounded up the stairs with him, as the scalding steam saturated the room.

"Narrow call, dat," grunted Pink, dropping the Polack to the ground. "We all shore come mighty close dat time to sailin' up to Heben."

The engineer opened his bleared eyes. He staggered to his feet. He looked like a rat.

Bowman had come on the scene, for the steam was gushing up from below, spraying the air. The man in the red sweater and the other poker players, and more of the strike-breakers, appeared. A stillness hung in the air. Someone had shut off the mill power. The silence of the mountains had rushed down on the immobile saws and bands like a tangible thing. And in this silence Pink Jameson faced the Polack, and there was a vast contempt on his Negroid features.

"Come near to blowin' us to Kingdom Come," he said, shaking his great head slowly. "Yo job is to tend dat boiler down

thar, an' not to guzzle whiskey till yo stink to turn a decent man's stommick!"

Certain of these words bit into the engineer's consciousness. "Stink . . . Decent man." . . . What was that big, dirty nigger saying to him? Nigger talking to a white man like that! His eyes shifted. He looked everywhere but at Pink Jameson. And then he leaped, with a snaky motion, and with a long-bladed knife in his hand. It was his way of fighting. A roar broke from Pink's throat. The blade had slashed his hand. The next moment a shriek came from the Polack. The knife dropped to the ground. Pink placed his tremendous foot upon it. The engineer's right arm dangled limply. It had been snapped at the wrist. His howls of pain and rage were like those of a snarling animal.

"Dat's how I fights trash!" Pink Jameson said, spitting. "All kinds o' trash. White trash, too!"

Bird Hanner stepped forward. He rolled up the sleeves of his red sweater. "See any white trash 'round here, nigger?" he demanded, through his teeth.

Pink Jameson faced him squarely. "Lots of it," he answered. "'Most everywheres I look, ah sees it."

The Pole, nursing his broken arm, whined. The superintendent, Bowman, placed himself at Pink's side.

"That's enough, men," he said. "From how I make it out, Pink Jameson here saved our lives. That boiler came near to exploding—"

"Sure did, sah. It was boilin' like a tea kettle. And him sleepin', drunk—"

"Where's the white trash you see 'round here?" asked Hanner.

"When I looks at yo, I sees some of it," Pink retorted, a cloud of anger gathering on his face. "Yo calls me nigger. I calls yo white trash."

"No fighting, Pink," said Bowman. He saw the ugliness gathering. He knew the men he was dealing with. Riff-raff from a dozen States. All breeds, all nationalities. Thugs. Yeggs. . . .

"Pink!" someone shouted. "Is dat his

name, Pink? Some fancy name for a nigger!"

"I ain't nigger!" Pink Jameson bel-
lowed. But the relentless daylight made his muscle-circled trunk, his thick neck, his massive shoulders and arms look like polished ebony.

"You're the blackest nigger I ever seen!" Bird Hanner yelled.

"They don't come no blacker!" said another.

"Black as coal!" yelled a third.

He was pelted with shouts. Then the genius of historical repetition brought on the climax. Words that had infuriated Pink Jameson when he was seven years old struck him again now, like blows in the face.

"Pink, like coal!"

He lowered his head. His arms began to swing for action. He looked around him like an enraged bull.

"Come on!" Bird Hanner yelled, his face almost as red as his sweater. "Called us white trash, boys! Kill the nigger!"

Bowman placed himself before the nigger.

"Get back to work!" he shouted.

But he knew he was powerless to enforce order. He wished constable Drake would come along. Then he was swept aside by the rush.

He saw the Polack on the skirts of a tumultuous mass of bodies, with his good arm throwing stones at the black head that rose like a basalt rock above the human surf which hurled itself forward. He saw the flaying arms of Pink Jameson, and the red sweater. Then he saw a man in a blue shirt lifted into the air, poised by great, black hands, and sent crashing down into the welter of his fellows. The uproar of voices was like the thunder of a storming sea. Above that uproar came a single voice, a veritable trumpet of a voice.

"It's Pink! Pink Jameson, dat's me! Pink! Pink! Dat's me! Come on, white trash! Come on an' meet up with Pink Jameson! Pink's dirtyin' his hands on yo! Come on!"

IV

Slowly he retreated, shaking off his attackers as if they were rabbits, until he had his back against the wall of the mill office. The red sweater pushed through the crowd. He had found the Polack's knife, and it gleamed in his hand. The others stepped away, to make space for the advancing vengeance. This was no skinny weakling, like the engineer. Bird Hanner was nearly as big as the nigger. He knew all kinds of fighting tricks. Now something real was going to happen. Watch, bo!

Bowman, fearing murder, tumbled into his Ford to get help from the village. A last look showed him the red sweater, circling for an opening to the immense black bulk against the unpainted wall.

The Polack picked up another stone, aimed well, and struck Pink Jameson on the head. The black man swayed dizzily. The red sweater crouched and dug from under. A roar of triumph went up from the crowd. Too soon. The Negro's foot had caught red sweater midway, taking the wind out of him. The Negro sprang forward, and black and red grappled.

And even with his lungs panting with effort of fight, he roared his battle-cry: "I's Pink! Pink Jameson, dat's me!"

The Polack tried to organize the forces for a concerted rush. But now the others were fascinated and terrified by the face of the gigantic Negro. The blubber lips writhed back, showing teeth like tusks. The wide nostrils quivered and snorted. The big eyes rolled black and white in a terrible glare.

Red sweater slashed, and the Negro could not catch the hand that held the blade. On the dark shoulder, on the biceps, at the ribs, streaks of blood appeared. Small gashes. Nothing mortal yet. But enough to cause that black rage to gush out like a torrent. Pink Jameson ignored the knife now. He found it with his bare hands and seized the sharp blade. His fingers, cut to the bone, broke it off short

at the hilt. An imbecilic expression came to the face of Bird Hanner. A loud and fearful laugh broke from the Negro.

"White trash, yo are at mah mercy now!"

Bird Hanner knew it. He threw a quick, imploring look at his fellows. They did not stir to help him.

"White trash. . . ." He held Bird Hanner in a clutch of steel. "White trash, ah don' care 'bout you went foh me with a knife. Ah care 'cause yo said I's not pink. I's a black nigger, yo said!"

With one arm he bent Bird Hanner's head down. With the free fist he crushed Bird Hanner's skull at one blow. Then he dropped the body and stared down at it.

No one moved.

As Pink Jameson stared at the bloody head, horror awoke in his soul.

"God A'mighty, what ah done?"

A long groan came from him. He shut out the sight with his hands and shuddered. There passed through his tormented memory a long review of the battles he had fought in defense of his name. But nothing ever before like this. All anger died away. He lowered his hands slowly and gazed at them. Blood streaked from the cuts, over the black skin. The black skin.

The motion of the crowd brought him to realities. The menacing faces drew a little nearer. A nigger had killed a white! He saw the sly, blood-lusting eyes of the engineer. Then he saw Bowman ride up in the Ford, with a man at his side who wore a hat with a broad brim. He saw two other cars following up the sawdust road, with men carrying guns. He sprang into the office and locked the door. He waited. Soon he understood, as he peeped from a window, that they were going to try to take him. The men looked at the body in the red sweater. Bowman shook his head. The Polack pointed toward the office. The man with the broad hat wore a silver star on his lapel. He strode to the office door and banged with his fist.

"Open that door! Be quick about it!"

Pink Jameson crouched in a corner behind the desk. Shivers ran through his enormous frame. He gazed again at his bleeding hands. There was a queer fog in his brain. Then he heard Bowman's voice, calling kindly in to him, "Come out, Pink. You needn't be afraid. I saw how the trouble started. You did it in self-defense."

For a moment the words gave Pink Jameson joy. Sure, he had done it in self-defense. . . . But he felt something wet on his body, where Hanner's blood had spattered him. He heard distinctly his own words, "Ah don' care 'bout you went foh me with a knife. Ah care 'cause yo said I's not pink. You said I's a black nigger!"

That's why he had done it. And he was a black nigger. He turned sick when he at last admitted it to himself. He was a black nigger. . . . He turned so sick that all the zest for life went out of him. He could never sing again. He didn't care what happened. He had killed a man in his rage, because the man had called him a black nigger. . . . And he *was* a black nigger.

. . . Never again could he fight in defense of his name. . . . He had no name to defend. . . .

He threw open the door, and stepped into the sunlight. He folded his arms on his monumental chest. A hush fell. It was broken at last.

"Take me, white men. I's not Pink Jameson. I's black. I's dam' black! I's Black Jameson! I's dam' black, nigger Jameson!"

When they placed him under arrest he sobbed so that his great shoulders were racked.

"Black Jameson," he groaned. "Black Jameson, dat's me. Pooh black Jameson."

The witnesses, the hard-boiled thugs and yeggs, with the exception of the Polack, testified that he had slain in self-defense. He had struck admiration from those hard-boiled ones. There was Bowman's testimony also.

He was acquitted. But he rarely sang after that. The queer fog remained in his brain. He persisted in the habit of gazing at his hands.

THE WOWSERS TACKLE THE MOVIES

BY JAMES R. QUIRK

CENSORSHIP is the Cuckoo Klux Klan of Art. All censors are curious birds, but the motion picture censor is the choicest of them all. This bird can neither sing nor lay eggs, and probably never mates, but it cackles continuously. It lives exclusively on publicity and its habitat is in the densest jungles of imbecility. An anthropologist once remarked that "the higher a monkey climbs the better you can observe his caudal appendage." The motion picture censor is perched, even above monkey range, on the topmost branch of the tree.

It is possible that some reader is going to accuse me here of a prejudice against censors and professional reformers in general. I shall avoid argument by admitting that prejudice at once. It is honestly acquired. I have met hundreds of reformers, of all colors and creeds. I have interviewed them as newspaper reporter and editor. They came trooping to me in phalanxes in the days when I sat at the city desk of a daily newspaper. They carried ferrotyped photographs, with the glossy finish required for the best halftone reproductions, and they were willing to be quoted. When they could not enlist my cooperation in their schemes for saving dogs from vivisection, or souls from damnation, by the ordinary arts of cajolery they sought the un-Christian method of trying to blackjack me through the business office. The only thing they never tried on me was sex appeal. So far as I am aware—and I am aware quite a distance in some matters—no female reformer who ever presented herself at my desk in those days had even so much as a good ankle. Resolutions, causes and cru-

sades take their authorship mainly from among repressed spinsters, wives past forty-five, and their male equivalents. I record this observation solely for its value to biological science. Endocrine pathology probably holds the only real solution of the censorship problem.

Now my desk in a magazine office is littered with tracts, briefs, circulars, pleas and petitions, all bearing on the great movement to establish a censorship of the motion picture. Scientists, inventors, chemists, engineers, writers, dramatists, furriers, haberdashers, actors, opticians, pitchmen and waiters have been for thirty years pouring their labor and genius into the art of the film; now the reformers propose to take it over by process of law. May I be permitted a reasonable doubt that they can do much for it?

Most conspicuous in the literature of hopeful damnation before me is a tall and slender tract bound in yellow, of newspaper column width and entitled: "Catechism on Motion Pictures." It is a compilation from the editorial hand of the Rev. William Sheafe Chase, A.M., D.D., honorary canon of the Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City, L. I., and rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn. His is an obscure parish, with an inconsiderable and gloomy basilica sadly in need of ventilation and janitor work. There is a dusty unhappiness about it that spreads through the sombre rectory next door. But Canon Chase's heart is not there; his real parish is Page One. He is the president of the New York Civic League, general secretary of the Federal Motion Picture Council in America, Inc., and superintendent of the

celebrated International Reform Federation of Washington. He learned the wowser's trade in municipal and State affairs, warring against such standard curses as the Demon Rum, gambling, prize-fighting and horse-racing. He has led many a crusade for a blue Sunday. Now he can look back with some satisfaction on the attainments of his long career. He can point with pride to the sweeping success of Prohibition, the complete and universal suppression of cards and dice, and the elimination of the prize-ring and the race-track. This glorious succession of triumphs leaves him free to devote himself whole-heartedly to his new love, the sins of the motion picture. The motion picture is relatively new, and hence newsy. Its publicity content, for reformers as for its own stars, is greater than that of any other vice or art ever heard of.

Other wowsers, of course, are well aware of the fact, and so the canon is not the only one in the field, but his genius is such that he easily leads the procession. Moreover, he is the outstanding leader of the movement by clear rights of succession and heritage. His immortal predecessor, the late Rev. Wilbur Fisk Crafts, D.D., was the first prospector of holy causes to drive his stake into the motion picture lode. That was in the early days of the International Reform Bureau at Washington. Dr. Crafts was a vigorously migrant militant, struggling many years for his adjustments with God and Man. In 1867, at the age of 17, he became a Methodist pastor, but in the years that followed he moved into Congregationalism and, later, Presbyterianism. He gave up a comfortable charge to go to Washington in 1895 and be the lobbyist of the Lord in all moral causes, including the crusade against opium, alcohol and sex. But he did not find his really Big Opportunity until the movies arrived. From that moment he was made. He issued challenges, statements, defies and ukases from 1909 until his death in 1922. Very often the hand that held the pen actually belonged to Canon Chase, then in training. With the demise of Dr. Crafts, Chase, the

prime minister, took over the rank and dignity of chief wowser.

The Federal Motion Picture Council in America, Inc., is in the incorporated business of seeking a Federal censorship of motion pictures. It is the crystallization of a series of national conferences of leading wowsers, beginning with a censorship conclave about 1915. Canon Chase is the organization's dominant figure and leader, and until March 4 last the Hon. and Rev. William Davis Upshaw, Representative from Georgia, was the chief Chase ally and messenger on the floor of Congress. The supreme flowering of the movement is the document known as the Upshaw Bill, which contemplates a Federal motion picture censorship commission. Ex-Congressman Upshaw, in his early days in Christian Georgia, founded religious magazines and was a zealot in the ranks of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League. His constituents, debauched by the Beer Trust, did not return him to Congress last year, and he is now seeking some connection which will enable him to carry on his life-work of redeeming souls. Not a rich man, he needs the salary. If the Federal Motion Picture Commission is ever lobbied into existence he will be a logical candidate for the post of chief commissioner, with all the emoluments thereto appertaining.

The Upshaw Bill would put the fate of the motion picture into the hands of six commissioners, each of whom would draw the salary of a second-rate assistant director in a third-rate Hollywood studio. It is easily the most completely and perfectly drastic and asinine censorship act ever presented to Congress, which certainly marks it as a work of genius. Prohibition is the apotheosis of democracy compared to it. Under it, if it is ever passed, the motion picture will not survive long enough for the consummation of the final confiscation for which the bill actually provides. So far, by God's will, it remains in committee, and the only official result of the great campaign of the firm of Chase

& Upshaw is a mass of reports. The most joyous of these is entitled: "Hearings before the Committee on Education—H. R. 4094 and H. R. 6233." The representatives of the motion picture, at the sessions of this committee, sat by and let the reformers strangle themselves in the tangles of their own ridiculousness.

II

Opposition to the censorship is centered in two widely divided camps, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., headed by Will H. Hays, and the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, administered by Wilton A. Barrett as executive secretary.

The operations of the Hays office in behalf of the industry are ordered by the methods of Big Business and the technique of national political campaigns, including the formation of counter organizations. The names of the Rev. S. Parks Cadman, D.D., S.T.D., D.H.L., and of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, are prominent in this work. Mr. Hays tries to keep out of the censorship fight personally, but he has a keen *alter ego* in Charles C. Pettijohn, general counsel for the producers' organization, who has a mean habit of sitting quietly by at a censorship hearing and then suddenly confounding the wowsers. Mr. Hays, I believe, is sincerely trying to purge the pictures of anything to which reasonable men and women may take fair exception, but he knows quite well that they would cease to draw their public if a Chase-Upshaw censorship were ever permitted to dictate what was to go into them.

The National Board of Review is uncompromising in its fight on the proposed censorship. Paradoxically, it is an evolution from the first censorship organization, and it was only so recently as 1916 that it changed its name from the National Board of Censorship. The latter board was organized in 1909 by the People's Institute to rescue the movies from reforming fa-

natics who were being incited to characteristic excesses by stage interests jealous of the rising success and competition of the screen. The board, with the coöperation of the movie industry, applied a guiding censorship within the trade in order to head off a worse one outside. Today the National Board of Review still makes recommendations of an editorial character. But mainly it classifies and selects and recommends, aiming apparently to let the public pass its own judgments. With its array of unpaid volunteer reviewers, it is something of a puzzle to both the reformers and the Hays organization.

Wilton A. Barrett, its executive secretary, is a poet with several volumes to his credit, a maker of yacht models, a collector of first editions, and a driver of racing cars. The light before the door of his studio in Washington Mews burns until 4 o'clock in the morning, a beacon to those who pass in the meanderings of Washington Square, and no caller has ever gone away dry. His close ally is Alfred B. Kuttner, a very Harvardish person, and one time editor of *Pearson's*, against whom the most serious count is his friendship with Frank Harris. Mr. Kuttner is addicted to the study of social psychology. If you will turn to the record of the congressional hearing on the Upshaw bill you will discover something traceable to the machinations of the Barrett-Kuttner combination. It consists of a statement by Dr. A. A. Brill, the psychoanalyst and translator of Freud. Thus:

The only people who really feel that they need censorship are the professional reformers. Most of these reformers show certain pathological traits to the extent of bordering on real paranoia. They are abnormally sensitive to the ordinary impressions and suggestions which the average man or woman never notices. They show an apparent great moral fervor and are always discovering things, especially in the field of sex and crime, which they claim will ruin society.

The trouble with such people is that as a result of their improper up-bringing they have not learned to control their primitive lawless instinct and are always afraid of yielding to their temptations. Because they are afraid for themselves, they attribute their feeling to everyone else. The normal man can read about law-breaking or see it in a play or picture without wanting to become

a criminal. He can see a woman in a modern short skirt or one-piece bathing suit without even consciously noticing them. He is really much healthier than the reformer, who wants to suppress everything because he doesn't trust himself.

Society keeps itself normal and healthy through the ordinary machinery of education, and the average healthy person always becomes his own censor. He has an ideal of conduct which controls his actions. It is a mistake to pass special legislation to prevent a few abnormal people from committing crimes or yielding to sexual temptations. Society cannot be held down to the subnormal standards of a moron. The same thing applies to any attempt to make all amusements safe for children. No one ever became vicious or a criminal as a result of outside influence. Criminals are born, not made.

It is quite unscientific to say that plays or the movies lead to crime. They are a really valuable outlet for our primitive impulses and help to keep society healthy. When we see these impulses in action in a play or picture we live through them again with the aid of the actors and are better for having had this release. The movies are especially useful in deterring from crime and cleansing our emotions because they reach everybody and reflect the problems of modern life in a way that everybody can understand.

That, of course, was not exactly the sort of material that Pastors Chase and Upshaw wanted in the record. But Messrs. Barrett and Kuttner got it in.

III

I offer no defense of the movies. They have been defended too much. They have been defended so much that they have got an inferiority complex. The screen, in its early days and through its adolescence, was guilty of the highest of crimes—bad taste, excruciatingly bad taste, and not a little of it clings yet. But today it is inherently clean, cleaner maybe than the public which it serves. The world of the motion picture knows that honesty is the best policy—because it has tried all policies. Mediocrity is the real curse of the films today.

We have in America a welter of poor books, ugly furniture, bad food, bad painting, commonplace cars, unlovely residences, gaudy rugs and hellish wallpaper. Anything really good is so rare among us that it shines. So we must not expect too much of the screen. If, now and then, we see a really good motion picture, we have had

as much luck as is coming to us in this very mediocre world. While the folks who would legislate us into Heaven are roaring and censorship bills are pending on all hands, it is a significant fact—and unquestionably a fact—that the film clippers at Hollywood itself are finding less and less to do as the directors learn how to put over their human problems without bedroom sets. Alert supervisors are now editing the Von Stroheims, the bathing-girl comedies have become as inane as near-beer, and Cecil B. DeMille has turned from his bacchanals and his bath-rooms to Calvary and the tribunal of Pontius Pilate. DeMille's "King of Kings," an attempt to visualize the last year of Christ, is a veritable triumph over the Pharisees. All the great money-making pictures of the last few years have been censorproof. The old-time scavengers and procurers of the screen have all gone broke.

Stupid as most film directors are, they are men of brilliant intellect compared to the busybodies who compose the existing State and municipal boards of censors. The elimination of scenes which they consider dangerous to the morals of the nation is the least annoying part of their work. They change titles at will and substitute those of their own concoction. They twist the themes of pictures and make them nonsensical. What is poison to the censors of one State is passed without comment in another. Many an audience has slunk out of a movie parlor in disgust while the owner stood hopelessly by, unable to explain that the silly hodge-podge shown on his screen was the result of the effort of some smart Alec censor to conform a picture to his hick notions of what is good drama.

Operating on the lofty principle that they are protecting the morons of the nation from lechery and crime, the members of this self-righteous, meddlesome gang of ignoramuses clip merrily away, substituting the inanities of the kindergarten for the realities of life, puerile innuendo for straightforward representation, and sap for

art. Their gods are Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton Porter and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. But let us examine some of their concrete imbecilities, first introducing some theology from Canon Chase's bible for cinephobists, the third edition of his "Catechism on Motion Pictures." The learned Canon Chase follows the accepted ecclesiastical form of instruction by question and answer, but with an artistic indifference to consistency. For example:

Q. Are all the producers so degraded that they enjoy making money by demoralizing children and debauching public morals?

A. No. The New York Joint Legislative Committee to investigate motion pictures, which took 2,000 typewritten pages of testimony in 1917, reported *only a few*.

Q. Why, then, can a few unscrupulous producers compel a larger number of manufacturers to make sex lure and crime producing films?

A. Because the law for preventing immoral pictures in the States where there is no State Motion Picture Commission or censor board is antiquated, inefficient and so difficult to enforce that the busy police and magistrates are not able to cope with this great evil. Shortsighted producers, therefore, finding that impure films attract big crowds, conclude that in order to meet the competition of the unscrupulous producer, *they also must make demoralizing pictures.* ■■■■

Note the contradiction in these two answers. But to go on:

Q. What will an effective law, which requires every motion picture to be examined by *competent inspectors* and compelled to come up to the standards of the morality of the general public, do for the producers?

A. It will set them free from the control of the few degenerate producers. It will enable honorable producers, with big profits to themselves, to furnish clean movies to the public.

Naïve, what? These "competent inspectors" are today so few and far between that the hard-boiled picture producers pay them anywhere from \$25,000 a year to twice the President's salary, and the competition for them is keener than for stars. But of course the government could get them for fifty dollars a week. Wouldn't you think that Adolph Zukor, Marcus Loew, Richard A. Rowland, Carl Laemmle and William Fox would have enough vision to take advantage of this obvious way to larger profits, by permitting Uncle Sam

to do all their worrying for them? But to return to the canon:

Q. Why is it that in the long run people do not want to see immoral pictures, even if at first bad pictures do draw the crowd?

A. Curiosity, not real, lasting desire to see licentious films, accounts for the first drawing power of vile pictures. But in the end *filth disgusts and repels the crowd.*

That's precisely what the producers have learned. The canon, indeed, is here admitting the truth of the strongest argument against censorship. Bad pictures are poor business. But even good pictures, it appears, may be bad:

Q. Why did Mr. Griffith insert the maternity scenes in "Way Down East," in which he teaches that childbirth is woman's Gethsemane, and object to having any legal commission authorized to prevent it and to cut it out?

A. He doubtless justifies the scene by saying that the girl in his play in childbirth is being punished for being deceived into a mock marriage. He doubtless claims that it will frighten girls from illicit sexual intercourse. As a matter of fact, it will terrorize women from marriage, or tempt them to use contraceptive methods and abortion to avoid childbirth. . . .

That answer is a beautiful laboratory specimen of the mental operations of a genuine wowser!

But the "competent inspector" of the canon's dream once actually solved the problem very cleverly. The Pennsylvania State Board of Censors allowed the baby in the picture to die, but wouldn't let it be born! For a long time this able board, under the leadership of Ellis Paxton Oberholtzer, Ph.D., Litt. D., the acknowledged Imperial Wizard of all film censors, would not permit anything but the stork to be used in references to the perpetuation of the human race! Even scenes showing the making of baby clothes, by women who had been honestly married in full view of the fans, were torn out from films as too "suggestive." Other incidental operations performed on "Way Down East" by the same board included the cutting out of scenes showing society girls smoking cigarettes, and the curious changing of a title, "I can never be any man's wife," to "I can never marry any man." Just how the

last change sanctified the title must ever remain an impenetrable mystery.

I permit myself one more question out of the catechism, and part of the answer, to show how agile the Brooklyn Savonrola can be when he wants to do some snappy side-stepping. You can never get him on the horns of a dilemma. He bounces from one to the other.

Q. Why will a Federal law do better work than 48 State Motion Picture Commissions?

A. The opportunity for Larger Service, *together with the more generous salaries* of the Federal commission, would attract persons better fitted by education, artistic training and wider experience, to serve as commissioners than on the State boards. . . . There will be less danger of graft or political considerations influencing the decisions of the Federal than the State commissions. . . . There is less graft and corruption in Congress than in city or State Legislatures, . . . so the Federal commission may be relied upon *to do more honest work* than any of the State motion picture commissions.

That is surely a dirty inference for one reformer to make concerning his brother workers in the vineyard! In his grand theological peroration, Dr. Chase takes a sock at the Jews, who he says control the motion picture, and then promises them that if they let his gang of Federal censors run their business, "it will minimize the anti-Jewish feeling which exists in the United States." That's what I call a magnanimous Christian spirit.

Before we pass into the operating room to view some choice cases of celluloid surgery, let us pause for a moment to examine the canon's greatest invention, the automatic diagnostic chart which enables the film gynecologist to determine immediately the condition of his patient. He calls this chart a score-card, and sells it to his customers at forty cents a hundred. Fifty different symptoms are listed, among them:

Does the evil depicted receive any punishment?

Does the punishment meted out appear natural, adequate and inevitable?

Does the punishment seem improbable and easily evaded?

Does the picture not only entertain, but teach important moral truths and inspire noble ideals?

"You *must* have these cards," he is reported to have said at one convention of

wowers. "Why, I went to see a picture the other night and I enjoyed it. Then I stopped to think. I got out my score-card and found that I had been watching an immoral picture! That's how subtle these producers have become."

I do not vouch for the authenticity of this, but it sounds probable. The canon, aside from his craze to harass the human race, is an agreeable old chap, who can tell an antiseptic joke on occasion, and believes thoroughly in his own holy mission. His Brooklyn study, wherein he reads every line printed in the picture trade journals and fan magazines, is a shabby enough cell for a great reformer, and no one has ever accused him of being mercenary. He doesn't go around the town passing the hat, and he is one of the few metropolitan pastors who does not dream of a skyscraper tabernacle with hot and cold Y. M. C. A.'s and all the modern machines for luring and saving souls.

IV

All the other censors work with charts similar to his; the surgical technique in vogue is of the early Crimean War period. Amputations, laparotomies and trephinations are performed in an offhand manner and without anæsthetics. These chemically pure internes know nothing of anatomy and lack surgical skill, but they make up for it in earnestness. The victim may die on the table, or be crippled for life, but if the operator happens to cut off a leg at the hip to remove a corn, clip off forty feet of intestines to correct constipation, or resort to emasculation to cure a slight attack of that most prevalent and fashionable of film diseases, which Elinor Glyn calls IT, no harm is meant and it is all for the glory of God.

The practices of the sundry State and local censors are as various as the individual and community complexes they represent. As elsewhere in the social organization of life, sin in this field is largely a matter of place and time. Pennsylvania is

worried most about sex and more especially about childbirth. Chicago, with its municipal censorship, hates gun scenes. Ohio is bitterly opposed to seduction and its technique. The Maryland Free State is sensitive about shootings. Kansas is hell-bent to eliminate drinking scenes, and is opposed, as a State without capital punishment, to hanging, even on the screen.

Some of the sporadic amateur outcroppings of censorship erupting in the Corn Belt are quite as delicious as anything that the professionals have offered. For example, there was a recent ruction in Sioux City, Iowa, when some sensitive soul dragged a theatre-owner into court because a character in "Summer Bachelors" was shown going up into a haymow with his wife. City folks have always had the idea that a haymow was a horse commissary, but out in Iowa they apparently know better. Not so long ago the New York board eliminated a title reading: "She was eating less than an ant at an Armenian picnic." Polyglot New York is very sensitive about national feelings. The rug industry might have been thrown into a turmoil if that title had reached the screens of Broadway and the lower East Side.

The Pennsylvania board, oldest of the State censorship bodies, is by far the sweepstakes champion for absurdities. A neat specimen, of a piece with the action on "Way Down East," was afforded by the case of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It will be recalled that, in that story, old Madriaga-the-Centaur is yearning for a male heir. He has many daughters but no lawful son. In time a grandchild is expected. The Centaur is depicted on the screen as walking about his yard in high and vexed excitement, kicking peons about to relieve his suspense. Presently a nurse appears and announces: "It's a boy!" Whereupon Madriaga leaps for joy and showers the startled peons with gold and silver coins. Now, to the Pennsylvania mind that phrase, "It's a boy!" implied that somewhere, even if off-stage, there had been a scene of childbirth. So it

was eliminated by the substitution of a title reading, "The boy is better." This led James O. Spearing, editor and film critic, to remark that it was "the first case of pre-natal screen colic" he had ever heard of.

Some of the Pennsylvania eliminations in "Way Down East" are worth consideration in detail:

Reel 2—Eliminate subtitle: "Anna's delicate beauty a whip to Sanderson's jaded appetite!" and substitute: "The susceptible Sanderson obsessed by a new desire."

Reel 4—Eliminate subtitle: "Sanderson belongs to a class which, if it cannot get what it wants in one way, will go any length to get it in another," and substitute: "Sanderson, not to be turned aside from his evil intentions, goes on in his own way."

Reel 6—In subtitle: "For all we know she might be some loose woman, wanderin' around. I won't take her into my hum," substitute the word "adventuress" for "loose woman."

The large gain for righteousness in those changes is obvious. They represent about the best work of the censorship as it is now practiced. The Pennsylvania board is not above using its power for its own local Rotarian purposes, either. Consider the boosting spirit involved when, in "Irene," they found a title: "Harry Hadley of New York visits Philadelphia now and then—a wild oats boy in a Quaker Oats town?" and at once cut out the oats!

The Quebec censors, absolute in power, carry out the best traditions of the French-and-Indian War in making shambles of American films. Being most violently Catholic, their greatest hate is divorce. In their editing of "Stella Dallas" they decided it was better to have hero and heroine shown living in adultery rather than to picture their divorce and remarriage! Quebec saved the morals of the province from "The Scarlet Letter" by making Hester Prynne a widow. Out in Vancouver, where lumberjacks chew navy twist, the censors eliminated a scene showing a he-man spitting at a hot stove!

Kansas eliminations, recorded in the official transactions of the State Board of Review, consisting of the estimable Misses Emma Veits, W. H. Haskell and Fern But-

terfield, and culled from the last six months of 1926, include:

"Almost a Lady"—Reel 5—Eliminate episode of cane used as a flask and man drinking and title: "Try it. It was smuggled in by the Irish Navy."
 "The Lawful Cheater"—Eliminate title: "I keep it here with mother's securities—that's as near as it ever gets to being bonded."

But imagine the flashing eyes of the Three Fates of Kansas when they came upon this combination of liquor lawlessness and affront to the national anthem in "Tin Hats":

The Cocktail's red glare,
 Corks bursting in air—
 Gave proof through the night
 That our jag was still there!

Ohio's state censorship records offer some equally choice specimens. Reaching at random into the mess, the hand brings up:

Eliminate subtitle: "You smell nice," and substitute: "You are nice."

Eliminate subtitle: "Take care, a woman of your class has two enemies—Love and Time,"

and substitute, "Take care, a woman has two enemies—Love and Time."

Eliminate subtitle: "I shan't be home till late—I've got a job on," and substitute, "Shan't be home till late."

Eliminate subtitle: "Odile's not like the rest of us—she's more like a sister to him" and substitute: "She's not like the rest of us, that's why he married her."

The workings of the Ohio mind are also pleasantly to be observed in treatment of "Dame Chance," in the course of which appeared a letter reading:

I will lease and furnish an apartment, provide you with servants and open accounts for you in the shops.

This was, one may suppose, the regular and approved form of a sugar daddy commitment, executed as it should be. But Ohio came to the rescue by adding the line:

... and I will always treat you with respect.

So much for the vagaries of the wowsarian mind. Now it is proposed to turn Willie Upshaw loose!

A TOWN IS BUILT

BY IDWAL JONES

TO THE left, the sierra offered a fine assortment of snowy crags, crystal-line and aloof. I shivered, for I had been routed out at the inhuman hour of 5 A.M., and the cold was unbelievable. Both the chauffeur and myself were swathed like explorers bound for the inclement Pole. He was an oldish man, with a dewdrop at the end of his nose, yet he still had the adventurous spirit, for ever since dawn he had been sending the car at top speed over the dry lakes and up the steep canyon trail that ascended to this world of upheaved and jagged porphyry.

"What beats me," he shouted, "is how the news of the strike got around so. It happened only night before last, and already miners have come from Winnemucca and Death Valley. And here you come, a man from the papers. Goldfield was two years old before it got into the news. How did anybody know about Weepah?"

"There are such things as the telegraph," I said, "and the automobile that doesn't sleep like the burro, but travels all night. And there is the radio—yes, decidedly, the radio. Imagine what a radio announcer can do with a name like Weepah."

The next moment we were over the ridge, and on the plateau. "Only two miles more," he remarked, shifting the gears. "We made the run from Tonopah, fifty miles, in little better than an hour. Back in 1897 it took me three days, coming in with two mules and a buckboard."

Here was a region of appalling stillness, glistening with rime frost, as bleak as a dead planet silvered by the moon. We bumped steadily on, over clumps of sad-green sage-brush and mounds thrown up

by the gophers. At the foot of a hillock were an ancient cabin and three tents, and here we stopped.

"This is Weepah," announced the chauffeur, throwing out my traps upon the sand. "I hope you'll have a good time. There's nothing like a rub of soap on your nose to ward off pneumonia. If you feel it coming on, better grab the night train for Reno—or you'll pop out. And look out for the alkali water. If I was you, I wouldn't drink any water at all. The whiskey around here is pretty good."

He departed. I found myself the sole spectator of some handsome celestial effects. Nature, like some oblivious and gigantic scene shifter, was occupied busily in moving cycloramas overhead. The sky in the east paled from liver-color to isabel, then to variegated shades of coral, that gave way slowly to a protracted sulphur hue, against which the rhyolite peaks etched their black profiles. Even at this hour one knows what it is to be enamored of the spell of the desert. The altitude on this plateau was 6400 feet. There was no moisture, nor any sign of animal life. The land was bone-dry, inhospitable even to such hardy flora as the Joshua trees, which make whimsical the desert around Goldfield, thirty miles to the south.

But the sage-brush was everywhere. I threw a lighted match into a clump of it. The conflagration was spectacular. Frowsy heads emerged from the tents. Weepah was already awake. I set out on a preliminary survey, and climbed a ridge whence I could look to the east. Here, in the valley, seemed to be a large body of water, turquoise blue, strewn with islands that were

built up and wooded, as in Böcklin's dream paintings. Over all hung a golden and palpitant morning haze. I unslung my binoculars—and saw that all was mirage. The lake resolved itself into a flat of white and poisonous alkali dust, and the islets were patches of black sand. The haze came from whirlwinds that meandered slowly and ghostily over the surface.

Equipped with a compass and map, I went northward to some forbidding hills, scrambled over igneous rocks, and after a heap of trouble found a weathered excavation ten feet deep. Spaniards in the days of the *conquistadores* had done some digging hereabouts, and pried out silver ore to make filigree ornaments of, and tunic buttons. Heat cracks radiated over the foot-wall. The *soldados* had sweated like Vulcans to build fires—doubtless in Summer when the air itself was like a flame—and, after the rock was glowing, had cracked it by dashing on water. No mules could have scaled that cliff. The waterskins and wood must have been carried up pick-a-back, and the ore brought down likewise. This was stimulating to contemplate. Those forgotten first delvers in Weepah had their heroic qualities.

The country below was as bleak as a tundra. The wind swept down from the Silver Peaks, picking up loads of grit en route, and swirled down in the hollow where the tents were pitched. Such owners as were busied outside walked backwards, like crabs, with arms shielding their faces. One detached himself and came up to meet me.

"In case you don't know," he said, "all that ground up there is located. You're late. There was five hundred people staking out claims in the blizzard six hours after news of the strike got to Weepah." He pointed to some vague place leagues off, and added, "If you like, I'll sell you a claim, only a half mile from Horton's prospect."

"Thanks, it's not in my line," I answered.

He looked embarrassed. "I thought you

was a native son, brought up on Alber's mush. Those Californians are placer men, and we sort of expect some claim jumping. In Nevada you file claims to do lode mining, but that don't cover surface rights, which go down to bed rock, and the same land can be filed on twice."

II

Two flivvers, piled high with bedding and tools, drove in. Each held four passengers, bundled in great coats, and bore a Utah license plate. Soon more came—a dozen or so. Scattered along the trail from the opposite rim were a hundred, with rolls of canvas and poles lashed to the running boards, and the back seats laden with supplies and assaying apparatus. The rush to Weepah was on. Gold miners need no telegraph or radio. They may be digging in some blind canyon, a thousand miles away, and a highly specialized nerve in their heads informs them of a strike—and they are off before dawn.

The procedure of everyone on arriving was to walk up the hillock that was now black with spectators. Here was an excavation, much smaller than the Spaniards', and in it an elderly man with a beatific, flustered smile. He was the owner of the claim, Frank Horton. He looked less a miner than anybody else. With his shabby brown business suit, watch-chain and spectacles he had the appearance of someone in the delicatessen business. He spoke, and fifty visitors, looking into the hole, listened with deference. Whom the gods have favored, their words are oracular.

He had been talking for two days, and his eyes were almost ruined by reading telegrams, but he was still voluble and courteous. A motion picture camera man set up the tripod and began to turn the crank. The group fell into picturesque attitudes, facing the lens, and Horton obligingly went through the motions expected of a miner. He chipped at a ledge of yellow rock, pulverized some of it in a mortar with the butt end of a crowbar, and, wash-

ing it in a frying-pan full of muddy ice-water, showed two handfuls of gold.

"Break away, gents," shouted the camera man. "The theatres ain't goin' to pay to see your hats!"

A whirring sounded overhead. It was an airplane that circled like a condor, then alighted, to disgorge two Hollywood brokers arrayed in the very latest swank of golfing attire. Perhaps their cinema clients had wearied of dabbling in oil. Nobody turned a head to watch the visitors from the sky, who had thus risked their necks in the cause of *réclame*, and who now came hurrying up to the prospect. One of them seized the pan, appraised the residue, then scribbled on an envelope. He showed me the figures.

"Over \$78,000 to the ton," he said, "and possibly a hundred dollars' worth of silver. As rich as Old Breyfogle's find!"

A throaty, *vox humana* horn gnawed the air. The car, an under-slung desert cruiser, with its enamel scoured off by the sand-blasts in Death Valley, testified to the advent of a person of importance. It was an Eminent Engineer. He waddled up to us, rolling a cigar between his lips, and keeping his gaze fixed on a mine gallows some two hundred feet higher up on the slope. It was above the old mine Horton had been toiling in without luck for fifteen years.

"How does the ledge lie?" he asked, without looking into the hole.

"North-east by south-west," said everyone at once.

He turned an absorbed eye upon the scenery. "Hear that?" he murmured. "That's the lay of every pay-shoot in Esmeralda county. I always said that in my reports. Ever read any of my reports?" he asked of me hopefully. "I'll send you a couple of volumes of them if you like."

There was nothing I could have liked less, but before I could say something non-committal, he had his coat off, and was down on his knees squinting at the ledge. He broke off chips, split them with his jack-knife into flakes, and jabbed the blade into the rock with the cold, morose de-

tachment of a scientist dissecting a bull-frog. Fifty men watched him intently. They would have given a good deal to know what was going on inside his head. It was believed by all right-minded desert rats that he possessed the x-ray eye, and could see fathoms deep into solid earth, even below the dense substratum of trachite. They watched his face as he arose, but it was blank, and the specimens fell from his hands, which he half opened as if with indifference.

One of the brokers ended the silence. "What do you think—a pocket, maybe?"

The Eminent Engineer put on his horn-rim spectacles, and bowed his head in heavy thought. "There may be successive pockets below. I will go so far as to affirm that," he said, with an air of finality.

He had put the seal on the camp. The holy words were repeated with unction and hilarity. A decayed flivver-nomad gave a shout: "I ain't never saw the like! And I seen some fancy ores took out of the old Yellow Jacket, up to the Comstock, and the January claims down in Goldfield!"

The great man turned to me and said, "Mining has gone to Hell the last ten years. Do you know what's the matter? The confounded automobiles! They have damned near ruined Nevada. Nobody's finding mines any more. These fancy ore scouts stick close to the highways so as to spare their tires. Over two-thirds of the big mines in Nevada were found by burros hunting for grass, or by their masters who spent half their lives hunting for the strayed burros."

Fancy scouts! Well, the prospectors had changed, certainly. Here were a score of them surging about this pit. All were dressed in semi-military style, with leggings and mackinaws—with not a single beard amongst them. Most of them had gone through the School of Mines. Not one but could perform a "cupellation" with the finesse of a Cripple Creek assayer. Gone are the rule-of-thumb old timers who prodded the burro, cursing meanwhile every tooth out of their heads, and brav-

ing heat-waves that would have daunted Abednego.

Nor was there a burro in sight. This mild, stubborn and interesting animal is almost as extinct as the Great Auk. The economic justification for his being is gone. In a rush—and all prospectors live in expectation of a rush coming with the dawn—the fleetest-footed of him is a thousand times more expensive than a flivver. The modern ore-scout, who cruises three hundred miles between sun-up and dusk, with antennæ out to catch the faintest rumor of a strike, invests in a powerful motor just as a foraying Arab lays it out on a Bishr camel.

III

The sun appeared, and it was a bright Sunday. Automobiles were still winding upwards through the grim defile of Paymaster Canyon, full of citizens of Tonopah and Goldfield coming out for an outing. The newcomers, merchants and their families, youths and flappers out sparking, climbed up to the prospect, carrying lunch-boxes and kodaks. A guard was now posted at the hole to vouchsafe all the information required, and to prevent enthusiasts taking away nuggets. Horton had already given away five thousand dollars' worth.

"Oh—is that it?" exclaimed a stout boarding-house mistress. She had two pudgy little boys with her, dressed in one-piece knitted suits, and was quite out of breath. "It looks like chalk rubbed with mustard." She was manifestly disappointed. "Lord-a-mercy, I don't see nothin' to get excited about."

The guard was crestfallen. "Well, ma'am," he explained, "they's some rock that does look prettier. But the way this was found sort of makes up for it. Horton had been diggin' around here since you was a girl—and so has lots of men for forty years. Then along comes Horton's kid and digs a hole right here by this path where his dad had walked for fifteen years—right

by the path from the cook-house to the mine, mind you, where nobody but a kid would think of looking—and strikes it rich."

Which was perfectly true. Horton had stayed on, whilst others had rushed from one camp to another. It was they, returned once more to their abandoned locations, who were swinging their picks all over the surrounding hills.

In a flint-strewn gully I ran into a pink-cheeked promoter, whistling to himself, who was turning over rocks with his boot.

"What started it?" he began. "I was just about ready to boom Jarbridge and Gilbert, and I dropped them both when everybody said Weepah. Got it on the radio down in Arizona. This camp has had more publicity in two days than Goldfield, poor old Goldfield, got in two years. What's the psychology?"

"Human interest, I suppose. Horton was just signing a quit-claim in a banker's office in Los Angeles when he got the telegram saying that his boy had struck it rich the night before."

"Was he busted?"

"Quite. The sheriff had plastered the shack, and there were the new twins, and Mrs. Horton in sheer desperation had grubstaked the oldest boy. So the family fortune was saved, as in the movies. That broke into the front pages. Besides, there hasn't been a gold rush in ten years. Found any values?"

He hoisted his shoulders. "I've got some parcels of ground, five locations, all filed proper." He tossed pebbles in various directions. "Over there is Pussywillow Annex. Over here, Pussywillow Annex Extension—Number One, Two, Three, Four. The certificates are on the press now, and tomorrow they'll be listed on the Exchange. I'll give you a cut-in of a thousand shares. Don't mention it. Give them to the baby, or use them for cigar-lighters."

"Looks like a hand-picked Goldfield crowd at the camp," I said.

He bit a cigar-end, and grunted, "Hand-plucked, you mean."

Weepah had increased by five tents and twenty more cars when we got back. An aged photographer in furs had set up a camera, and swains lined up to get snapped in manly attitudes. Behind a plank, set on two barrels, a withered Chinaman with three hairs on his chin dispensed hot coffee and frankfurters. It was noon, and a thousand visitors were milling back and forth on the sand between the two long rows of parked cars. The United States was represented by a marquee that bore the sign: Federal Minerals Surveyor. At intervals the dignitary came out, and was besieged by nervous women in khaki, who pleaded with him to certify that their boundary lines were right. Two Indians, under cowboy hats, with scarlet kerchiefs about their necks and wearing sky-blue overalls washed for Sunday, strolled up and down wonderingly. A newsboy walked around, piping, "Pay-pers, get your Sunday pay-pers! All 'bout the great gold rush to Wee-paw!"

Who could withstand this appeal to civic pride? He sold six armfuls. A dusty Ford nosed into an open space, and there descended two stoutish and formidable females from Los Angeles. They shook out a carpet, erected a tent, a portable kerosene stove, put on it water to boil for tea, then, with arms folded, sat on a folding bench and gazed with complacency on the throng.

I watched them with a dreadful fascination. One of them began to knit, and the other to munch hermit cakes out of a black reticule. They gave a settled air to the desert. From the adjoining tent a benevolent gentleman came out with a handful of boards and tools. He wore a Prince Albert and top-boots, and my conjecture was that he had come to serve Weepah in some ministerial capacity. The least I could do, in deference to his years, was to assist him as he contrived a sort of pulpit, which he covered neatly with green baize. Then he produced, quite magically, a leather cup and dice.

"Step right up this way, gents!" he

called. "All ready for the first game in camp, all ready—ready—ready!"

Two Jewish merchants opened the first store. That is, they displayed for sale quantities of colored blankets and flowered cotton quilts, very pretty. But everybody, it seemed, was stocked up, so they flitted to try their luck at Beatty, two hundred miles away. Distances mean nothing on the Nevada desert. Three trucks rumbled in, and left piles of lumber and a lurching water-tank, with a sign: "One Cent a Gal," fetched up, but since nobody wanted the fluid in such wholesale lots, the driver filled up a number of canteens and dish-pans gratis. A Salvation Army lassie dismounted from a Ford and began to hawk the *War Cry*.

The ensemble reminded me of a sale of subdivision lots—with nobody buying. So far, Weepah had not contributed a spoonful of gold to the general weal. The initiative rested with the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange. There was great talk at the open-air bourse in the lee of the cook-house, where I gathered that nothing much would be done until one entitled George Thatcher came down—then, sir, the camp will "crack open." Already his engineer, endowed with full powers, was on the ground. Nobody would be surprised in the least if this George Thatcher himself should arrive in the morning and take things in hand. Of course, everything depended on the report the engineer turned in.

Meantime, there was a twiddling of numb fingers. The sky became dark, and the wind, spitting snow from the Silver Peaks, smote the tents with a noise like pistol shots. The desert was having its little joke, and all hands made for shelter. All except a man in a fur coat, who was squinting through a theodolite, and making notes in a book. He followed the incredible calling of desert realtor, and made a specialty of boom camps. As always, he was in a hurry to forestall pioneers who might otherwise claim squatters' rights in the middle of his precious Main street.

IV

The prominent citizens, one by one, vanished into the largest tent. Evidently it was the social center, for it bulged with inmates. A square of tar-paper, scrawled with chalk, proclaimed it to be the Weepah Club. It was a cave of harmony, for a mechanical piano with snarled inners emitted a cataclysmic sound, in which a thread of melody was recognizable, faintly, as "Waltz Me Around Again, Willy." Here I found the Eminent Engineer, a couple of Senators, a judge or two, and, later, the town-site man. Most of the patrons were miners, who sat on the ground, leaning against the canvas. A bar-keep with a spit curl and a snowy apron presided at the counter and dispensed whiskey at forty cents "a slug" from a catsup bottle. The heat was overpowering, for the sheet-iron stove, packed with sagebrush, was white hot.

Two ladies, a phthisical blonde and a chunky Mexican belle with an incipient moustache, danced indefatigably with the patrons, their fee for entertaining being the purchase of two drinks at the bar for a dollar. The soul of the party was the gentleman I had mistaken for a cleric. He danced with the hostesses, he danced with the members of the bourse, and he danced by himself, leaping into the air and clicking the heels of his top-boots, emitting the while loud, un-evangelical whoops. He was Terpsichore gone rampant. Had not the chauffeur that morning said the whiskey was good?

The desert rats warmly applauded the show. They gave forth an odor that was a blend of cooking-grease, perspiration and briar pipes, and the comfortable feeling that they had æons of leisure before them. The Eminent Engineer, recumbent, with legs crossed, introduced me to them. He knew them all. He knew everybody in Nevada, though he spends most of his time in a deep leather armchair in a San Francisco club, smokes fifty-cent cigars, being villainously rich, buys etchings, scrapes

the fiddle a bit, and is a patron of the Hertz Symphony.

"What's become of Indian Pinenut Jimmy?" he demanded. He blew out luxuriously a whiff of cigarette smoke. "His Barrel Spring location is close by here, and I thought that prospect pretty good, what with values in the silicas of the altered granite."

"There's tungsten in that plot," answered one miner. "I seen stringers of it in the glory hole."

"Heard 'at Pinenut deeded over his claims and is working for Death Valley Scotty," said another.

"Well, I've got two claims that I just refused \$50,000 for, only yesterday," remarked an old hard-rock man with muscle-bound shoulders and a frowsy moustache.

This was true to the extent that he had been offered fifty dollars in cash and a vague promise of the rest in certificates not yet printed. One stranger got up and inveighed loudly against the injustice done Winnemucca. It was impossible, he said, to get a line into the papers even if steam shovels at that camp turned up gold eagles by the trainload. Weepah was hogging all the publicity. But since he was from Northern Nevada his lament was listened to unfeelingly.

"Goldfield Con. has gone up so many points since last week," said the Eminent Engineer. "Down at the five-thousand-foot level they struck snow-white rock banded with pure gold. It made a buzz on Wall Street, but not a single boomer got dragged back to Goldfield. It isn't figures, or production, that makes a camp. It's the virgin field, the excitement, the sense of adventure—the big gamble and the fun of it. People can't shake off the idea that old Goldfield is played out. Anyway, the land is all patented, and it's only the chance of owning some that brings out the enterprising."

"What I don't get," exclaimed the dice-and-pulpit gentleman, who entered again, "is why you sour-doughs don't go out and pan gold—if there's so much of it in Wee-

pah. Or are you waiting for George Thatcher to give you permission?"

The sarcasm told. Obviously, he had drifted in from California, where rills and springs abound, and the vicinity of a gold strike, in the foothills, say, swarms with newcomers who work the Long Tom or cradle on their own account. As for Weepah, the nearest supply of water is in some gully ten miles off.

"And another thing I'd like to know is," he said, "who is George Thatcher?"

A miner got up and tapped him on the shoulder. "It ain't your fault that you are a native son," he said, delicately. "But now that you are here you might as well learn to be respectful to a big fellow that has grubstaked better men than you, and never asked questions. He's Senator George Wingfield, but there's no call to go shouting it aloud."

With the approach of dusk the noise of hammering and the clatter of trucks had abated, and we emerged to behold two long lines of tents and wooden shacks. The town-site man had resumed his surveying.

"Inside of a week you won't know the place," he said. "There'll be a post-office and a couple of dance halls and a chiropractor office—perhaps moved over from Manhattan on skids."

The day's work had been done. The town, a collaboration by adventurers who had met through chance that morning on the desert, was built. Before the club, the phthisical blonde puffed her cigarette and gazed over the landscape, now tinted with a faint wash of orange.

"Take you back to Tonopah, Flossie?" invited the Eminent Engineer, as we got into his car.

"I reckon not," she said. "I been there long enough to git tired of city life. I always liked the desert—and besides I've got to hang on to these three claims I staked out on the hill until somebody buys them off me. G'night, pefessor. Give my love to the old crowd over at the Harem Café. And wave good-bye to Laughing Ole for me. He's going home."

Dogs yapped. Somebody sang to an accordion. An old miner with a pipe in his mouth was tying a piece of green ribbon to his tent flap in observance of St. Patrick's Day. The stoutish and efficient ladies from Los Angeles were frying bacon outside their temporary canvas home.

"It has all the earmarks of a permanent camp," said the Eminent Engineer.

V

We returned at top speed to Tonopah, hurtling down through the canyon, going at eighty miles an hour over the smooth dry lake, and climbing the desert slope in the direction of Lone Mountain. My companion pointed to the chain of hills known as the Divide, and the line of dead mine workings, and singled out one hoist just barely visible.

"Right there they found gold," he said. "But not a single one of the others produced a pennyworth. Keeley Motors and the Mississippi Bubble weren't in it with the Divide. People were Hell-bent on buying stocks, so the promoters obliged by sinking a few holes. A psychological boom, you understand. They couldn't gamble during the war, and got loaded up with Liberty Bonds, and in 1918, when they were below par, promoters exchanged them at face value for stock. Shocking? Well, I don't know. People will always gamble, and stocks are no dearer than a chance on the ponies. You can sell out—if you are clever enough. I don't buy any myself, because I get enough stimulus out of my profession as it is."

We dropped on to a plain that, for a hundred acres, was of a strange beauty. The area might have been strewn ankle deep with stones that sparkled and reflected iridescent tints in the evening light. I thought of Sinbad's adventures with the roc and the jewels. Then there were deeper tone, ochre-like patches, reminiscent of corroded tins and old stove-tops. So they were, and the jewels turned out to be shards of glass.

"Well, we're coming to Tonopah," said my companion. "This is the city dump. I suppose there must be fifty million champagne bottles broken up around here. I know I drank my share, in 1903 and in the days of the Divide boom."

From a fifth-story window in an unexpectedly good hotel, the Engineer and myself leaned out to observe the panorama. The town, gray and gaunt, straddled on a heavy slope hemmed in with conical mountains, like dervish hats, and glittering with rime frost. The cross-roads seemed to end up suddenly at abandoned mines, topped with gallows-frames and motionless wheels. The place had a moribund air, deriving also from the rows of vacant stores down the main street. But there was no gainsaying a certain unwonted bustle. At least a hundred automobiles were nosed against the curbs. From the station walked pink-cheeked gentlemen in fur coats, carrying hand luggage and brief cases: a procession unwatched by the citizens, who were busily loading their cars with supplies, and one by one zipping, with great snorts of exhaust gas, up the hill for the desert. Here was a sense of adventure.

The Engineer, with his silvery head out of the window, was on his knees. Though he puffed at his pipe, and spat out occasionally, there was something rapt and ecstatic in his attitude, which was like that of a devotee at prayer. By chance, I wheeled about in the room, and my hand touched the brass bed-post, and I got an electrical shock. It was my first encounter with static at these dry altitudes. He did not heed my remarks.

"Old town's keeping up!" he cried lovingly. "Time and again we thought nothing could save it—then along came the Divide boom, then the Gilbert strike, then Manhattan, and Jarbridge—and now Weepah. By God, it'll live forever, and is still the second biggest town in Nevada. I was here when Frank Ish built the first wooden building back in naught-two. Goldfield

took the edge off us in naught-seven. Where is Goldfield now? Gone like Hans Breitman's 'barty.'"

The dinner hour came, then night, but from our point of vantage we saw that one quarter of the town remained dark.

"There must be something wrong," he said. "The arc-lights over at the Harem and the Casino dance-halls are out for the first time in years. Wonder what's happened?"

We descended, and, wrapped in fur coats—for it had come on to snow—we walked to the station, whence came on the wind lugubrious strains of music. A Salvation Army officer joined us.

"There is a lot of smouldering sentiment in a mining camp, sirs," he said, "hidden though it may be by a rough exterior, and when touched by the right chord it bursts forth in effulgent fervency. The girls are giving Laughing Ole of the Casino a funeral. He broke his neck yesterday."

On the platform were children of the desert, grouped about a coffin on a truck. Bareheaded were the miners, the prospectors, the faro-dealers and habitués of the clubs. The dance-hall women, with the rouge wiped off their faces, making them ghastly pale under the lamps, were singing "That Old Gang of Mine." Jazz had routed even from this desert town every horn and instrument of grave voice, but the few musicians made a brave sound with saxophones, guitars and trap-drums.

The strident air of "Good-Bye, Everybody" was the farewell. A girl pressed forward, kissed a wreath of sage-brush, and laid it tearfully on the coffin as it was wheeled into the baggage-car.

"He was the best spender in the desert region," said a miner, "and he never left the camp since 1905."

"That's the desert," said the Eminent Engineer, lighting a cigar. "All it gives you is a Hell of a good time, and Laughing Ole will be sorry to learn he missed Weepah by a day."

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A CURE FOR AUTHORS

BY LOUIS SHERWIN

SCENE: *A street outside a studio not far from Gramercy Park. SAM and GEORGE emerge in a hurry and a gust of alcohol and tobacco fumes.*

SAM—Ouf! I hope to the good Lord Jehovah I don't see another painting for six months—and I don't care if I never see another painter.

GEORGE—Why, Sam? I like painters. I'd a damned sight sooner associate with them than with writers. They're so much better informed, and on a much wider range of subjects.

SAM—I don't think so. All they ever seem to talk about is their own rotten trade, and I'm sick to death of it.

GEORGE—My good fool, everybody talks shop. Even bartenders, who are unusually catholic in their conversation. But writers are impossible. They can't talk anything *but* shop. And always their own miserable little corner of the *bodega*. Besides, they're always jabbering about themselves when I want to discourse about me.

SAM—Well, I'll be fried in goose-grease if your painter friends are any better. You'd think civilization began and ended on their messy palettes.

GEORGE—On the contrary, I've found them singularly free from the egocentric absorption of us quill-driving gentry. Musicians are the only folk who equal our occupational monomania.

SAM—How about actors?

GEORGE—Don't be flippant—I'm discussing people. Most, no, I think *all* the painters of my acquaintance are not only articulate about their own craft—with a pretty good insight into sculpture and architecture as well—but can also converse

intelligently about music, languages, literature, baseball, dancing, box-fighting, the theatre and, above all, the one topic on which all men are fluent, women. You remember what Horace Walpole said: "At my table we always talk bawdy so that everybody can join in."

SAM—I've never seen a painter get a girl away from *me* yet. And I've seen several of them try.

GEORGE—Mm, yes, maybe. I've noticed you getting gosh-awful nervous whenever one of them asks a gal of yours to pose for him. Be that as it may, it stands to reason that painters should have a wider range than writers. Personally I consider them more literate. They are certainly more traveled. Oh, I know that since scribbling has become better paid many of us take an occasional dash abroad. That isn't traveling. The majority of painters have had to *live* abroad in order to learn their trade.

SAM—That's an exploded myth. There are good schools and teachers here now.

GEORGE—Even so, the man who hasn't studied the best canvases in Paris, Florence, Munich, Rome, Amsterdam, to say nothing of Madrid and London, must feel incomplete. You'll consequently find more of them able to talk at least one foreign tongue than you will among the ink-slingers.

SAM—I admit most writers don't even know English.

GEORGE—I'm not discussing newspaper men. For myself, as an erstwhile Englishman, I prefer the racy idiom of these United States. But that's not the question. The point is that the narrowness of most writers is as scandalous as the hats of

their wives. How many of them know anything about music? How many of them fail to make the most ludicrous blunders when they write about it? You may remember that when George Moore published "Evelyn Innes" it was almost sensational for a literary man to contrive a novel on the subject of music that was not downright idiotic. What musical tales can you recall, good or bad, prior to that? All I can think of were two of Balzac's worst, a third-rate opus called "The First Violin" by a Miss Fothergill, and "Knight Errant" by Edna Lyall, one of the scribbling dames who adorned Victorian literature in the pre-Marie Corelli days.

SAM—Now you're talking about the Dark Ages. Come down to modern times; be fair. If you're going to compare Michelangelo with Marie Corelli or Hall Caine of course you can prove that the painter's mind is superior.

GEORGE—I wasn't comparing them. I'm comparing the general run of men engaged in the pictorial and plastic arts with the general run of fairly successful writers. I admitted that the younger generation of the latter seem to be better informed than their forerunners. And if you try to throw Anatole France at my head I'll push you under that bus. Such as he are exceptions to everything. As a matter of fact, he was one of the few men, regardless of occupation, supposed to have "absolute" taste, if there is such an animal. His collection of beautiful things was priceless. I'm told that H. G. Wells, curiously enough, is another. Arnold Bennett, also, but that's not so surprising. And Shaw is well informed about all the arts. Of course, his taste is uneven and he is always making ludicrous breaks—as he did when he picked poor Henry Arthur Jones and Brieux as important playwrights.

SAM—Right you are, for once. But what does that prove?

GEORGE—Simply that you've got to exclude authors of the front rank from the argument. To do me justice, I didn't set out to prove anything. I was merely ex-

pressing a preference—or perhaps rather a prejudice, which is more enjoyable.

SAM—Why this fool prejudice against men of your own craft?

GEORGE—They make me sick.

SAM—That's not even a prejudice, that's an affliction.

GEORGE—*They* are an affliction, if you like. The apes always pick on *me* when they want to back somebody into a corner and tell him how good they are. Besides, you know how I hate to lose things. The Winter I went around in scribbling circles two years ago I had more belongings stolen from me than in four years of Hollywood.

SAM—Go on! You never had anything swiped at *my* house.

GEORGE—Two of the best walking-sticks that were ever given to me and at least three mufflers. Not to mention the crummy cap that was left me in place of a brand new Borsalino. And it was at your house that a gallant young Southern *litteratus* wanted to fight Ben de Casseres because he wouldn't admit that American womanhood was the noblest work of God, or that O. Henry was a great writer,—or something.

SAM—Oh well, Southerners! That lout wasn't invited, to tell the truth. I think Burton Rascoe brought him. But you're not trying to tell me there are no boundaries among painters, I hope.

GEORGE—On the contrary, they are some of the most amusing specimens of the guild. But you are forcing me to prove a point and formulate an idea that I hadn't the slightest intention of attempting when we began this fracas. Come to think of it, it is inevitable that painters should have saner, better balanced, more disciplined minds than writers.

SAM—Rats! Most painters I know are crazy.

GEORGE—You're thinking of Gauguin and "The Moon and Sixpence." The so-called craziness of painters is just external and superficial. What you mean is that some of them are irascible and eccentric of

manner. Their customers expect it of them. The sad truth is that the most impossible human being in the world to live with is a writer.

SAM [*wincing*].—Now you're talking like a wife. But, for the sake of argument, how do you make out the famous inevitability of a painter's superiority?

GEORGE—Because he has to be not only an artist but an artisan. He has to be skilful with his hands. So does a sculptor. Almost all writers are positive dubs with their hands. They can't even operate a typewriter well, and their penmanship is abominable. The loons pride themselves on it.

SAM—Now, that's rot.

GEORGE—It's not rot. I'm one of them—so are you. Skill with the hands has a definite effect on the workings of the brain. Every man ought to be able to do something with his fingers. Observe the sureness of attack in the few of us who know how to do something beside write. McFee, for instance. A marine engineer, and a damned good one. Conrad, a master navigator. Jim Hunecker, a pianist of no mean order. Joe Hergesheimer, a painter. Thackeray, a caricaturist of considerable skill. They bring to writing a quality of precision and incisiveness that the ordinary writer, who can do nothing but string words together, is conspicuously without.

SAM—Are you trying to tell me that a man should scatter his energies instead of concentrating?

GEORGE—I'm trying to tell you that the man who uses his hands merely to hoist victuals and drink has foregone a valuable faculty—valuable to his brain.

SAM—To hear you babble one would think the best way to become a writer is to begin life as a paper-hanger.

GEORGE—Most of us, my lad, should not only begin but end as paper-hangers. But the principal reason why I always feel respectful towards even a mediocre painter is that I never know when he isn't going to take it into his head to take up writing and beat my head off at my own trade.

SAM—Speaking for yourself, aren't you?

GEORGE—And quite a host of others.

SAM—What are you getting at now?

GEORGE—Where's your memory? It seems almost too obvious to remind you that the sonnets which Mr. Buonarroti contrived after he was sixty years old have been compared to Shakespeare's, or that El Greco's treatises were considered masterly. Of course anybody can remember Cellini. But I would call to the relics of your mind the case of Aubrey Beardsley who, on a challenge from Oscar Wilde, produced without effort some brilliant conceits written in modish Eighteenth Century English. I've mentioned Joe Hergesheimer. And Joseph Pennell's articles I considered most amusing. Have you heard of William Blake? Of Dante Gabriel Rossetti? Of a once fashionable contriver of portraits named Joshua Reynolds?

SAM—Not as a writer.

GEORGE—His "Discourses" were so lucid and of such excellent diction that Samuel Johnson was accused of having written them. The old grampus replied: "Sir Joshua, sir, would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him." Then, who was the real author of Wilde's literary style? And of most of his more celebrated nifties?

SAM—Whistler, of course. But he was a feeble painter. Even painters admit today that Ruskin was right.

GEORGE—They admit nothing of the sort. What they say is that, so far from being a "pot of paint flung in the public face" his pictures were so thin that in a few years they'll be invisible. But, as Bob Chanler said tonight, Whistler was not so much a painter as a great decorator and lithographer. Moreover, don't forget his pastels and his etchings. At any rate, he helps to prove my point. Why, you and I know numbers of minor artists and illustrators who can throw their palettes down at a moment's notice and turn out a readable essay. I read a book review the other day by Ralph Barton that made me envious. Penrhyn Stanlaws has written a one-

act play that could become an ideal libretto for an American opera. I tell you, Sam, the men of paint take the conceit out of me as a writer. The list could be lengthened indefinitely. And will you kindly inform me how many of our craft can even draw a picture of a dog chasing a cat that will amuse the children? As for their becoming painters—even bad painters—I would as soon expect to meet a preacher who was a gentleman or a *militaire* who was intelligent.

SAM—Then what, if anything, do you propose? That a lad who wants to write shall qualify by first obtaining a card in the carpenters' union?

GEORGE—Damn good idea. How did you ever think of it?

SAM—It's not my idea, it's a *reductio ad absurdum* of your blatherings. To carry it out logically, after a day's work at the bench, how is this bright lad to have enough energy left to write with?

GEORGE—Well, look at James Stevens, the fellow who wrote "Paul Bunyan."

And again I have to remind you of McFee.

SAM—Exceptions, to use your own dialectic. You poor mule, have you no realization of human nature? Don't you see that most of them who begin as carpenters or any other mechanics will become caught up in their trade or bored with it or, at best, graduate into contractors?

GEORGE—Providing they have enough intelligence, you might add. All right, so much the better. To hell with them. Any process that weeds out thousands of scribbling dubs should be welcome. Those that survive will be a vast improvement on the herd now marring white paper.

SAM—As a matter of fact, any process that would reduce the ghastly torrent of printed stuff that floods the world not only should but would be welcome. But I've a better idea than yours. Why not make the writing of books a capital offense?

GEORGE—Sam, you've hit it. Anything you said after that would be an anticlimax. This is where I leave you.

SAM—Thank you! Good-night.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Psycho-Osteopathy.—It is passing strange that the moral police of the country have thus far overlooked those chiropractors of the subconscious who begin to flourish in every community that boasts so much as a brick railroad station and a gilt movie parlor, and whose occult enterprises constitute what is undoubtedly one of the high-voltage engines of sinfulness amongst us. I allude, of course, to the profession of psychoanalysis, an art that has summoned to it as professors such a body of quacks and charlatans as has not been heard of since Christiah Science also got under full steam. There are, plainly enough, a few professional practitioners of the Freudian pathology who are competent men, but the great majority of fellows that one finds ploughing the field in search of easy pickings are simply so many illicit emotion plumbers, as devious and crooked as their colleagues in the gold brick, shell game and oil stock businesses.

The Freud-Jung-Adler psycho-pathological science has gradually passed out of the hands of those best fitted to understand and further interpret it—of those for whom it was designed—and has become simply a playing-ground for shrewd mountebanks. The latter have had an easy time of it, as the rank and file of half-wits have assimilated only the superficial elements of the doctrines and are hence ready and eager to swallow at one gulp anything that is told them. Many of these mountebanks do no actual harm, as their activities are confined to such absurdities as the confection of novels in which a bull-fighter afraid of cows is cured of his fear complex by being forced to eat a two-foot rump steak, and German moving pictures in which phallic symbolism is subtly indicated by a flash

of the Kochelbräu chimney. But there are others, and they outnumber the rest by twenty to one, who are breaking up more homes, assisting more greatly in the spread of muco-purulent inflammation and raising more hell generally than all the whiskey ever made in Kentucky or all the literature ever produced in France. I allude, it must be obvious, to the women's club lecturers and, more especially and directly, to those doctors and dentists who have lost their licenses and set up shop in the side-streets as psychoanalysts, and to the considerable company of fortune-tellers, osteopaths, phrenologists and Italian counts who, observing the ample supply of impressionable suckers, have closed their old places of business, sprouted whiskers and followed suit.

The procedure of this light-fingered gentry is simple. The women's clubs, to begin at the beginning, have long since tired of sitting through lectures on Jacob Wassermann under the delusion that it was August the orator on the platform was going to talk about. They have rebelled, as well, against sitting through two-hour lectures on Cabell for a measly five minutes confidential disquisition on the nature of Jurgen's implements of war. Deeply as it pains me to say it, it yet has always been plain to anyone acquainted with these women's clubs that what they really wanted was a little hot stuff carefully and politely wrapped in a literary, philosophical or scientific cloak, and that the payment of dues always fell off alarmingly when the lecturers engaged by the secretaries did not come up to expectations. These secretaries, who are customarily the only women in the clubs who get paid for their services, were not long in seeing

which way the wind was blowing and in feeling the ground gradually give way under their jobs, and they presently removed their intellectual spectacles and got busy. Appreciating that many more lectures on the style of Georges Duhamel and the iambic pentapody of Salvador Novo would find them back at their old, less glamorous posts in department stores or teaching school, they promptly cast about them for a means to get the old girls to continue sending in their checks, and they were quick to find it in the lecturers on psychoanalysis. These gentlemen, of whom there are so many available that the lecture bureaux have to hire special clerks to keep them in line, could be relied upon to give a good dirty show under cover. Under the guise of informing the women's clubs on the scientific aspects of the Freudian allectryomancy, it was an easy matter for them to go safely into hitherto forbidden territory, to the huge delight of the lady scientists out front and the secretaries.

The *modus operandi* of the gentlemen was and is readily recognizable. They begin with a lot of harmless whistle on such relatively innocuous matters as the nutritional instinct, intellectual elaboration of instinct, the conflict between social urge and individual craving, anxiety as a protective cloak against asocial tendencies, narcotomania, Wagner-Jauregg's observations on the infantile root of the tendency to steal, and a couple of illustrations of children setting fire to chicken-coops—to the polite boredom of the assembled girls. They then move cautiously ahead and discourse, a bit more easily and with fewer pulls at their whiskers, upon such subjects as the Oedipus complex, the Electra complex and the more discreet cases cited in other directions by Wimmer, Weinberg, Leppmann and Duboisson—and the girls begin to prick up their ears. The lecturers, gaining confidence, now move on to Janet's theory of dromomania, with its impulse to flee home and husband, the significance of dreams about conflagrations, the sexual symbolism of sleep-walking and the dangers of repres-

sion—and the girls are now leaning so far forward in their seats that the ushers have to stand guard lest they fall out.

The lecture over, the girls duly rush back to congratulate the speaker (and to find out covertly how strong his grip is), disperse to their homes to nag their husbands—and to consider the lay of the land. Thus meditating, they conclude that all is not well with them and that it would be meet for them to consult, as soon as possible, one of the local psychoanalysts. The latter they have no more trouble in locating than formerly they had in the case of fortune-tellers. A suave fellow, they find him to be, with the voice and manner of a stock company actor, with a consultation chamber soothingly dim and with perhaps some Turkish smell-powder burning in a corner. To this professor they address their woes and beseech advice. The professor glances at the size of their diamonds, learnedly strokes his Van Dyke and deliberates. A dozen or so negligible questions follow; there is a laborious and copious taking of data; there is a measure of punditical ear-stroking; and the professor—if the diamonds strike him as big enough—informs the fair one that hers is a difficult case demanding much study, and will she return again in three or four days' time. (If the diamonds are deficient, it is a matter of ten dollars and goodbye.) At the expiration of the stipulated period, the clothes-horse shows up again and the professor goes through the same rigmarole. Four or five visits will be necessary; the client presents a problem—but, let her rest assured, he will solve it. Now, as the client knows precisely what she wishes to be told—and as the pseudo-psychoanalyst knows that she knows—all that the latter need do is to slick up his beard with a little more bear-grease and bide his time against a sufficiently sizeable fee. At length, feeling that the customer has been properly impressed with his stupendous ratiocinations and is ready to be nicked to the limit, the charlatan confides to her that, as a result of his findings, he believes the trouble with

her to lie in the direction of a suppressed libido. The customer, obviously, is immensely pleased with the professor's sagacity in discerning the true nature of her malaise, gladly remunerates him for his wisdom, and departs. And the moment she departs another American home is due for disruption and another American husband for murder.

The number of women, young and old, who have been dispatched on fleshly errands and been convinced by the psychoanalyst frauds of the moral legitimacy of their quests cannot accurately be determined, but it must run well up into the tens of thousands. Many of these women are of the sort who would not indulge their emotional whims save they honestly believed such an indulgence to be warranted by their deep psychic and physical needs, in other words, save they believed that they had a scientific justification for their peccadilloes, and with this justification the Freudian fakers provide them. Nor are married women whose husbands, to put it euphemistically, devote too much time to their business, the only class of females who fall for the necromancy of these humbugs. . . . There was a day when men used to hang around stage-doors. Today, you will find the same men, bent on the same mission, hanging around outside the offices of the Freudian practitioners. They are the psychoanalytical Johns of 1927.

Psalm 51.—Perhaps the saddest lot that can befall mortal man is to be the husband of a lady poet. It is, of course, bad enough to be a husband at all, so I am reliably informed by authorities, but to be the husband of a woman who squats on Pegasus and is pleasurably flicked by his tail must be the apex of human misery. The first year or so of such an alliance may not be un-

duly trying to the kind of man who can so much as look at a lady poet without a violent sinking of the tummy, but once life gets back into its usual humdrum the poor fellow's days must be filled with agony. It is not that he has to spend his nights, after he gets back from the day's grind at the shoe store or rolling-mills, listening to his wife's rhythmical inspirations about whippoorwills, nightingales and weeping-willows, but that he is compelled to listen for a very much greater period of time to her romantic tributes to lovers with which he often is hard put to it even vaguely to identify himself. He cannot for the life of him know whether her prosody is boosting him or some other fellow, either living or dead, real or imaginary. And if he is at all sensitive, it is not long before he takes to drink to salve his wounded pride.

The husband of a lady poet is soon or late doomed to be the butt of her Parnasian athletics. Long after other wives have quietly forgotten their husbands, he is forced to endure his spouse's slyly indirect criticisms of himself as a hor flame and, worse still, her eulogies of some other man as being all that he is not. It is the custom, I am told, of wives to refer lovingly and with a considerable nostalgia to their beaux of the days before they married, but surely no husband can find this half so katzenjammerish as a constant allusion, whether the verse be good or bad, to longed-for beaux of the future. The woman who marries a poet has an easier time of it, for the simple reason that a woman is capable of the technique of imagining herself to be even more beautiful and aphrodisiacal than any creature that her husband lyrically idealizes. But it is a rare man, once he has been married for a few years, who can persuade himself to find in his wife's idyls any analogy between himself and Benvenuto Cellini.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Certiorari

THE late activities of the moralists in connection with the theatre would seem to prove once again that a playwright's characters may safely say anything they choose to, provided only that they do not, whether by gesture or act, visualize the subject matter of their discourse. Looking back over those exhibitions that the censors have objected to in the last thirty years, it is easy to see that what has dismayed the guardians of the public psyche is not what is said, however piquant, but rather what is done. The only exception in the three decades in question where objection has been lodged against a theme and not against stage business was "Mrs. Warren's Profession." In every other single instance, what has brought the moral boys down upon a play has been a physical antic of one kind or another. Olga Nethersole's "Sapho" was condemned not for its theme and dialogue, but simply because of one unduly prolonged "Carmen" kiss and a scene showing the hero carrying the heroine upstairs to bed. Sadie Martinot's "The Turtle" attracted the attention of the moral police because of a two minute episode in which the heroine was supposed to disrobe behind a screen, and Blanche Bates's "Naughty Anthony" simply because an actress crossed her legs at one point in the evening and took off her stockings.

Paul Potter's "The Conquerors" would never have had a voice lifted against it had it not been for the moment in which a German *Uhlán* seized a woman with fell purpose just as the curtain discreetly lowered itself. "The God of Vengeance" offended the smutsers because of the scene at the end of the first act in which a

woman fondled a young girl with what seemed to be saphistic intent, and "The Clemenceau Case," years before, because one of the actresses showed herself for ten seconds in a mild approximation to the altogether. "The Demi-Virgin" got into trouble, so it eventually came down to cases, because of a single amorous scene played by an actress in an allegedly aphrodisiacal nightie, and "The Girl With the Whooping Cough" because of some love-making on a settee. Even in the case of the harmless music show, "The Black Crook," it was only the girls' tights that alarmed the celestial ambassadors of the era. "Countess Coquette," though it managed to avoid actual police interference, came very near suffering it because of the scene at its conclusion wherein the deserted Lothario listens at the keyhole of the door leading to the boudoir of the reunited husband and wife, and a flannel nightgown in "Desire Under the Elms" was instrumental in causing what trouble that drama experienced in certain communities. The dramatization of Tolstoi's "Resurrection," which Blanche Walsh took around the country, was jumped upon in various cities because of the scene at the end of the prologue in which a man and woman sat down together on the edge of a bed, and Charmion's trapeze act, to come to that, was all right with the gendarmes until the lady removed her garter and threw it to the audience.

Take the three suppressed plays of the past season. What really drew the eyes of the moralists to "Sex" was surely less what was said in it than that single widely remarked on bit of stage business wherein an actor employed a Rabelaisian gesture to indicate a certain anatomical virtuosity. "The Virgin Man," equally innocuous

drivel, went on the moral rocks because of a single episode showing a young woman trying to tempt a youthful St. Anthony. And "The Captive," for all its homosexual theme, would, unless I am very greatly in error, have been permitted a free course had it been presented here as it was in France and not been circused by causing the actress playing the leading rôle to comport herself like a hoochie-coochie performer who had drunk a *Seidel* of yohimbin. Bourdet himself objected violently to any such sawdust-ring interpretation of the rôle which distracted an audience's attention from the drama and centred it upon the spectacle of a pornographic St. Vitus dancer.

It is always what he sees rather than what he hears that disturbs the moralist. The history of the modern theatre, with negligible exception, assures us of this fact. A dramatist may speak on forbidden subjects to his heart's content and he will be relatively safe. But the moment he dramatizes even one of his phrases in terms of concrete fact or action the gong of the approaching patrol-wagon will be heard outside the playhouse. If this is not true, why is it that the moralists raid "Sex" and permit to go unmolested a play like "Saturday's Children," in which a father tells his young daughter that it would be much better for young girls to go out and have affairs than to rush into marriage too quickly, or one like "The Constant Wife," in which married women are defended for taking on lovers, or one like "The Road to Rome," in which a woman with a too fat husband is alleged to be justified in committing adultery with the first good-looking thin gentleman she encounters? Why is it that they raid any burlesque show offering the familiar frankfurter act and allow to be presented unhindered a play like "Crime," in which the young are romantically educated in successful thievery, or one like "Broadway," in which murder is sentimentalized and made the basis of a deep, pure and ineffable love?

II

Engines of Agnosticism

WHILE on the topic of moralists, I am seized with a speculation as to why and how it is that these curious fowl regularly fail to include in their uplift forays those quasi-religious spectacles which are periodically displayed in our midst. If anything in the world can succeed in ridding a people of its belief in God and Holy Writ, it is surely just such blasphemous and idiotic exhibitions. It is doubtful that a hundred plays showing the adulteries of forty-five year old actresses and imitation Englishmen can persuade even a congenital imbecile of the romantic aspects of wenching, but I experience some travail in believing that the man who has just seen Jesus Christ in the person of a Lambs' Club ham in a Hepner wig will go around to church the following Sunday with much of his erstwhile gusto.

The visualization of divine and Biblical subjects by the drama and the moving pictures has undoubtedly done more to hasten the spread of agnosticism among the boobs than all the engines of doubt and disbelief that have got up steam in the last two hundred years. The subjects of faith and the objects of religious worship may, save in a traditionally conventionalized manner, be pictured concretely only at the expense of a diminishing and sacrifice of such faith and worship. Time and custom have hallowed the symbol of the crucifix, whether in marble or ivory or oils, and fine art has brought its beauty and imagination to the establishment and furtherance of the spirit of the divine materials it has made its own. But when cheap playwrights and cheaper movie manufacturers, however lofty their purpose, lay hold of the same materials, they convert them into a species of pie theology and succeed magnificently in spreading a dangerous impiety and infidelity among a nation of dolts who must ever be kept in line by fear of the hereafter. It is pretty hard to

believe that, after a journeyman electrician has seen Christ depicted in an exhibit like "Ben Hur" as a bunch of Mazda lamps, he will suffer quite the same humility that he did before. It is equally hard to believe that, after an advertising agent has beheld the Saviour in a show like "The Servant in the House" or "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" to be none other than a familiar endorser of Pelmanism, Muriel cigars and Lucky Strike cigarettes, he, in turn, will experience quite the feeling that he did previously. And it surely is no easy job to believe that, after thousands of morons have gone to such a moving picture as "The King of Kings" and seen the Son of God to be simply the actor who played the crook in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," to say nothing of the fellow who fell so comically upon his stern in "The Ghost Breaker"—it is surely no easy job to believe that these morons will not come away rather more given to humanitarianism than they were when they went in. Herr Lang of Oberammergau has at least never played in Broadway detective melodramas and farces, nor has he had photographs in the tabloids showing him playing golf in Hollywood.

But more important than all this, in the direction I have indicated, is the picturization by the movies of the Biblical miracles. It may, with a painful stretch of the imagination, be conceivable that a half-wit may be deeply impressed by the spectacle of a dozen fox-trotting habitués of the Cocoanut Grove in the rôles of the Twelve Apostles, but it must strain the imagination to the breaking point to believe that he longer regards the miracles taught to him in childhood as divinely inspired after he has seen them reproduced by film parlor-magic, the secrets of which he is made privy to by all the movie magazines. Reading of the miracles in the Bible, he is awed. But seeing them duplicated by a Los Angeles bald-headed man in puttees, he is simply made sniffish. He is like a child who regards his father as a great man when the latter pulls a rabbit out of a silk

hat and whose faith in his father's supernatural powers quickly vanishes when he later discovers that the hat contains a black velvet pocket in which the rabbit was concealed. Suckers no longer fall for the shell game after they know how it is done. And the movie devotee, being apprised of the fake way in which the miracles are transferred to the screen, presently persuades himself that the miracles of old were negotiated in some equally fraudulent manner.

As I have hinted, the rank and file of the people must be kept in line by the police, whether mundane or celestial. A people that didn't believe in an Almighty God might constitute an intelligent nation, but it would prove a very tough customer to handle. At least one policeman would be needed to look after every single citizen, and the jails would have to be enlarged daily. The pseudo-holy plays and moving pictures are gradually converting former believers into skeptics, and skeptics, by a recognizably natural process, into criminals of one sort or another. All that China needs to disillusion it, solidify it and make it a formidable military power is for Cecil De Mille to go over there with some fat movie actor and make a super-special with him in the rôle of Buddha.

III

Beyond the Alps

ON THE condescension of literary men toward the theatre, I have written in the past. Of the several recent instances of this condescension that have come to my notice, none is more illuminating than that of the gifted and unfailingly entertaining Aldous Huxley. Mr. Huxley makes known his airy disdain in an article called "Why I Do Not Go to the Theatre." The title, considering the ancient point of view which the article sets forth, would be vastly more apt had the author omitted its first word. For the theatre which Mr. Huxley so contumeliously discourses upon

obviously belongs to the early eighties.

Let us glance briefly at a few of Mr. Huxley's antiquated opinions. First, that "the popular conventions are accepted in the theatre at their face value without any attempt being made to discover the psychological realities which lie behind them." Brushing aside as being too apparent contradictions of Mr. Huxley's horsehair-sofa viewpoint the plays of such present-day dramatists as Shaw, O'Casey, Toller, O'Neill, Pirandello and a score of others, let us sample the hollowness of his contention by descending to even the Broadway commercial drama of this last season. I list herewith a number of plays that, during the past seven or eight months alone in the New York theatre, turned the popular conventions inside out and at least tried to make the very attempt which Huxley denies is ever made: "The Home Towners," "Sour Grapes," "Sandalwood," "The Captive," "The Good Fellow," "God Loves Us," "Gentle Grafters," "This Was a Man," "The Constant Wife," "The Silver Cord," "Lady Alone," "Inheritors," "Mariners," "Spread Eagle" and "The Second Man." During the same period, there were produced on Broadway such equally controverting examples of modern drama as the "Naked" and "Right You Are" of Pirandello, etc.

"There are only two kinds of love on the stage—the pure and the impure," continues Huxley in defence of his non-theatregoing attitude. "No hint is ever dropped that in reality sacred and profane love are inextricably mixed together; it is never so much as whispered that there may be a great many varieties of both kinds." Need I bring to our friend's notice a hundred and one modern plays that must make his statement ring loudly with foolishness, such, for example, as Porto-Riche's "L'Amoureuse," certain of Arnold Bennett's later comedies, d'Annunzio's "La Città Morta," Capus's "L'Oiseau Blessé" and "Les Passagères," Strindberg's "The Dance of Death" and O'Neill's derivative "Welded," Sudermann's "Das Blumen-

boot," Schnitzler's "Zwischenspiel" and "Der Ruf des Lebens," and Lenormand's "Simoon"? "On the stage," concludes Huxley, "love is, moreover, always a function of the loved object, dependent exclusively on the blonde curls and the virtue of the heroine, the black shingle and the alluring impurity of the villainess. No allowance is ever made for the lover's state of mind and body. If there is one thing (on the other hand) that the novelist's exploration of reality has made abundantly clear, it is that love is, to a great extent, the product of the lover's imagination and desire and that it has comparatively little to do with the qualities of the beloved." It appears that Mr. Huxley is completely unaware of a multitude of plays like Schnitzler's "Countess Mitzi," Sudermann's "The Three Heron Feathers," Barker's "The Madras House," Strindberg's "To Damascus," and the various Guitry and Dieudonné comedies, to mention but a few that come readily to mind.

IV

Clowns

WHATEVER the poverty of the American theatre in other directions, it finds its cornucopia sufficiently full of talented clowns. I doubt that the theatre of any other country at the present time can boast so many genuinely droll fellows, or that when it comes to low comedy there is a factory so productive of salubrious guffaws. On what country's stage will you discover another Bobby Clark with his stogie butt, elegant walking stick and illuminated diamond; Harpo Marx dragging a long rope after him, disappearing in the wings and presently reappearing at the other side of the stage holding its still trailing end; and Tom Healy trying vainly and with much grave head-scratching to figure out how his partner guesses what number he has been thinking of, when the former asks him and he tells him and his partner says "That's correct"? Or

George Bickel with such a German dialect as hasn't been heard in the American air since Jim Hunecker used loudly and with much banging on the table to order biscuit Tortoni at Lüchow's; Phil Baker ironically inquiring of Sid Silvers if he knows what pinochle is and Silvers replying, "Sure! Pinochle and sauerkraut"; and W. C. Fields with his majestic, cuff-shooting mien, modish dickey and very tony cigar end? Or Al Jolson swapping confidential matters with a horse; Eddie Cantor bounding back and forth across the stage, the while he with a consuming enthusiasm relates the astounding wonders of being bitten lovingly on the ear by a red-headed girl; and Bert Wheeler singing a tearful ballad the while he eats a large cheese sandwich and dill pickle? Or Poodles Hanneford with his rubber suspenders that, when he would adjust them to his pantaloons, elude his grasp, shoot back and clap him a jolly one in the eye; Sam Mann and his lemon lozenge sucked tormentingly near the orchestra brasses; and Will Mahoney and his hats? Or Moran and Mack; Eddie Conrad and his piano act; and Frank McIntyre with his two-ton lizzie walk? Or Tom Patricola's clown clogging; Will Rogers's animadversions on politics; Julius Tannen's monologues; and Walter Catlett's burlesque love-makings? Or Joe Cook's reading of a bed-time story; the unmatched paint-smearing act of the Ardath brothers; and Willie Collier's *sotto voce* wise-cracks? Or Andrew Toombes' fairy tale; McIntyre and Heath's travelogue on ham trees, pretzel vines and pork chop bushes; and Raymond Hitchcock's chronic case of laryngitis? Or Victor Moore's baby voice; Fred Stone with his serio-comic athletic monkeyshines; Lew Fields with his shoulder-shrugging, philosophical "Easy come, easy go" upon being swindled out of the one hundred dollars that represent his life's savings; and Jimmy Hussey and Al Herman? Or Bozo Snyder and Sliding Billy Watson of the burlesque houses; Tom Howard and his dopey "Spy" act; and Frank Tinney, on such occasions

as he is out of the hospital, with his orchestra leader conversazione? Or Joe Smith, of the Avon Comedy Four, and Ted Lewis, and, surely, Johnny Hudgins and his hoofing pantomime, and Joe Jackson and his bicycle, and the excellent Ed Wynn, and Harry Watson and his prize-fighter act, and Gallagher and Shean, and Jack Donahue, and Herb Williams and his piano act, and Chick Sale? These occur to my pencil as it travels quickly across paper. There are others, I am certain, that I have overlooked—others who rank with many of these as professors of the belly-laugh. In combination, they comprise a company the like of which only the American House of Representatives can equal.

V

The Road

THE current favorite pastime of theatrical commentators is announcing the death of the road so far as dramatic entertainment goes and speculating upon the reasons. I myself have not been backward in joining in the sport, and have confected a number of essays upon the subject, rich in sapience. But although much that is unquestionably true has been written, many more things that are equally true have been omitted from the various disquisitions, and these may be worth a few moments' consideration.

Going back a couple of decades or so, we find that one of the cardinal articles in the American Credo was this: That all the managers of provincial theatres, before the Theatrical Syndicate reduced them to the status of janitors, were men with a lofty regard for art and, had they not been brow-beaten and discouraged, would have played Shakespeare fifty-two weeks in the year, with Sophocles and Racine at matinées, instead of the Rogers Brothers, "Charley's Aunt" and Hermann the Great. It was, these twenty and twenty-five years ago, the general belief that the road was being killed by the Syndicate, as if the

Syndicate—even had it wished to with all its heart—could have regularly booked first-rate drama in the road theatres when, as now, there was only one first-rate drama available for every two dozen or more second- and third-rate attractions. And, in addition, as I have implied, that the road theatre managers would have welcomed an uninterrupted diet of such first-rate drama with no chance of making a double amount of money out of bookings like "A Trip to Chinatown," Evans and Hoey's "A Parlor Match" (with Anna Held), and "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss." This was the beginning of the legend that has persisted to the present day, and taken on, in passing, a wealth of new and peculiar blooms. The road was, and still is, held to have an overpowering desire for high dramatic art, when, as anyone at all familiar with the state of mind in most American provincial cities knows, the majority of first-rate plays do not today and seldom in the past have made enough money, save they were and are trumped up with a popular star, to pay the week's rent. What has brought about the death of the road, unless I am losing my old cunning as a clairvoyant, has not been the shortage in reputable drama so much as the shortage in spectacles, big musical shows, mechanical melodramas and other such stuff that once reaped a provincial harvest. Send out today a "Miracle" or a "Scandals" or a "Within the Law" or any such thing and the road promptly sits up in its grave and hands out its money, just as it used to sit up in its then slightly less deep grave and hand out its money for the Hanlon and Yale and Byrne Brothers' spectacles, or for the big Klaw and Erlanger musical shows, or for Lincoln J. Carter and imported Drury Lane melodramas. What we have today for provincial export are chiefly only fifth-rate copies of first-rate drama, chamber musical comedies and endlessly duplicated mystery melodramas with small casts and innocent of sensational mechanical episodes, nine-tenths of which starve to death in New York quite as they starve

to death when they are sent out of New York. The road is in the condition it is for much the same reason that the New York theatre is in the condition it is. To believe the contrary is to believe that more than twenty (to be generous) out of the one hundred and eighty-odd plays and shows presented in New York since last September have made real money and, further, that the moving pictures are responsible for the road's staying away from such other one hundred and sixty-odd New York duds as "My Country," "Just Life," "Naughty Riquette," "Fanny," "The Wild Rose," "New York Exchange," "Money From Home" and the like.

If the road is in a bad way because of the dearth of what is euphemistically known as old-time first-rate drama, why is it in an equally bad way in the matter of big-time vaudeville? Surely that vaudeville is of a better grade today than it was fifteen and twenty years ago—one need only consider the greater number of competent legitimate actors and actresses who appear in its programmes, to say nothing of the meritorious playwrights who now periodically contribute their one-act plays to it—and yet it has gone the way of the legitimate theatre and its offerings. I can't believe that the man in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago or St. Louis who used to patronize first-rate drama has suddenly become a great admirer of D. W. Griffith and Gloria Swanson, or that the circumstance that his brother now owns a Ford and a radio keeps the latter, in turn, away from a leg show, provided the legs are good enough. The reason for the *Untergang* of the *Abendland* is not to be found, I believe, in any such facile and imbecile philosophy. The road has declined, in the directions in which it has done so, for other causes, a few of which I take the liberty of guessing at. In the first place, fully half the regular theatregoing element in the leading road cities now make periodic pilgrimages to New York and there see the good shows before they are presented in their respec-

tive towns. This was not true twenty years ago, when a trip to New York or anywhere else was something of an event. But the American of the class in point has come to be a great traveler in the intervening years; he leaves home on every possible occasion; and New York is his Mecca. A glance at railroad statistics will convince the doubter. And a glance at the statistics covering visitors to New York will convince him doubly. In the second place, the bookings of certain theatrical exhibits in the road theatres are for too long a period. In the old days, a play was booked for three nights or maybe a full week—the limit of the town's patronage. Today, a play of the same kind is booked for a much longer time and, naturally,

plays to empty houses after its legitimately to be expected patronage is exhausted. In the third place, the so-called "try-outs" have alienated trade. Three-quarters of these try-outs are failures when finally they are brought into New York; they are swindles when foisted on the road by way of experiment; and the road gags at them quite as New York subsequently gags. And in the fourth place, to look at the other side of things, George Arliss, Ethel Barrymore, "Broadway" and "Sunny" do and perhaps always will have just as much success on the road as they have in New York, while Pedro de Cordoba, Marjorie Rambeau, "The Strawberry Blonde" and "Polly of Hollywood" will have no more and no less.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Philosophy of Rotary

ROTARY: A BUSINESS MAN'S INTERPRETATION, by Frank H. Lamb. \$2.50. 9 x 6; 128 pp. Hoquiam, Wash.: *The Rotary Club of Hoquiam*.

MR. LAMB is a manufacturer of machinery in the rising town of Hoquiam, Wash., hard by the celebrated Centralia and not far from Tacoma. In 1920 he became a charter member of the Hoquiam Rotary Club and its first president. In 1922 he was advanced to the governorship of the First District, and a year later he became a director and third vice-president of Rotary International. His advancement has thus been rapid, and his book shows why: he is a man of philosophical mind, and has focused its powers upon the problems of the great order he serves and adorns. Those problems, it appears, are of a considerable complexity, for in Rotary, as in other human organizations, there are two parties, one of which dreams of great achievements and the other of which is content to improve the passing hour. As everyone knows, it is the former party that chiefly breaks into the newspapers. One hears of its spokesmen announcing that Moses, or Homer, or St. Francis, or Martin Luther, or George Washington was the first Rotarian, and arguing gravely that, when the next war threatens, only Rotary will be able to stop it. The members of this party wear the club emblem as proudly as if it were the Garter, and spend a great deal of their time worrying about such things as the crime wave, necking in the high-schools, the prevalence of adenoids, the doings of the League of Nations, and the conspiracy of the Bolsheviki to seize the United States and put every Cadillac owner to the sword. They have a taste for rhetoric, and like to listen to speeches by men

with Messages. The boys of the other party are less concerned about such high matters. When there is nothing better afoot they go to the weekly luncheons, gnaw their way through the chicken patties and green peas, blow a few spitballs across the table, sing a few songs, and then, when the speech-making begins, retire to the wash-room, talk a little business, and then prevail upon Fred or Charlie to tell the new one about Judd Gray and the chambermaid at Hornellsville, N. Y.

Mr. Lamb does not belong to this atheistic faction. Being a Rotarian is to him a serious business, and he believes that membership should be very strictly guarded. As is well known, the rules of the order provide that only one man of any given trade or profession may belong to any given club. This provision, it appears, is frequently the cause of difficulties and heart-burnings. Suppose, for example, that a club is confronted by "two leading banks doing practically a similar line of business, each with an executive that is fully capable of exemplifying Rotary." What to do? If the executive of one bank is elevated to membership, then the executive of the other will be full of shame and repining, and the fact, I daresay, will show itself the next time any member of the club asks him for accommodations. Many clubs have resolved such dilemmas by the arts of the sophist. They have put down one executive as a "commercial" banker and the other as a "savings" banker, and then elected both, yelling merrily the while, and bombarding the candidates with ham bones and asparagus. Mr. Lamb is against such subterfuges. He looks forward to what is bound to happen when two grocers try to horn in, or two electrical contractors, or two bootleggers—one, perhaps,

disguised as a merchandise broker and the other as a wholesale druggist. The pressure from dubious men is naturally very great. They try to get into Rotary on account of the prestige and credit that membership gives, just as all the chiropractors in Washington try to get into the Cosmos Club, and all the social pushers everywhere in the Republic offer themselves for baptism in the Episcopal Church. If Rotary admitted them, it would soon descend to the level of the Shriners, the Moose, or the American Academy of Political and Social Science. But in small cities it is frequently hard to keep them out, for the only banker or newspaper editor or plumbing contractor available may be a palpably questionable fellow, with no taste whatever for Service. Thus the club is forced either to take him in despite his deficiencies, or to resign itself to staggering on without any representative of his important and puissant trade.

Such problems fever Mr. Lamb, who has a legal and moral cast of mind, and he gives over a large part of his book to a discussion of them. He believes that many of them would be solved if Rotary were confined strictly to the larger cities. The members of the clubs in such cities, going to a district or national convention, are often appalled on meeting their brethren from South Lockport and Boggsville. The former, as befits their high civic position, are commonly men of great austerity; the latter come to the meeting wearing flamboyant bands around their hats, carrying American flags and booster banners, and exhaling, perhaps, the fetor of rustic moonshine. It is hard for men of such disparate tastes and social habits to consider amicably, and to any ponderable public profit, the inordinately difficult and important questions with which Rotary deals. As well ask elephants and goats to gambol together. The big city clubs themselves face other problems, and some of them give great concern to the more thoughtful variety of Rotarians. There are those, as I have said, which flow out of the consti-

tutional provision that but one member shall be admitted from each avocation. That rule frequently bars out men of the highest idealism, whose presence in the councils of Rotary would strengthen the organization and so benefit the Republic. The minute one wholesale grocer or patent medicine manufacturer is elevated to membership all the others in town are automatically barred, and among them, it appears, there are sometimes men of so large a passion for Service that they were plainly designed by Omnipotence to be Rotarians. Not a few classification committees, as I have hinted, stretch the rule to let such men in, but Mr. Lamb sees the danger of that sort of playing with fire, and sounds a solemn warning against it.

Another problem: what to do with active and useful members who change their occupation and so lose their classification? Suppose A, elected as a Ford dealer, abandons that great art and mystery for the knit underwear business? A representative of the knit underwear business, B by name, is already a member, and he naturally hangs on to the high privileges and prerogatives that go with the fact. Is A to be dropped, or is the rule against duplications to be once more invaded? Most Rotary clubs, according to Mr. Lamb, get around the difficulty by electing A to honorary membership, but as a purist he is against that device, for it simply begs the question. Moreover, it is unjust to A. If he is entitled to any membership at all, he is entitled to full membership, with the power to vote and hold office. The constitutional lawyers of Rotary have been wrestling with the problem for a long while, but so far they have failed to solve it. Mr. Lamb is naturally reluctant to discuss it in a doctrinaire manner, but I suspect that he is in favor of throwing A out altogether—a cruel scheme, certainly, but one that at least disposes of the difficulty. To permit A to hang around sucking his thumb while his successor radiates idealism is as indecorous as it would be for a lady married to her second husband

to stable her first in the spare room. Raised to honorary membership, he becomes a sort of club eunuch. It would be kinder to strip him of his accoutrements and heave him out.

From all of this it is evident that the conscientious Rotarian is by no means the gay and happy fellow that he appears to be in the newspaper reports of his doings and in the columns of "Americana." All the while he is lavishing Service upon the rest of us his own heart is devoured by cares. The government of Rotary, like that of the United States, is one of law, not of men. The most stupendous Rotarian, in the eye of that law, is of no more importance than the humblest brother. Well, law hatches lawyers, and the minute lawyers appear there is trouble. Even the Elks have found that out. At their annual conventions they put in many weary hours trying constitutional cases. Outside the band is playing, but within the chamber of their deliberation they have to listen to long arguments, with maddening gabble of precedents. An Elks' convention used to be a very lively affair, with the boys riding around in open barouches, covered with badges and throwing away money; now it is indistinguishable from a session of the Supreme Court of the United States. A Rotary convention becomes even worse, for Rotarians are more serious men than Elks. The idealism of the nation is in their keeping. If they took their responsibilities lightly there would be chaos.

A Book for Bibbers

WINE AND THE WINE LANDS OF THE WORLD,
by Frank Hedges Butler. \$4.50. 8¾ x 5¾; 271 pp.
New York: Brentano's.

MR. BUTLER is a wine merchant by inheritance, and a bibber and fancier by inclination—a handsome, bulky old gentleman, wearing a No. 23 collar and with a strong facial resemblance to the late J. P. Morgan. In the pursuit of his chosen art he has traveled all over the world, by ship, by rail and even by air—that is, over all parts

of it save California, which he nowhere mentions in his book. But this neglect of the American Rheingau and Côte d'Or is nothing new, for practically all the English writers on wines are guilty of it. Even the best of them, P. Morton Shand, author of "A Book of Wine," has very little to say about California's excellent vintages, and that little is ignorant and contemptuous. Why the English should be so unfriendly to them I don't know; perhaps there is a political reason somewhere in the background. The truth is that California, during the last ten years of the Bill of Rights, produced some Hocks that were almost as good as the ordinary run of genuine Rhine wines, and some clarets and Burgundies, notably Cresta Blanca, that were a great deal better than the stuff the average Frenchman drinks. The California chiantis, as everyone knows, were far superior to the Italian ones. They not only had a more delicate flavor and a greater fragrance; they were also more digestible. The Italian chiantis, even the best of them, are so high in tannic acid that the Nordic stomach is quite unable to deal with them. They cause its mucosa to blow up in large blisters, and paralyze the nerves which operate the pylorus: it is thus impossible for an American to drink them without employing formidable chasers of bicarbonate of soda. But the California chiantis were very bland, and produced no such disturbances. Even today, though they have gone off considerably under Prohibition, they are still very respectable wines, and much in esteem in New York. What passes for Burgundy in that town is usually chianti. The California Hocks, under Prohibition, have died the death: the stuff sold in the long bottles today is mainly clarified cider, with a shot of witch hazel added. But the so-called sauternes on tap in New York in these days are even worse. The only thing genuine about them is the sulphurous acid, which causes one of the worst varieties of *Katzenjammer* known to pathology.

Mr. Butler does not confine his book to

wines: he also discusses whiskeys, gins, rums and some of the more popular cordials. What he has to say is always well-informed, but frequently he corrupts it with moral snuffling. He seems to be firmly convinced that the use of alcohol is beneficial to the system, and that it ought to be defended as a medicine. He even trots out the ancient superstition that gin is good for the kidneys. All this, it seems to me, is nonsense. Wines and liquors were created by God, not to take the place of castor oil and aspirin, but to make the human race happy. Their effects are psychological far more than physical. A man with gall-stones, after getting down a bottle of Rauzan-Ségla, still has his gall-stones, but he has lost his concern about them. Thus he is more amiable than he was before, and can talk of other subjects. I long ago suggested that wars would cease and crime would disappear if some means could be devised to keep the whole human race gently stewed. I say gently stewed, and not drunk: getting drunk makes men worse, not better. My suggestion has never got any official support, and so the American people continue to suffer. Half of them, drinking the dubious hard liquors that the bottleggers and Prohibition agents now vend, wake up every morning with bad headaches, and ready for rows. The other half, getting nothing to drink save well water, become misanthropes, and spend their whole time thinking up schemes to harass their fellow men. A few *Seidel* of Pilsener, I am convinced, would convert even a Methodist bishop into something plausibly resembling a gentleman, just as a few sober days every month would greatly improve a dry Congressman. But my plan will never be tried. It is far too intelligent to be taken seriously.

Mr. Butler's book has many illustrations. Some of them show French and Spanish peasants tramping out grapes with their bare feet. He is at pains to explain that these peasants are carefully scrubbed before they are turned into the vats. He

says that mechanical presses have been tried, but that they spoil the wine by crushing the grape-seeds. This is more nonsense. Any first year student in mechanical engineering could design a press that would not crush the seeds. In point of fact, such presses already exist: they were in use in California for years before Prohibition. The ancient method of hoofing the grapes is retained in the Latin countries, I believe, mainly because their people greatly enjoy the hoofing. Well, why not? I can imagine many sports worse than prancing around in a vat of grapes.

Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY: A SIMPLIFICATION, by Loyd Ring Coleman and Saxe Commins. \$3 8½ x 5½; 320 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

WHAT this book has chiefly to tell us is that the so-called science of psychology is now in chaos, and with no sign that order is soon to be restored. It is hard to find two of its professors who agree, and when the phenomenon is encountered it usually turns out that one of them is not a psychologist at all, but simply a teacher of psychology. Even the Freudians, whose barbaric raid first demoralized and scattered the placid experts of the old school, now quarrel among themselves. Worse, the same psychologist frequently turns upon and devours himself. The case of Dr. McDougall, late of Harvard, comes to mind at once. Every time he prints a new book, which is very frequently, he changes his list of instincts. Some of the others go much further: Dr. McDougall, indeed, is a conservative. These gay boys, at short intervals, throw overboard their whole baggage. There are psychologists in America who started out with the classical introspective psychology, abandoned two-thirds of it in order to embrace Freudism, then took headers into Behaviorism, and now incline toward the *Gestalt* revelation of Köhler and Koffka. Some say one thing and some another. It is hard for the layman to keep his head in this whirl. Not

even anthropology offers a larger assortment of conflicting theories, or a more gaudy band of steaming and blood-sweating professors.

Nevertheless, certain general tendencies show themselves, and in the long run they may lay the foundations of a genuinely rational and scientific psychology. The chief of them is the tendency to examine the phenomena of the mind objectively, and with some approach to a scientific method. The old-time psychologist did not bother with such inquiries, some of which are very laborious. He simply locked himself in his study, pondered on the processes of his own pondering, and then wrote his book. If, as an aid to his speculations, he went to the length of mastering the elements of physiology, he regarded himself as very advanced, and was so regarded by his customers. Basically, he was a philosopher, not a scientist. His concepts of the true were constantly mellowed and ameliorated by concepts of what ought to be true. These old-time psychologists, like the philosophers, had a great gift for inventing terminology, and their masterpieces still harass the students in the more backward seminaries of learning. Most of them, again like the philosophers, believed that they had sufficiently described a thing when they had given it a name.

But the psychology of today is mainly experimental. Its professors do not attempt to account for the thought process by introspection, but by observation. Their leaning is not on philosophy, but on physiology. So far, it must be confessed, they have failed to solve any of the fundamental problems of psychology—for example, the problem of consciousness—but they have swept away a great mass of futile speculation, and unearthed a large number of interesting, if often embarrassing facts. Here the Behaviorists, who are

very recent comers in the field, have done especially good work. Being psychologists, they are naturally inclined to nonsense, and so one finds them plunging into doctrines that war upon common sense—for example, the doctrine that the qualities of the mind are never inherited, but spring wholly out of environmental causes—but they have at least cleared off the old view of the mental machine as a mechanism working in a sort of vacuum, with no relation to the other organs of the body. These Behaviorists have proved, what should have been obvious long ago: that a man thinks with his liver as well as with his brain—in brief, that the organism is an actual organism, and not a mere congeries of discordant units. In their studies of children, in particular, they have got at some simple and useful facts, and so disposed of a formidable accumulation of idle speculations. But their formula is too simple to be wholly true, and they seem very likely to ruin it by trying to get more work out of it than it is capable of.

So with the Freudians. So with the *Gestalt* enthusiasts. So with the endocrine psychologists. So with all the rest. Why don't they get together as the pathologists, physiologists and other scientists get together, pool their facts, sacrifice their theories, and so lay the foundations of a rational psychology? Messrs. Coleman and Commins hint at the reason. No professional *kudos* is to be got by pooling facts. The one way to make a splash in psychology is to come out with a new and revolutionary theory. In other words, public opinion among psychologists is not yet genuinely enlightened. They paddle around in what ought to be a science, but they are not quite scientists. Some day, perhaps, they will make the grade, and so become brothers to the pathologists. But at this moment they are nearer the osteopaths.

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